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SOPHOCLES.

Harper & Brothers

THE

TRAGEDIES

OF

SOPHOCLES:

IN ENGLISH PROSE.

THE OXFORD TRANSLATION.

NEW EDITION, REVISED ACCORDING TO THE TEXT OF DINDORF.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
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1859.

THE NEW
PUBLIC
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ASTOR
TILDEN FOUNDA

PREFACE.

THE chief aim of the publisher in the present volume was to furnish an improved reprint of the Standard Oxford version, without depriving the original work of those features which have insured its favorable reception in both Universities.

To carry out this view, the editor has carefully revised the translation throughout, adhering closely to the text of Dindorf, which is now universally established, and is adopted by our public examiners. In a few cases, the corrupt state of the original has rendered a different course necessary, but every departure from the received text has been pointed out at the foot of the page.

The version has, where possible, been made more literal, especially as regards the choruses; and many words and particles, before indistinctly rendered, have, it is hoped, recovered their force and meaning.

Arguments before each play, and a brief introduction have been added, and the notes have been considerably augmented. These additions are distinguished by the initial of the present editor.

THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY.

Christ Church, Oxford.

INTRODUCTION.[1]

SOPHOCLES, son of Sophilus, was born at Colonus, a deme of Attica, B.C. 495. His father was of a good and wealthy family, and so careful of the education of his son, that at the age of sixteen he gained prizes for music, his instructor being the celebrated Lamprus. About the year B.C. 468, when the bones of Theseus were removed by Cimon from Scyrus to Athens, Æschylus and Sophocles were competitors in the tragic contests, which would seem to have been the first appearance of our poet in the character of a dramatist. Sophocles obtained the first prize, and Æschylus departed for Sicily. The beauty of his appearance and his gracefulness of demeanor increased his popularity, but a weak state of voice and delicacy of lungs prevented his progress as an actor. In 440 B.C. the "Antigone" was produced, and to the sagacity of the political precepts therein delivered, he is said to have been indebted for his appointment as one of the colleagues of Pericles.

In old age Sophocles was considerably engaged in public duties, being priest to the hero Alon, and likewise a *proboulos* or commissioner upon the fatal termination of the Sicilian expedition. He subsequently connected himself with the aristocratic views of Pisander, and was concerned in forming the council of four hundred, with which fell the old constitution of Athens. This conduct he was accustomed to defend upon the plea of expediency.

In consequence either of a family jealousy, or of his too

[1] The materials of this memoir are chiefly derived from Lessing, as epitomized in the "Theatre of the Greeks," ch. v., p. 72.

great attention to dramatic affairs, he was at length, at an advanced age, charged with dotage, and incapacity of conducting his family affairs, by his son Iophon. It is said that he gained the favorable suffrage of his judges by reciting the newly-finished tragedy of the "Œdipus at Colonus," but chronological difficulties render this story doubtful. His death took place at the beginning of the year 405 B.C., either from over-exertion in reading, or from suffocation by a grape during the Anthesterian festival. He was buried at Decelea, the family's burying-place, but not before the permission of Lysander was obtained, the place then being in possession of the Lacedemonians. The number of his genuine dramas probably amounted to 113.

The truckling and inconsistent character of Sophocles was evinced even in the politics of his plays, while in private life he was rather the agreeable companion than the practical moralist. Still, a dignified gentleness and a contented simplicity pre-eminently distinguished him, while his whole life, as his writings, exhibited an unruffled composure, almost amounting to indifference.

Only seven plays and some comparatively unimportant fragments of this author have survived the ravages of time, but we have been fortunate in obtaining at least four of the best among the few which have been preserved, viz., the "Philoctetes," "Antigone," and two "Œdipi."[1] The connection between the last three plays, though remarkable, was not the result of previous design, as the "Œdipus at Colonus" was exhibited four years after the death of the author by the younger Sophocles, and the "Antigone," posterior to it in point of historical time and events, was produced 440 B.C., as above mentioned. Still, they should be read in the order which the natural sequence of circumstances demands.

[1] But Schlegel, p. 100, enumerates the "Antigone," "Electra," and two "Œdipi" as those most approved by the ancients.

We can not, perhaps, better employ the present opportunity than by briefly sketching some of the chief characters of these plays, in connection with such critical remarks as naturally arise.[1]

The "ŒDIPUS REX" is the most complicated and artfully sustained of extant Greek plays. From the first few lines, where Œdipus appears as the heaven-bidden prosecutor of the regicide of old, to the last stroke of fatal evidence that dooms him to self-courted ruin and despair, we are continually kept in alternate doubt, fear, and hope. At one moment the denunciation of the seer is contradicted by the seeming inconsistency of predestination, and the very cause of that hope presently turns to be the damning proof of guilt and pollution. Nor is this dreadful process of fatalism less fearfully realized in the accidental expressions unwarily let drop by Œdipus. Thus, when he imprecates curses on himself,

> "Yea, on myself, if conscious of the deed
> I grant the wretch asylum in my home,
> The same dread curse, in all its vengeance, fall!"

Tiresias afterward charges him:

> "Ha! is it thus? Nay, then, I tell thee, king,
> Adhere to thine own edict; from this hour
> No more hold converse or with these or me,
> *Thou* art the sole polluter of our land."

The impetuous spirit of Œdipus breaks forth, and he accuses the seer and Creon of caballing to drive him from the throne. Jocasta seeks to appease the quarrel, and thereby becomes instrumental to the sad discovery of the truth. The death of Polybus gives a momentary respite from anxiety, and Œdipus almost equals his mother-wife in skepticism. But here again the wild determination of Œdipus works out his doom. In a paroxysm of agony, Jocasta would suppress the

[1] In this task I shall partly avail myself of the remarks of Schlegel, Lect vii. p. 100–110, and Bulwer's "Athens," Book v. ch. 4.

tidings she knew too late, but Œdipus compels the messenger to recount the whole tale, and then madly confesses how fearfully the ancient curse of the gods was brought to pass. The vain attempt to escape from fate, and the thereby falling into the performance of what he strove to avoid, reminds us of the complete and beautiful story of Prince Agib in the Arabian Nights.[1] Both tempted futurity, and became murderers; both sought for knowledge which they were warned was dangerous, and both suffered sadly for their curiosity.

Among the subordinate characters of the piece, that of Jocasta is the most painfully drawn. Her arrogant levity and confidence almost breathe the ruin darkly hinted at by the chorus, and we feel that the curse of "blindness of heart" is upon her. She is, moreover, selfish in her very affection for Œdipus. His anxiety for the dying people she shares not. Her religion is a blind belief of convenience, and she would even charge the mistakes of human seers to the blindness or inconsistency of the gods. Of her late husband she has so little thought, that the personal resemblance of Œdipus never occurs to her.[2] The questions concerning his death awaken no regrets; in short, she is as bad a widow as Steele could depict, even in the "Funeral." Her death is fraught with no words of tenderness for her infant children, but is the deed of a wild, unholy phrenzy. Œdipus, on the contrary, toils out his term of woes, and meets death with manly composure. Though stern in his hatred toward his undutiful sons, his daughters claim his tenderest regard. In his wanderings, amid beggary and wretchedness, a by-word for the scoffer, a proverbial vagabond, he is still "every inch a king." His philosophic moderation is shown at the beginning of the "Œdipus Coloneus," where he tells us how sufferings, and

[1] See the "Story of the third Royal Mendicant," vol. i., p. 183–5, Lane's translation.

[2] See Schlegel, p. 102.

lapse of time, and native nobleness had taught him to deem the beggar's pittance enough.

In this play, it has been well remarked that the poet appears as the panegyrist of Athens. And this is evident from the very commencement, where the description of the Furies' grove, so praised by Humboldt,[1] and the subsequent character of Theseus, mark the power of the poet to blend local and picturesque with political interest. As the waters of the Ilissus were consecrated by the mystic love-lore of Socrates, so was the silent Cephisus made solemn by the last sojourn of Œdipus while living. To the Lacedemonians nature was but the rude element of strife, their land was dear to them as a safeguard in war, not sweet with the remembrance of those who taught peace and cherished the arts of life. But to the Athenian's mind art had made nature a subject of contemplation, philosophy had associated nature with nature's causes, and religion had interwoven place with thought, and sanctified each village, stream, or grove with the remembrance of the days when the gods walked the earth. The "Œdipus at Colonus" could teach how the earlier ages of Athens retained a holy simplicity, when the rights of the suppliant or herald, though in an evil or forlorn cause, were equally respected: it could show reasons for hero-worship, and from the glory of the past could awaken the listlessness of future generations. In short, Theseus, himself mythical, was the connecting link in political theory between the mythical and the real. His character possessed the glories of the one blended with the probability of the other.

In this play we find the character of Creon, which was of but little importance in the "King Œdipus," ripened into the tyrannical and arbitrary disposition, which ascends to its highest pitch and subsequent fall in the "Antigone." Still, in all the three plays, Creon is but instrumental to the devel-

[1] *Cosmos*, vol. ii., p. 377 of Bohn's edition.

opment of other characters and the progress of the story. As in the first play, he brings out the petulant disposition of Œdipus, and excites that curiosity which is to lead to the fatal discovery—as in the "Antigone" he is but a foil to set forth the mighty spirit of the heroine, so in the Œdipus at Colonus he leads to the generous intervention of Theseus, and hastens to bring gradual ruin upon his own house and city. Furthermore, it was necessary that Œdipus should be tried to the fullest extent, in order that his gloomy fatalism might be thoroughly enhanced. Hence his paternal feelings are aroused to love by the seizure and subsequent restoration of his daughters, and to hatred by the intervention of the repentant but ill-fortuned Polynices.

The same remark applies to the selfish and insipid Ismene, who is twice placed in contradistinction to the warm-hearted and principled Antigone. Her position in the present play is but preparatory to her ripened selfishness in the third of these continuous dramas.

It has been objected that the self-justification of Œdipus in this play is inconsistent with his despair in the first. But time, long-suffering, and the consciousness that an end of troubles was at hand, might well nerve the hapless old king to a sense of his unmerited woes. Moreover, it is in human nature to retort upon an unworthy accuser, though the charge be true. If Creon was the champion of rapine and tyranny, the good king of old times could ill plead his own unworthiness to such an accuser.

We now come to the ANTIGONE, a play almost as popular in modern times as celebrated in antiquity. There can be little doubt that the character of Antigone is the gem of the Athenian stage; she is, as Bulwer observes, the "Cordelia on whom Œdipus leans—a Cordelia he has never thrust from him." Her patient affection bears with the peevish complaints and desolate poverty of her father, and, at his death,

her feelings of duty are transferred to the fulfillment of her brother's last entreaty. He had gone forth the predestined victim of the fight; his corse lay desecrated, and fear restrained all from bestowing even a handful of dust upon the unhallowed dead. True to her promise, and reckless of the tyrant's mandate, Antigone dares to do the deed of piety, and seeks not to deny or excuse it. She has determined to encounter death itself on behalf of the dead. Neither the dissuading words of her timid and selfish sister, nor the hope of a royal marriage with a loved object, can retard her resolution. She is the victim of a good principle, as Creon is of a bad one. With him, selfish aggrandizement is the main spring of action; with Antigone, to have forgotten self is to have gained all things. She mourns the sunlight which is to be closed from her forever, but finds a gleam of hope even in the murky dens of Hades. She has no fears for the future, and her spirit rises above the petty affections that bid her cling to life. Her magnificent and daring denunciation of Creon's boasted laws, and her sublime description of the eternal, unwritten code, sealed only in the tablets of time, is powerfully contrasted with her tender address to her dead relatives, and the swan-like dirges in which she bewails her untimely fate.

I may here take notice of the opinion relative to verse 572, which many commentators still assign to Ismene. Surely, if only upon *grammatical* grounds, the reply of Creon is sufficient to show that Antigone must have uttered the ejaculation:

"O dearest Hæmon, how thy father wrongs thee!"

A sudden burst of feminine tenderness is in no wise inconsistent with the Grecian heroine. If Ismene had uttered it, we should feel at some loss for so sudden a warmth on the part of this young lady, who is generally as passionless and insipid as the best genteel comedy heroine of modern times.

It may be doubted whether the frequent success of Mendelssohn's "Antigone," with which Mr. Donaldson is somewhat merry in his clever and amusing preface, might not have proved instrumental in reviving a taste for the classic drama. But there is so general a deficiency in modern actors and audiences, that unless a sentiment is accompanied by a storm from Costa's band, it has little chance. Still, we even wish that "Antigone" had been made a musical study for Viardot and Marini.

With some apology for this digression, we turn to the minor characters of the piece. Of Creon we have already spoken, but we may farther observe the superstition to which, despite his boastful sternness, he is subject. Tiresias, who had in a manner befriended him when Œdipus was living, can hardly command respect while present; but immediately he departs, the ill-omened words of his prophecy weigh heavily on the mind of the king, and he timorously obeys the advice of the chorus, and hearkens to those whom he had spurned with threats.

The character of Hæmon seems to have been framed to please the popular ear. He is a true Athenian pleader. Utility is his excuse for justice, justice the available consequence of utility. The voice of the people must be respected—and this is the burden of his speech. But, although his arguments are scarcely solid, yet they are suited to the hearer, and are likely to prevail, where religion and tenderness would have little weight. Besides, there is much modesty and dutifulness in the first part of his address, and his devotion is fully shown in the catastrophe. His turning upon his father, sword in hand, was a mistake of the poet. Attempted parricide, how great soever the provocation, was an unnatural and revolting anticlimax to his previous behavior.

The "Electra" naturally follows the "Antigone" in a critical consideration of ethical developement. Both Electra

and Antigone appear in behalf of the wronged dead, but in Electra, love has been sharpened into keen hatred, tenderness to a deceased father has hardened into vindictive wrath against his murderers, and Electra is a virago almost bereft of female feelings. There is, however, a selfishness in her grief that distinguishes itself from the noble and disinterested daring of Antigone. Constantly mourning her own misfortunes, her grief for her father is but for the sufferings his death has brought upon herself, her hopes of Orestes but the expectation of safety and comfort in lieu of desolation. The mind of Antigone glows with youthful impulse, chastened with matured principle, while Electra exhibits little else than the accumulated bitterness of continued years of misfortune. Even her mournings at the supposed death of Orestes teem with selfishness, while the consciousness that she is "unmarried, at her age," is almost ludicrously dwelt on at every opportunity.

Bulwer has rightly observed that the interest excited by the splendid description of the chariot-race and of the pretended death of Orestes is lessened by the knowledge that it is a feigned story, and the appearance of Orestes excites little interest, because we are fully prepared for it.

The catastrophe of the play, like that of the Choephoræ of Æschylus, is bold and animated, but the death of Ægisthus has too much of deliberation. Nevertheless, the cool, deathly purpose of Orestes is replete with the retributive terrors of divine justice, and the death of the murderer in the very place of his own crime was a necessary sacrifice to the notion of an avenging deity and mindful fury. Orestes is the very embodiment of this principle, but his character is drawn with less strength than in Æschylus.

Clytemnestra is not the Clytemnestra of Æschylus; she lacks the tact and boldness of the heroine of the "Agamemnon." She here appears rather as the sophistical sensualist, striving to supply the want of truth by violence, and yielding to super-

stition and impiety at the same moment. Nay, the Clytemnestra of Æschylus has certain qualities almost commanding respect. Her bold energy and haughty indifference to consequences equal the mad devilry of Lady Macbeth, but in Sophocles, Clytemnestra is scarcely a tragic character. Her paltry and sophistical reasoning with Electra renders the abuse with which it is accompanied almost contemptible.

The "TRACHINIÆ" is, dramatically speaking, the worst of the existing plays of Sophocles. Its beauties lie in the feminine gentleness of Deianira, and in occasional strokes of poetry in the choruses. The character of Hercules is light, vindictive and contemptible.

We now arrive at two plays, the heroes of which have been repeatedly compared with one another, viz., the "AJAX" and "PHILOCTETES;" and yet the catastrophe in both is different. Ajax is led to death by despair resulting from disappointed ambition and revenge. It is not the phrenzied despair of Jocasta, but the deliberate despondency that a series of annoyances have wrought in a sensitive mind. Like Cato, he almost reasons himself into suicide, but, unlike him, he has no sublime hopes of futurity to gladden the act. The tender and soothing character of Tecmessa fails to soften his stern determination, but the sight of his only son gives occasion to one of the noblest bursts of parental tenderness found in any dramatic work. Still, there is a selfishness in the honorable character of Ajax. He dares not, for his wife and child's sake endure the shame, and face the enemies, to which he was to leave them subject. Trifling as is the character of Teucer there is a warm and healthy generosity, and useful intrepidity that, though less heroic, is more estimable than the feverish passion of Ajax.

Of his concluding farewell Bulwer observes: "It is characteristic of the Greek temperament that the personages of the Greek poetry ever bid a last lingering and half-reluctant fare-

well to the sun. There is a magnificent fullness of life in those children of the beautiful Hellas. The sun is to them as a familiar friend; the affliction or the terror of Hades is in the thought that its fields are sunless. The orb which animated their temperate heaven, which ripened their fertile earth, in which they saw the type of eternal youth, of surpassing beauty, of incarnate poetry—human in its associations, and yet divine in its nature—is equally beloved and equally to be mourned by the maiden tenderness of Antigone, or the sullen majesty of Ajax."

Philoctetes is the very contrary to Ajax, yet, to use the words of Schlegel, "if Ajax is honored by his despair, Philoctetes is equally ennobled by his constancy." Without the comforts, without the practical ingenuity of Defoe's hero, he is the classic Robinson Crusoe, and spends a long lapse of years amid birds and beasts, whose only friendliness was in providing him with food. The tortures of disease, and the rankling remembrance of Grecian ingratitude, cease not to harass him, yet his mind rises superior; and, as Winkelmann observes, Philoctetes, like Laocoon, "suffers with the suppressed agony of an heroic soul never altogether overcome by his pain."[1]

In perfect simplicity and clear dramatic construction this play almost deserves the encomium of an ingenious scholar, who styles it the "masterpiece of the Athenian stage."[2] There is so perfect a unity of events, and so consistent a *prosopopœia*, that we are never shocked by incongruity. Well has Bulwer asserted that "the character of Neoptolemus is a sketch which Shakespeare alone could have bodied out." With all his natural generosity and honor, he is still easily persuaded; but, when once aroused to shame, his better feelings remain fixed and immovable. The simple taking away and restoring of the bow and arrows is at once the test of his character

[1] Schlegel, p. 109. [2] Mr. G. Burges, pref. to Philoctetes.

and the incident of the play. If any thing can be found fault with, it is the entry of the god at the conclusion of the piece. But this was necessary to preserve the consistency of Philoctetes in his hatred of the unworthy Greeks, to aid the interests of the generous Neoptolemus, and — to finish the play.

I have but one more remark to make, and that is directed against the extraordinary idea of Wunder, judiciously disregarded by Hermann, that verses, particularly in the Trachiniæ, were often added by the performers. I am perfectly aware that Garrick, John Kemble, and Macready have successively appeared as the remodelers of Shakespeare, or Beaumont and Fletcher; but I believe their efforts were generally directed to *popularizing* the plays they altered. Now, if this end could be answered by adding *unintelligible* verses, I have nothing to say. If not, Wunder had better seek to amend or explain the many passages he can not understand, than adopt that easiest of all critical edge-tools, the pruning-knife. Wunder is an able interpreter, an ingenious man, and a correct Grecian. But for the histrio-critics of the Greek Drama, we have about as much belief in them as in the *comic* powers lately attributed to the guard in the "Antigone," after the joke had lain concealed for rather more than two thousand years!

ŒDIPUS REX.

ARGUMENT OF THE ŒDIPUS REX.

ŒDIPUS was reproached with being the supposititious child of Polybus, the king of Corinth, and in disgust exiled himself, and went to Thebes. Here he solved the riddle of the Sphinx, and as a reward received the kingdom, and the hand of the queen Jocasta in marriage. A long plague ravaged Thebes, and, on Creon being sent to Delphi, the murderer of Laïus, the former king of Thebes, was denounced as the cause of the evil. In his anxiety to discover the murderer, and through the statements of Tiresias, corroborated by those of certain old servants, Œdipus made the fearful discovery that he had been exposed in childhood, to avert an awful prophecy, which he had unwittingly fulfilled in the murder of his father Laïus on his way from Corinth to Thebes, and in his subsequent cohabitation with his mother Jocasta. Jocasta hung herself, and Œdipus, in despair, tore out his eyes.—B.

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ŒDIPUS.[1]	JOCASTA.
PRIEST.	MESSENGER.
CREON.	SERVANT OF LAIUS.
CHORUS OF AGED THEBANS.	MESSENGER EXTRAORDINARY.
TIRESIAS.	

ŒDIPUS. My children, youthful generation of Cadmus of old, what can be [the meaning of] these sittings ye are thronging[2] hither before me, decorated with suppliant branches? while the city is at the same time fraught with incense-offerings, and at the same time with both pæan-hymns and wailings. Which things, I thinking it my duty not to hear from others, and those messengers,[3] my children, have myself come hither; I, Œdipus, styled by all[4] the Illustrious. But, O aged man, say, since it naturally becomes thee to speak on behalf of these, in what mood ye stand

[1] Arrian, ap. Stob. S. 97. 28, hints that both the Œdipi were personated by Polus, a distinguished actor, of whom Gellius makes mention, 7. 5.

[2] The word "thronging" takes in both the ideas usually applied to this word. Wunder takes it merely to mean "sitting, occupying," and so Buttmann, Lexil. sub voc. Cf. Æsch. Suppl. 595. Others render it "hurrying." The word is probably akin to *θοός*. See Erfurdt, and Liddel's Lexicon. B.

[3] So Wunder, quoting Eur. Orest. 531, *τί μαρτύρων ἄλλων ἀκούειν δεῖ μ' ἃ γ' ἐσορᾶν πάρα*. This corresponds to the Latin exegetical use of *adeo*. But perhaps *ἄλλων* is merely redundant in opposition to *αὐτός*. B.

[4] From the position of *πᾶσι* it might not be improper to translate "the all-illustrious," with a construction like that of v. 40. See also Œd. Col. 1446. TR.—This verse might more poetically be rendered, "I, Œdipus, by all illustrious height." It is condemned by Wunder as spurious. B.

affected, fearing,[1] or earnestly seeking; since I would willingly give you every succor; for I were unfeeling not to compassionate a meeting such as this.

Priest. But, O Œdipus, thou who rulest over my country, us indeed thou beholdest, of what ages are we who sit as suppliants before thine altars here;[2] some of us not yet of strength to wing our flight afar; others priests weighed down with old age, I myself the priest of Jupiter; and these other chosen of the youths: but the rest of the populace decked with branches, is seated in the market-places, and near both the shrines of Pallas, and at Ismenus' ashes of divination.[3] For the city, as thou thyself behold, is now over-roughly tossing, and from the depths of the bloody surge can no longer lift her head; withering in the ripening husks[4] of the soil, withering in the pasturing herds of kine, and in the yet unborn labors of women: and the fire-bearing god, most hated pestilence, having darted down, ravages the city; by whom the house of Cadmus is made empty, but dark Hades

[1] I have preserved the participles, to make the translation of this awkward passage more clear. After the remarks of Wunder, it seems evident that *δείσαντες* denotes the *fear* which led these suppliants, *στέργειν*, to *seek for* assistance. As *στέργειν* is used to denote a passive content or satisfaction (see Blomf. on Æsch. Prom. ii.), so it may pass to another signification, by which we are said to *seek* those things which we should be pleased to have. In Œd. C. 518, we find *στέρξον* explained by *πείθου* immediately following, which is just the reverse of the present sense. Otherwise, we might render the passage: "are ye fearing an impending, or enduring a present evil?" (So St. Gregory, Hom. i. in Ev. § 1, "Ex quibus profecto omnibus alia jam facta cernimus, alia e proximis ventura formidamus.") Some may regard this as a frigid antithesis, but Œdipus, like Puff's hero in "The Critic," does not ask for information for himself, but for the benefit of the audience. B.

[2] The altars alluded to were of various deities, placed by individuals before their houses, as patriotism or private gratitude might dictate. See Curculio of Plautus, I. i. 7; Arist. Wasps, 875.

[3] "Both the shrines." Minerva had a temple at Thebes in virtue of her name Oncæa, and another as Ismenia, which latter name Apollo also bore, and presided over an altar of burnt sacrifices.

[4] I have here followed Wunder. *ἐγκάρποις* must mean the corn just sprouted, but blighted at the very moment of bursting, *περὶ σίτου ἐκβολήν*, Lucyd. iv. 1. Soon after the epithet *ἀγόνοις* does not mean "abortive," but "unborn," owing to the strength of the mothers failing. Wunder appositely compares Herodot. vi. 139. Compare also Seneca, Œdip. Act. i. sc. 2, v. 33, nay, the whole description. B.

grows rich with wailings and groans. Now I and these youths here are seated petitioners by the house, deeming thee not equal to the gods, but of men the first, whether for the casualties of life, or the interventions of the gods. Who, indeed, when thou wast come to Cadmus' capital, didst put an end to the tribute of the stern chantress, which we were furnishing: and this too neither knowing nor taught by us, any strange knowledge;[1] but by the prompting of god thou art reputed and believed to have righted our condition. Now too, O head of Œdipus, owned most potent by all, we implore thee, all prostate here before thee, to find some help for us, whether thou, by hearing the voice of any god, or from any human source, knowest such: since to the experienced I observe even the issues of their counsels to be the most flourishing. Go, best of mortals, re-establish the state, go, take good counsel; since at present indeed this our land celebrates thee as its preserver for thy former zeal—and may we in no wise remember thy reign for our having both regained our footing and afterward fallen; but raise up this our city in safety. For as with propitious augury thou didst render to us the former lucky service, so in the present instance be equal [to thyself]. Since if in sooth thou wilt govern this our land, as thou dost sway it, it is a fairer thing to rule it with its men, than desolate. For neither tower nor ship is aught, if destitute of men dwelling therein.

Œd. My children, objects of my pity, you have come wishing for things known, and not unknown to me; for well am I aware that ye are all sickening,[2] and sickening though ye be, there is not one of you who sicken equally with me.

[1] *πλέον* can not mean "any thing further," *i. e.*, than the bare fact of the riddle proposed, as the translators have supposed; but *πλέον εἰδέναι* is a form peculiarly applied to the possession of occult knowledge. So in Nicolaus Damascenus, from a MS. in the Escurial, fol. 3 A, *ὁ Βαβυλώνιος, εἰ δή τι πλεῖον τὰ θεῖα εἰδώς, συμβάλλει τὴν τοῦ ὀνείρου φήμην.* And of Joseph's skill in dreams, Clemens Alexandr. Strom. V. p. 245, 38. *νέον τοῦτον ζηλώσαντες οἱ ἀδελφοὶ, πλεῖόν τι προορώμενον κατα τὴν γνῶσιν.* B.

[2] "Diseased" is certainly literal, but an equivocal term is required to express the bodily disease of the people, and the "hearts' aching" of Œdipus in his despair. I think "sicken" better expresses this double sense of *νοσεῖν* than "disease." Others render it by "being distressed." B.

For your affliction falls on one alone, in his own person and on none other; while my soul sighs at once both for the city and for myself and for you. So that ye awake me not indeed slumbering in repose, but know that I already have shed many tears, have traversed many paths in the wanderings of thought; and that only mode of cure which I had discovered by careful scrutiny, that have I put in execution. For Creon, the son of Menœceus, my kinsman by marriage, I dispatched to the Pythian shrine of Apollo, to inquire by what deed or word I might deliver this city. And the day being already commensurate with the time [for his return], pains me for his fate, since beyond reasonable expectation he is away a longer than the due period. But whenever he shall have arrived, that instant I were a villain not to perform to the full all that the god may reveal.

Pr. Nay, thou hast both well said, and these too just now signify to me that Creon is approaching.

Œd. Hear, king Apollo, for O that he may have come with some saviour fortune at least, even as he is sparkling of eye.

Pr. If one may guess, however, he is welcome; else would he not be coming hither, his head thus amply wreathed with all-fruitful laurel.[1]

Œd. Quickly shall we know, for he is within reach of hearing us. Prince, my relation, son of Menœceus, what report from the god comest thou bringing to us?

Creon. Good: for I assert that even our grievances, should they chance to have their issues aright, might be altogether fortunate.[2]

Œd. But of what purport is the oracle?[3] For I am neither

[1] The laurel crown, say the commentators, was the privilege of those "quibus lætæ sortes obtigerant." Chremylus in the Plutus, however, will hardly allow the "lætæ sortes" to be his lot, though his slave wears the chaplet.

[2] A purposely dark answer, breathing the true Loxian spirit.

[3] Gr. ἔστιν δὲ ποῖον τοὔπος; Quid hoc sermonis est? Br. "What mean thy words?" Dale. Ἔπος is emphatically *an oracle*, and moreover the expression τῷ γε νῦν λόγῳ would be a mere repetition, if Brunck's translation were correct. In the same passage the opposition of θρασύς to προδείσας gives confirmation to the distinction made between θράσος and θάρσος, audacia and fiducia. Tr.—I prefer "emboldened" to "rashly sanguine." B.

emboldened, nor yet prematurely alarmed, at least by thy present speech.

Cr. If thou choosest to hear while these are by, I am ready to tell thee, or else to retire within doors.

Œd. Speak out to all, for I endure more suffering for these my people than even for my own life.

Cr. I will say what I have heard from the god. King Phœbus openly enjoins us to expel from the country a[1] pollution, as having been bred in this our land, nor to foster what is incurable.

Œd. By what kind of purification? What is the manner of the evil?

Cr. By banishing, or requiting death with death, since the following bloodshed troubles the state.[2]

Œd. Why, of what manner of man does he indicate this fate?

Cr. We had once, O king, Laïus as the sovereign of this land, ere thou didst regulate this state.

Œd. I knew him by hearsay, for I never as yet saw him at least.

Cr. This man having perished, Apollo now clearly gives one orders to punish his assassins.[3]

Œd. But where on earth are these same? Where shall be discovered this track of an ancient crime, hard to conjecture?

Cr. He said, in this land. But what is searched for, is to be got at, while that which is unregarded escapes.

[1] This is much more correct than "the pollution." It was as yet unknown what the pollution was, as is evident from the inquiry of Œdipus: *τίς ὁ τρόπος τῆς ξυμφορᾶς*, which has been wrongly taken to mean, "what is the method of averting the calamity?" B.

[2] *τόδ' αἷμα χειμάζον πόλιν.* Although the translator has not ventured to render this otherwise than Erfurdt, Hermann, and Elmsley have given it, *i. e.*, as an accusative absolute, and with the word *τόδε* referring to something subsequent, he has still a doubt whether *ἐστί* might not be understood, and the passage construed thus: "Since this is a case of bloodshed troubling the city." The answer of Œdipus will then run thus: "How so? for of what manner of man," etc.; but it hardly seems natural that Œdipus should interrupt one who indicated (as is done by *τόδε*, according to the critics) his purpose of immediately proceeding to specify the murder. Tr.—Another translation has "since this blood is as pernicious as winter to the city." B.

[3] But see my note on v. 140. B.

ŒD. But is it in the house, or in the field, or in another land, that Laius encounters this bloody death?

CR. Quitting home, as he told us, to consult the oracle, he never returned home, as he had departed.

ŒD. And was no messenger, nor partaker of his journey, a witness to this, from whom gaining intelligence one might have used it?

CR. No; for they are dead, except one individual, who, having fled in terror, could tell for certain nothing he saw, but one fact.

ŒD. Of what nature that fact? for one thing might find means to learn many, could we lay hold of but a slender foundation of hope.

CR. He said that robbers, having encountered him, slew him, not by the valor of one arm, but with a number of hands.

ŒD. How then would the bandit, had there been no tamperings by bribes from hence, have reached such a pitch of audacity as this?

CR. This was suspected; but amid disasters there came forward no one as the avenger of Laius now no more.

ŒD. But what kind of distress interfering, when the monarch[1] had thus fallen, checked you from sifting out this matter?

CR. The Sphinx, mysterious songstress, compelled us to look to that which was before our feet, having abandoned what was obscure.

ŒD. But from its first cause will I bring it to light again. For right worthily has Phœbus, and worthily hast thou set on foot this present examination in the cause of the deceased: so that deservedly ye will see me also your abettor, avenging at once my land here, and the god. For in behalf, not of my more distant friends, but myself of myself, shall I disperse this pollution. Since whoever it was that murdered him, he might perhaps wish to[2] take vengeance on me too

[1] I prefer taking *τυραννίδος* as abstract for concrete, with the old translation. B.

[2] This is certainly the usual sense of *τιμωρεῖν*. But Wunder thinks the sense of "slaying" or "killing" more suitable, and thinks that in v. 105, *χειρὶ τιμωρεῖν* conveys the like idea. Granting, as I do, that this sense is more suitable (and I think defensible) in the present passage,

with like hand. In supporting *his* cause, therefore, I advantage *myself*. But with what speed ye may, my children, do you on your part arise from off your seats,[1] taking up these branches of supplication; but let some one else assemble hither the people of Cadmus, since I purpose to take every step. For we will prove ourselves either with heaven's aid prosperous or undone.

Pr. My children, let us rise; since even for the sake of those things[2] this man promises, came we hither.* But may Phœbus, who has sent us these divinations, come with them both a deliverer and as a healer to our sickness.

Chorus.

O sweetly-speaking oracle of Jove, why canst thou have come from Pytho stored with gold, to illustrious Thebes? I am on the rack in my timorous spirit, quivering with dismay, O healer, Delian, Pæan, awfully anxious about thee, as to what matter thou wilt bring to pass for me, either at once, or hereafter in the revolving seasons. Tell me, thou child of golden hope,[3] immortal Voice. First I invoke thee, daughter of Jove, immortal Minerva, and thy sister, protectress of our soil, Artemis, who[4] sits enthroned on her glorious circling chair in the market-place, and far-darting Apollo: oh, be ye

I am even more certain of v. 140, where, in *τοὺς αὐτοέντας χειρὶ τιμωρεῖν* we have "death for death" implied in an almost proverbial manner. So Æsch. Choeph. 312, *ἀντὶ δὲ πληγῆς Φονίας Φονίαν Πλαγὴν τινέτω. δράσαντι παθεῖν Τριγέρων μῦθος τάδε φωνεῖ.* Cf. Eum. 264. B.

[1] When the request was granted, the suppliants took up the boughs, which they had previously laid on the altar, and departed. See Wunder's 1st *Excursus* on v. 3. B.

[2] For *ἐξαγγέλλεται*, "promises," cf. Eurip. Heracl. 531. *Κἀξαγγέλλομαι Θνήσκειν ἀδελφῶν τῶνδε κἀμαυτῆς ὑπερ.* B.

[3] Dr. Spillan has rightly seen that Fame has nothing to do with the matter. *Φάμα* is the voice of the oracle here invoked. The construction of *κεκλόμενος* soon after (for which the translator read *κεκλομένῳ*) is well defended by Wunder. B.

[4] There is much difficulty about the epithet *εὐκλέα*, which, if considered as the Epic accusative for *εὐκλεῆ*, violates the meter. Respecting the epithet of Artemis, *Εὔκλεια* (whence Brunck and Elmsley read *Εὔκλια*), see Wunder, and Pausanias i. 14, and ix. 17. On the many meanings assigned to *κυκλοέντα*, see Wunder. The most plausible seems to be Dr. Spillan's: "the seat encircled by the forum." B.

timely present to me, three several averters of destruction, if ever, in the case of a previous calamity also hovering over my country, ye thoroughly exterminated the flame of mischief, now too come; ye gods, for I suffer incalculable miseries; nay, my whole people to a man is sickening; nor is there among us a weapon of precaution, wherewith one shall defend himself; for neither do the productions of our celebrated[1] soil thrive, nor in childbed do our women recover from their poignant throes;[2] but one upon another mightest thou see, even as a well-fledged bird, more fiercely than uncontrollable fire,[3] speeding toward the shore of the western god.[4] In the uncounted hosts of whom the city is perishing, and the deadly[5] generations of men unpitied are lying without a tear (to their memory) on the plain; while among them wives and gray-haired mothers withal, some from this, some from that quarter, along the rising altar-slope as suppliants, wail sadly because of their deplorable afflictions. And clear bursts forth

[1] Brunck says that one codex reads *κλυτά*, but the plain of Bœotia is particularized by ancient writers, and, among others, by Thucydides in his preface, for its fertility. Tr.—I should prefer taking *κλυτᾶς* as an epithet of the earth simply. B.

[2] *ἀνέχουσι*, "bear up with." All the commentators seem to coincide in accepting Hesychius's interpretation of *ἰήϊος*, as translated.

[3] In the Hecuba of Euripides, the anarchy of a ship's crew is termed, *κρείσσων πυρός*, in a similar sense to that given in this translation; yet the second interpretation of the scholiast, "too fast for the (funeral) fires though unquenched," derives plausibility from Thucydides' account of *ἀναίσχυντοι θῆκαι*, ii. 52.

[4] "Western god." Neminem præterea novi qui sic Plutonem vocaverit, *πόρευ' Ἀχέροντος ἀκτά παρ' εὐσκιον* habet Pindarus Pyth. ii. str. 2. Vide et Antig. 806, 7." Musgrave. In the peroration of Lysias' Oration against Andocides in this passage, "To expiate this pollution" (the mutilation of the Hermæ), "the priestesses and priests, turning toward the setting sun, *the dwelling of the infernal gods*, devoted with curses the sacrilegious wretch, and shook their purple robes, in the manner prescribed by that law which has been transmitted from earliest times." Mitford, *Hist. of Greece*, c. xxii. sect. 2.

[5] The reading *θανατηφόρῳ* was adopted by all the translators, except a recent one, who renders *θανατηφόρα* simply "dead." I have rendered it by "deadly," for, as Wunder well remarks, contagion rendered them so, and prevented them meeting with the customary mourning and funeral rites. Cf. Seneca, Œdip. 62. "Quin luctu in ipso luctus exoritur novus, Suæque circa funus exequiæ cadunt. . . . . Deest terra tumulis, jam rogos silvæ negant." B.

the pæan anthem, and a sorrow-breathing voice chiming in. Wherefore, O golden daughter of Jove, send thine aid, fair of aspect, and make the ravening Mars, who now unarmed with brazen shield rushing on with loud roars, scorches me, to turn his back in homeward hurrying flight, an outlaw from my country, either to the vast grot[1] of Amphitrite, or to that inhospitable harborage the Thracian breakers; for, in fine, if night have spared a relic, day assails it. Which (Mars), O thou that wieldest the sovereignity of the fiery lightning, O Jove our sire, blast by thy thunderbolt. Thine invincible arrows also, O lord of light,[2] from the golden twisted horns of thy bow would I gladly celebrate as champions sent forth to our aid, and the fiery torches of Diana, wherewith she scours the Lycian mountains: him of the golden miter, too, I call, surnamed of this our land Bacchus Evius, of aspect flushed with wine, fellow-rambler of the Mænadæ, to approach, flaming with beamy pine-torch, upon the god unhonored among gods.[3]

ŒD. Thou petitionest; but for thy petition, if thou be willing to hear and receive these my words, and to give thy attention to the disease, thou mightest obtain succor and alleviation of thy miseries: which words I shall speak as a stranger to this tale before us, a stranger to the crime committed. For I by myself could not trace the matter far, unless I had some clew: but now, seeing that I am enrolled among our citizens[4] a citizen of latest date, to all you Cadmæans I make proclamation thus:[5] Whatsoever man of you

[1] Θάλαμος I have rendered "grot," which seems more poetical than "bower," "bed," or "chamber," when applied to Amphitrite. B.

[2] The old word λύκη or λυκός (whence, probably, the Latin *lux*), forms λυκόφυς and λυκάβας. The latter word occurring in Apollonius Rhodius, Argon. i. 198, first suggested to the translator of this play an idea which he is happy to find sanctioned by Maltby's authority (v. λύκειος), that even the Sophoclean λυκοκτόνος is one, among many other fanciful substitutes, for the true origin of this epithet. TR.—So also Müller, Dor. ii. 6, § 8; but I should prefer retaining "Lycian King." Cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 145. B.

[3] ἀπότιμος, Pindar, Pyth. ii. 80:

Γόνον ὑπερφίαλον,
Μόνα, καὶ μόνον, οὔτ' ἐν ἀν-
δράσι γερασφόρον, οὔτ' ἐν θεῶν νομοῖς.

[4] Elmsley and Wunder read ἀυτὸς for ἀστὸς, which seems preferable. B. ὑπεξελὼν τοὐπίκλημα, "crimen confitendo diluens." Elms. "Con-

chances to know of Laïus son of Labdacus, by what man he fell, him I command to make full confession to me. And whether he fears, as having to divulge from concealment the impeachment himself against himself; let him, seeing he shall suffer nothing else unwelcome, but shall quit the country unharmed; or whether on the other hand, any one have known another[1] from another land as such, let him not be silent as to the assassin, for his reward I will pay, and gratitude shall accrue to him besides. But if, on the contrary, ye shall be dumb, and any one apprehensive either on his friend's account, or even on his own, shall reject my words, ye must needs hear from me what I shall do hereafter. I prohibit any one of this land, of which I wield the powers and royalties, from either receiving or accosting, from making a communicant with himself or either vows or sacrifices to the gods, and from apportioning the lavers of holy water to this man, whoever he is: but[2] I command that all thrust him from their homes, as this man being the defilement upon us, as the Pythian oracle of the divinity has just now revealed to me. Such an ally then am I both to the deity and the mortal who is dead. But I imprecate on the perpetrator, whether he have escaped detection being some single person, or with more, that, evildoer as he is, he may in evils drag out an unhappy existence. But should he be an inmate in these my halls with my knowledge, I pray that I may suffer the very penalties which I have just now invoked on these. But on you I strictly impose the performance of all this, both on my own behalf, and of

ditum promens." Hermann; who quotes the Electra, 1411, where the scholiast's interpretation is plainer than his own; and Eurip. Hipp. 629 (ed. Monk), where Monk says, "hunc versum forsan omitti potuisse censuit Valkenærius;" and where the idea of *draining silently off*, seems as apposite as *conditum promens*, when applied to ὄλβον δωμάτων. In the 4th book of Thucydides, c. 83, the better authorities have ὑπεξελεῖν, for ὑπεξελθεῖν τὰ δεινά, which is most aptly rendered "to remove out of the way." The reader must choose between the note and the text, which follows Hermann. Tr.—Wunder's interpretation, derived from Matthiæ, is as follows: "et si metuit (sc. ὑμῶν τις πάντα σημαίνειν ἐμοί) crimen cædis, cujus ipse reus sit, surripiat, sive subterfugiat, et in terram peregrinam abeat; nullum enim alia patietur malum." Elmsley's view seems simplest. B.

[1] Wunder approves of the emendation of Nevius, χερὸς for χθονὸς. But Vauvilliers more neatly proposes, ἀστὸν, ἢ ξ' ἄλλης χθονός. B.

[2] Κελεύω must be taken from the preceding ἀπανδῶ. B.

the god, and of this our land, thus without its fruits and without[1] the gods brought to decay. For not even if the matter had not been taken up by the god, ought you in reason to leave it thus unatoned, when the best of men, and your monarch, had perished, but thoroughly to sift it: but now, since it is I who possess the authority which he held before, who possess too his bed, and the same wife to raise up seed; and since a common offspring to his in common would have been of her born, had not issue unhappily failed him, whereas now fate has fallen violently on his head; for these causes I will thus do battle for him, even as it were mine own father; and will resort to all means in seeking to take the doer of his murder to the son of Labdacus, and of Polydorus, and of earlier Cadmus, and of the ancient Agenor: and for those who fail to perform these orders, I pray the gods to allow to spring neither seed-crop to them from their land, no, nor children from their wives; but that they may be wasted away by their present doom, and by one yet more hateful than this. But to you the other Cadmæans, unto as many as these designs are acceptable, may both the friendly power, Justice, and all the gods' weal, be present evermore.

Ch. Even as thou hast involved me in a curse, thus, O king, will I speak: for neither was I the slayer, nor have I power to disclose that slayer. But this same question it was the part of Phœbus who gave the message to have it declared, namely, who on earth has done the deed.

Œd. Thou hast rightly spoken. But to compel the gods to that which they shall not be pleased to do, could no man have power.

Ch. I would fain suggest the second step after this which occurs to me.

Œd. Nay, even if there be a third, see thou omit not to give it utterance.

Ch. I know that king[2] Tiresias most especially has insight into the same things with king Apollo, from whom one in-

[1] *ἀθέως*, "neglected by the gods." So El. 1181, and below, 661, *ἐπεὶ ἄθεος ἄφιλος....ὀλοίμαν*. B.

[2] The expression *ἄναξ* refers here to the functions of king, priest, and prophet, which were united from the earliest times, and which neither the Athenians nor Romans, when they abolished the regal power, dared nominally to separate, but still retained their titular *βασιλεύς* and *rex*.

quiring of these matters, O king, might derive the clearest knowledge of them.

ŒD. But not even this have I managed as a slothful work, for I have dispatched, at Creon's word, two to fetch him; and long since he moves my wonder by his non-attendance.

CH. Well, certainly the other stories are absurd, and stale.

ŒD. To what purpose these same? for I scrutinize every report.

CH. He was said to have fallen by some wayfarers.

ŒD. I, too, have heard so; but the witness of this no one knows.

CH. But surely, if he possess one particle of fear, at least he will not endure hearing such curses as these of thine.

ŒD. Him who can have no horror of the deed, neither will a word overawe.

CH. Yet is there one who shall expose him, for those yonder are slow conducting hither the heavenly seer; in whom alone of men is the truth innate.

ŒD. Tiresias, thou who dost contemplate all things, both those which may be taught, and those which are unspeakable, and those which are of heaven, and those that tread our earth; under what a disease our city labors, even though thou seest not, thou must still be sensible: wherein we discover thee, O king, our only protector and deliverer. For Phœbus, should thou be not informed of it by the messengers, has sent word in return to us who sent to ask that release from this our present sickly state alone could come, if, having rightly discovered, we should put to death those who killed Laïus, or send them into banishment from the land. Do thou, therefore, on thy part, grudging us neither response from augury, nor if thou hast other way of divination whatever, redeem thyself and the state, redeem me, redeem the whole pollution of the dead.[1] For in thy hands we are; but for a man to do benefit from such means as he may have and can use, is of labors the most glorious.

TIRESIAS. Woe, woe, how dreadful to be wise, where it can not pay its profits to the wise. Alas! for though I knew this well, I altogether forgot it, else had I not come hither.

ŒD. Nay, what is this? how dispirited art thou come to us!

[1] That is, "all that the death of Laïus has polluted."

TIR. Dismiss me to my home, for most easily wilt thou endure thy doom and I mine, if thou wilt be prevailed on by me.

ŒD. Thou hast said what is neither lawful nor friendly to this thy country which nursed thee, in depriving her of this divulgement.

TIR. Why, I observe that neither does thy speech proceed from thee seasonably; I do it, therefore, that I may not suffer the same evil on my part.

CH. Do not, in the name of the gods, if aware of this, be averse [to speak], since we all here, prostrate as suppliants, kneel to thee.

TIR. Because ye are all infatuated: but I——,[1] no, never; be it that I may not, by telling my own, unfold thy miseries.

ŒD. What sayest thou? though knowing it, wilt thou not give it utterance, but thinkest thou to betray us, and destroy the state.

TIR. I will grieve neither thyself nor thee. Wherefore dost thou vainly probe these matters? for never shalt thou learn them from me.

ŒD. What, worst of villains! for thou on thy part wouldst enrage the temper even of a stone; wilt thou never declare it at all, but show thyself thus unsoftened and unsatisfying?

TIR. Thou hast complained of my ill humor, but thine own that dwells with thee hast thou not discerned;[2] yet blamest thou me.

[1] "But I——." This is translated after the punctuation of Hermann's edition. In his addenda, however, Elmsley considers Erfurdt to have correctly interpreted the passage, the second *μή* to redound, and the order to be, *ἐγὼ δέ οὐ μὴποτε ἐκφήνω* (id est, *οὔποτε ἐκφανῶ*) *τὰ σὰ κακὰ, ὡς ἂν εἶπω τὰ ἐμὰ μαντεύματα.* "Never imagine that I will bring to light thy misfortunes, in order that I may utter my prophecies." TR. —Dindorf's text seems unintelligible. B.

[2] Hermann considers that Eustathius is right in attributing to these words an allusion to Jocasta, and says, that the expression *ὁμοῦ ναίουσαν* is otherwise useless; which, however, it would not be, since it contains the very reason which gives Tiresias's remonstrance so much force. The ambiguity, if any ought to be, is well preserved in these lines:

"Thou has reproved my warmth, yet little know'st
What dwells in thine own bosom, though on me
Thou heap'st reproach."

Dale's Trans. vol. i. 32. TR.

See v. 414, and cf. Nonnus Dionys. xxv. 20.—*ἠὲ βοήσω Πατροφόνον πόσιν ὃν παρεννάζοντα τεκούσῃ.* Statius Theb. 1, 68; Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris Connubium gavisus ini. B.

ŒD. I do; for who would not be incensed at hearing such words as those, in which thou now settest at naught this city?

TIR. Why, they will come to pass, even though I suppress them in silence.

ŒD. Oughtest not thou, then, to inform me of at least that which will come to pass?

TIR. I can tell thee no further; whereupon, if thou wilt, be exasperate with whatever rage is most ferocious.

ŒD. Ay, on my soul, and I will at least pass over nothing, so enraged am I, of what I am apprised of. For, know, thou art suspected by me both to have helped engender the deed, and to have done it, in all but killing him with thine hands; nay, hadst thou possessed sight, even this deed its very self had I asserted to be thine alone.

TIR. Is it even so?——I charge thee to abide by the proclamation, even that which thou hast promulged, and from this day forth to accost neither these present, nor me; for that thou art the unhallowed defiler of this land.

ŒD. Hast thou thus shamelessly given vent to these words of thine, and canst thou possibly expect that thou shalt acquit thyself of this?

TIR. I stand acquitted, for I cherish truth in its strength.

ŒD. At whose hand schooled? for surely not from thy art.

TIR. At thine; for thou hast provoked me reluctant to speak.

ŒD. What manner of speech? speak again, that I may the rather apprehend.

TIR. Understood'st thou not before, or temptest thou my words?

ŒD. No, not at least to have termed it intelligible; but say again.

TIR. I say thou art the murderer of the man whose murderer thou seekest.

ŒD. But in no wise with impunity shalt thou twice at least utter taunts.

TIR. Shall I tell thee, then, one other thing also, that thou mayest be the more angered?

ŒD. As much at least as thou inclinest, since it will be said in vain.

Tir. I affirm thee to be unconsciously holding the most shameful intercourse with thy dearest friends, and not to see in what state of evil thou art.

Œd. And dost think thou shalt always say these things even exultingly?

Tir. Yes, if at least there be any might in truth.

Œd. Nay, there is, save to thee; but to thee there is not this, since thou art blind both in thine ears and thy mind and thine eyes.

Tir. But thou at any rate art wretched in reproaching me with this, wherewith is there not one of these present who will not speedily reproach thee.

Œd. Thou art fostered by night alone, so that thou couldst never do either me or any other, whoever he be, that looks on the light, a mischief.

Tir. For it is not fated thou shouldst fall, at least by me, since Apollo is sufficient, whose care it is to accomplish all this.

Œd. Are these the inventions of Creon, or thine own?

Tir. Nay, Creon is no bane to thee, but thyself to thyself.

Œd. O wealth and sovereignty, and art surpassing art in this life of constant emulation, how great is the jealousy stored up among you! if at least for the sake of this my power, which the city reposed in my hands, a free gift and not solicited, Creon the loyal, my former friend, secretly supplanting me is longing to eject me from it, having suborned a sorcerer such as this, a vamper-up of plots, a wily mountebank, a wretch that hath eyes only for his gains, but as to his art was born blind. For if not, come tell me, wherein thou art a true seer? How didst thou not, when the monster of wild song[1] was here, pronounce some spell of

[1] ἡ ραψῳδὸς κύων.] A puzzling title to translate; but the Sphinx was all a puzzle, and would have made a great figure in these days of Egyptian statues and hieroglyphics, particularly as her acted charades were better than her spoken, at least they nonplussed the poor Thebans more, being of that ancient kind which he who receives aright "had need from head to foot well understand." For the translation, if any one have so much of Euripides, or rather Diogenes, in him as to prefer "enigmatical bitch," he may find in the poem of Christabelle one of the same breed, and most "enigmatical," vv. 2 et seq. Tr.—κύων is applied to the Sphinx, as to the hydra by Eurip. Herc. F. 1277, and to the Harpies in Apollon. 13, 289. So Brunck. See also Æsch. Prom. 803. Soph.

deliverance to these our citizens? And yet her riddle at least was not for a chance-comer to expound, but required divination, which thou plainly exposedst thyself as not possessing, either from birds or known from any one of the gods; but I, when I was come, the nothing-knowing Œdipus, put her down, having mastered it by judgment, and not having learned it from birds: I, whom forsooth thou must try to depose, expecting that thou shalt stand next in place near the Cretonean throne.[1] To thy cost methinks both thou and he that contrived all this will go exorcising pollutions: nay, but that thou seemest an old man, to thy cost hadst thou known[2] what manner of things they be thou purposest.

Ch. As we conjecture, both this man's words and thine, O Œdipus, appear to have been uttered in passion. But there is want not of such words as these, but to consider, but how we shall best expedite the oracles of the god.

Tir. Even though thou art a king, the right of an equal reply at any rate must be equally granted to both, for of this I too am master. For in no wise do I hold life as servant to thee, but to Loxias, so that I shall not by and by be entered under Creon as patron. But I tell thee, inasmuch as thou has taunted me with being blind also: thou actually hast thy sight, and seest not in what evil thou art, nor where thou art dwelling, nor with whom thou art consorting. Knowest thou now from whom thou art? Thou art even unaware that thou art the enemy of thine own buried kindred, and of those on

Electr. 1388. It was probably applied to the Sphinx from her rapacity and robberies. See Pausan. ix. 26. Hygin. Fab. lxvii. or from her participating in the form of a dog. Palæphat. de incred. hist. § 7. B.

[1] On the expression τῷ Λαβδακείῳ παιδί (v. 267), Brunck has a long note from Eustathius, producing two examples from Homer of these adjectives in *ειος*, in both of which there seem a certain solemnity and state intended to be expressed, which indeed are more palpable in these instances from Sophocles: τῷ Λαβδάκου τε παιδί would not have the same force.

[2] Brunck renders "damno tuo cognosceres, quam male sentias." This is not satisfactory, the force of the particle πὲρ being entirely lost, unless it be thought implied by "sentias." Since Œdipus appears confident of the nature of Tiresias' intentions, may we translate "thou hadst known as the sufferer just what thou knowest as the designer," and consider it a threat of banishment; or does οἷα πὲρ mean qualia cunque? Elmsley prints them together, οἷαπερ; Hermann, separately.

earth above. And thee with fearful steps shall a curse both[1] from thy mother and thy father, one day, with double stroke chase from this land, thee seeing now indeed rightly, but then darkness. But with thine outcry what manner of haven, what Cithæron, shall not speedily be in unison, when thou shalt have become sensible of the marriage into which, though void of harborage, thou hast in thine halls steered thy course, happening on a fair voyage time? But thou dost not feel conscious of a multitude of other evils, which[2] shall level thee with thy real self and with thy children. Now then revile both Creon and my words, for there lives not the mortal who shall ever wear himself away more direfully than thou.

ŒD. And is all this then bearable to hear from this thing? Wilt not away to thy death? Wilt not instantly? Wilt thou not turn thy back upon these halls, and get thee away again in haste?

TIR. Nay, I for my part had not come, hadst thou not bidden me hither.

ŒD. I did, because I was by no means aware that thou wouldst utter folly, else had I taken my time at least in fetching thee to my dwelling.

TIR. Such as we are, we are, to thy thinking, fools; but to the parents who begat thee, wise.

ŒD. What parents? tarry: nay, who of mankind is my parent?

TIR. This day shall give thee thy birth and thy destruction.

ŒD. How over-mysterious and obscure dost thou speak every thing!

TIR. Art not thou then by nature the aptest at discovering these?

ŒD. Revile me, and welcome, in those things in which thou wilt find me great.

[1] δεινόπους.

"And long upon my troubled ear
Rang his dark courser's hoofs of fear."—GIAOUR.

[2] There is probably a play upon the word ἶσος, referring to Œdipus discovering both what he himself was, and also how he stood related to his children. See Wunder. B.

Tir. Yet is it nevertheless this very success which has been thy ruin.[1]

Œd. Nay, but if I have rescued this our city, I care not.

Tir. Now then will I depart, and do thou, boy, conduct me.

Œd. Well, let him conduct thee, since while here thou troublest and hinderest us, and, wert thou gone, thou couldst not annoy us more.

Tir. I will be gone when I have spoken that for which I came, not from awe of thy presence.[2] For there is no mean whereby thou shalt destroy me. But I tell thee: this very man, whom all this while thou art searching out with menaces and proclamations touching Laïus' murder, this man is here, a foreign settler here by report, but by and by shall he be manifested a Theban born, nor will he be pleased with his fortune. For blind instead of seeing, and a beggar instead of rich, over a strange land shall he be a wayfarer, assaying his way with a staff; but with his own children shall he be detected abiding, at once their brother and their sire, and of the woman of whom he was born both son and husband, and of his father both co-rival and assassin. And these things, going in-doors, reason over with thyself; and if thou detect me to have falsified, say then that I have no skill in divination.

Chorus. Who is he whom the prophetic Delphic rock denounced as having wrought with murderous hands the most nefarious of nefarious deeds? Time were it for him to employ in flight a foot more vigorous than coursers swift as the storm; for the offspring of Jove all armed with fire and lightnings is springing upon him, and together are following the dread inevitable fates. For a voice hath glanced forth, but now appearing from the snowy Parnassus, that every one must track the undiscovered criminal. For under some wild wood is he straying, among caverns and crags, like a bull,[3]

[1] Compare "Fatal Marriage," Act v. sc. 4:

"Why, that which damns most men has ruined me;
The making of my fortune." B.

[2] Hermann understands by *πρόσωπον* audacity; but as it is used with *τόλμης* in a subsequent passage, the translator has followed Brunck.

[3] "Like a bull." See Virgil's Georgic, iii. 219–236. The expressions *ὑπονοσφίζων*, *περιποτᾶται*, etc., seem allusions to the œstrum. And the

with miserable foot a miserable widower: shunning the prophecies sprung from earth's middle: but they flit around him, ever living. Fearfully, however, fearfully goes the sage augur trouble me, neither assenting nor denying;[1] nay I am at a loss what to say. But I flutter on hopes, seeing neither in prospect nor in retrospect; for what feud lay between either the Labdacidæ or the son of Polybus, I for my part never learned neither heretofore, nor in the present case have I yet from any one[2] with whose test I, as an avenger of the Labdacidæ in respect to that mysterious murder, should go against the popular fame of Œdipus. Yet Jupiter and Apollo however are wise, and ken the affairs of mortals; but among men, that a soothsayer is of more account than I, is no certain conclusion; yet a man might surpass wisdom by wisdom:[3] but never would I for my part, until I saw [the seer's] words prove true, agree with those who condemn him. The winged maid came once publicly, and he was then upon trial seen to be sage, and the city's friend; wherefore in my mind he shall never be cast as guilty of a crime.

Creon. Men and citizens, having learned that Œdipus the king accuses me in grievous terms, I come before you ill brooking it. For if in these the distresses of the present time he considers himself to have suffered aught at my hands, at least by word or deed tending to his injury, truly I have no hankering after a long-enduring life while I bear this report. For the penalty of this calumny upon me tends to no simple evil, but to one of the first magnitude, if I am henceforth to be called a traitor in the city, a traitor before thee and my friends.

Ch. Yet surely this said reproach came, as it might be, forced out by rage, rather than by judgment of the mind.

epithet *χηρεύων*, which might apply so well to the bull, derives a tremendous force from the contrast of the murderer's actual condition.

[1] So above, 89. *οὔτε γὰρ θρασὺς, Οὔτ' οὖν προδείσας εἰμὶ τῷ γε νῦν λόγῳ.* But *οὔτε δοκοῦντ' οὔτ' ἀποφάσκοντ'* are generally taken, with *δεινὰ*, as nominatives plural, and explained, as by the Scholiast: *οὔτε πιστὰ οὔτε ἄπιστα.* Yet, as the prophet *had* affirmed Œdipus to be the murderer, the Chorus could hardly say that his words neither asserted nor denied, and I therefore think the present translation the best. B.

[2] Here there is a lacuna, which Brunck supplies by *χρησάμενος*. B.

[3] Cf. v. 380—*καὶ τέχνη τέχνης Ὑπερφέρουσα.* B.

Cr. But by what did it appear that, pursuaded by my counsels, the prophet speaks his words falsely?

Ch. This was indeed averred, but I know not with what meaning.

Cr. But was this same accusation alleged against me with eyes and mind set aright?

Ch. I know not, for I have no eyes for what my masters do. But the man himself is now sallying forth from the palace.

Œdipus. Ho, fellow! how camest thou hither? hast thou such a front of impudence that thou art come to my very roof being palpably the assassin of this man, and the confessed robber of my royalty? Pray tell me, in heaven's name, what cowardice or idiocy having remarked in me hast thou plotted to do this? Was it that I should not detect this work of thine, creeping on me by stealth, and when I had learned should not protect myself against it? Why, is not this thine enterprise a silly one, without a multitude of friends to be hunting after empire, which by numbers and by wealth is to be achieved?

Cr.[1] Knowest thou what to do? In answer to what has been said, listen to an equal statement, and then be thyself the arbiter when informed.

Œd. Thou art shrewd at speaking, but I am dull at learning of thee; for I have found thee ill-disposed and irksome to me.

Cr. This very point now first hear from me as I shall state it.

Œd. This very point now see thou tell me not, how thou art not a villain.

Cr. Truly, if thou thinkest willfulness to be any gain when separate from understanding, thou thinkest not wisely.

Œd. Truly, if thou thinkest that ill-treatment a kinsman thou shalt not undergo the penalty, thou thinkest not wisely.

Cr. I agree with thee that this is spoken with justice: but inform me of the grievance, what it may be that thou professest to have suffered.

Œd. Didst thou persuade or not pursuade me, that it behooved me to send some one for the holy man of prophecy?

Cr. Ay, and am even yet constant to my counsel.

[1] See Koen on Gregorius de Dial. Attic. § 2. B.

Œd. Well, how long time may it be now, then, since Laïus—

Cr. Did what manner of deed? for I comprehend not.

Œd. Mysteriously disappeared by a fatal assault.

Cr. Long and ancient periods might be reckoned up.

Œd. Was, then, this same diviner at that time in the practice of his calling.

Cr. At least he was as sage and as much respected.

Œd. Well, made he any mention of me then at that time?

Cr. Certainly not, never, at least, where I was a bystander.

Œd. But held ye no inquisition for the deceased?

Cr. We commissioned one; nay, how should we not? and heard nothing.

Œd. How was it, then, that at that time this sage revealed not these things?

Cr. I know not; for in matters on which I have no understanding I prefer being silent.

Œd. Yet this much at least thou knowest, and would state if honest of purpose.

Cr. Of what sort is this thing? for if I do know it, I will not deny it.

Œd. It is, that unless he had conspired with thee,[1] he never could have said that the destruction of Laïus was my doing.

Cr. Whether he says so, thou thyself knowest; but I claim the right of ascertaining from thee just the same things which thou hast now from me also.

Œd. Ascertain them; for certainly I shall not be detected a murderer.

Cr. What sayst thou, then? art thou married to my own sister?

Œd. There is no denial of that thou questionest.

Cr.[2] And hast thou the same sovereignty with her, swaying in equal share of territory?

[1] *Ὅθ' οὕνεκα.*] Thus in the old English, the ballad of the field-mouse:

"Who for because her livelihood was thin,
Would needs go seek her townish sister's house."

[2] Dœderlin remarks that *γῆς* ought rather to be made to depend upon *ἄρχεις* than upon *ἴσον*, and he prefers interpreting *ἴσον νέμων*, "*parem dignitatem tribuens*, scil. Jocastæ, ut Phil. 1020: *οὐδὲν ἡδὺ γὰρ θεοὶ νέμουσί μοι*, coll. v. 1062, Ant. 1371, nam de liberalitate Œdipi sermo est, quæ in dando posita est, non de potentia ejusdem, quæ in obtinendo cernitur." B.

ŒD. Whatever be her pleasure, she obtains every thing from me.

CR. Am not I then the third on a par with you too?

ŒD. Why 'tis even in this in fact thou showest thee a false friend.

CR. Not so, if at least thou wouldst reason with thyself, as I do. But reflect on this first, if thou think that any would choose for himself, to rule in a state of apprehension, rather than to sleep fearless, if at least he shall still have the same powers. Neither, then, am I myself of a nature to covet the being a monarch rather than the acting as a monarch, nor any other who has a sense of prudence; for now indeed I receive every thing from thee without fear, but were I king myself, I should do many things even against my wishes. How then is monarchy naturally more pleasing to me to possess, than rule and puissance without pain? I do not yet happen to be so much deceived as to wish for aught else than what is with profit honorable. Now I am friends with all, now every one salutes me, now they who have a suit to thee[1] summon me out; for their success is centered altogether in me. How then should I, having abandoned this place, grasp at that other? A well-intentioned spirit could not become wicked. But I am neither by nature a warm admirer of this same sentiment, nor should I ever venture on it with another to effect it: and as a test of this, in the first place, go to Delphi, and inquire if I have fairly reported to thee, what was prophesied; thus much more; if thou detect me to have complotted aught in common with the soothsayer, take and put me to death, not by a single suffrage, but by a double one, both mine and thine; but hold me not guilty without a hearing, on an uncertain opinion. For it is not just lightly to deem the wicked good, or the good wicked. For to cast away a virtuous friend, I call as bad as to cast away one's own life, which one loves best. But in time thou shalt discern all this, without fail, since time alone develops the honest man; but a traitor thou mightest discover even in one day.

CH. Commendably hath he spoken to one who is cautious

[1] Wunder reads *αἰκάλλουσι*, "court me," from the conjecture of Dind. Perhaps the common reading may be defended by Trach. 1206, *οἷά μ' ἐκκαλεῖ, πάτερ.*

of falling, O prince; for they who are hasty to judge are insecure.

ŒD. When any one takes quick steps in covert plots, it needs me to counteract him in counsel quickly; but if, keeping quiet, I wait for him, his plans will be accomplished, but mind marred.

CR. Well then, what is thine aim? To eject me from the land?

ŒD. By no means: I wish thee to die, not to be exiled.

CR. When thou shalt first have shown the nature of thy grudge to me.

ŒD. Speakest thou as one who will obey neither command nor agreement?[1]

CR. Yes; for I see thou art not in thy right mind.

ŒD. For my own interest at least.

CR. But thou oughtest as much for mine too.

ŒD. But thou art a born traitor.

CR. But what an thou understandest nothing?

ŒD. Yet still one must be ruled.

CR. Surely not by a bad ruler at least.

ŒD. O city, city!

CR. I too have a part in the city, and not thou only.

CH. Princes, desist; but opportunely for you both, I see Jocasta advancing from the palace, in concert with whom you are bound amicably to settle your quarrel now pending.

JOCASTA. Why, infatuated, have ye raised this unadvised strife of tongue, nor blush ye, when our land is thus diseased, at stirring up private mischiefs? Wilt not both thou get thee home, and thou, Creon, to thy dwelling, and not raise a nothing of an offense to magnitude?

CR. Sister, Œdipus, thy husband, thinks proper to do me foul wrong, having limited choice to two evils, either to banish me from my father's land, or to take and slay me.

[1] Dr. Spillan's version has, "Say you that you will not yield and submit?" The Cambridge, "Do you speak as not about to depart nor to obey me?" The old Oxford, "Sayest thou that thou wilt neither yield, nor obey?" None of these interpretations appear satisfactory. I think there is some error in *πιστεύσων*, and perhaps no interrogation is needed. One would almost expect such a sense as this, "You speak as one that can neither yield nor convince." *Γὰρ* is similarly used in a passage very like the present one, Trach. 1232, *ὡς ἐργασείων οὐδὲν ὧν λέγω θροεῖς.* ΤΑΛΟΣ, *τίς γάρ ποθ'.* B.

Œd. I confess it; for I have detected him, lady, in malpractices against my person with wicked craft.

Cr. Now may I never prosper, but perish accursed, if I have done aught to thee of what thou accusest me of doing.

Jo. Oh! in the gods' name, Œdipus be persuaded to this: most especially, indeed, in respect to this adjuration of the gods; secondly, to both me and these who are here present.

Ch. Be prevailed on, willingly and sensibly, O king, I implore thee.

Œd. What wilt thou, then, I shall concede to thee?

Ch. To respect him who neither ere now was imprudent, and now is mighty in virtue of his oath.

Œd. Dost know then what thou wishest?

Ch. I do know.

Œd. Explain, then, what thou hast so say.

Ch. That thou bring not into impeachment and disgrace thy friend, who has thus made oath,[1] at least upon an uncertain charge.

Œd. Know now full well, that when thou seekest this, thou art seeking death or banishment from this land for me.

Ch. No, by the god, chieftain of all the gods, the sun, since I wish I may die godless, friendless, the direst of all deaths, whatever it be, if I have this design; but the withering land wears out the spirits of hapless me, especially if these troubles, I mean those which arise from you two, shall attach to the previous afflictions.

Œd. Then let him be gone; ay, if it be my destiny utterly to fall a victim, or be thrust out by violence, dishonored from this country; for 'tis thy piteous appeal, not his, that I compassionate; but he, wherever he shall be, shall be loathed.

Cr. Full of loathing, indeed, thou plainly showest thyself in yielding; but, sad [wilt thou be], when thou shalt have exceeded in thy passion. Such tempers, however, are justly the most painful to themselves to bear with.

Œd. Wilt thou not leave me alone, and get thee forth?

Cr. I will be gone, having met with you indeed who know me not; but in the eyes of these men just.

Ch. Lady, why delayest thou to convey this man within the house?

[1] This is Erfurdt's interpretation of ἐναγῆ. Liddell well renders it, "*who has pledged* himself under a curse." See Lexicon, sub v. B.

Jo. I will, when I have learned at least what may have happened.

Ch. An uncertain suspicion came of certain words: even the unjust taunt is cutting.

Jo. From both of them?

Ch. Even so.

Jo. And what was the saying?

Ch. Enough, enough to me at least it seems, when the land is previously distressed, that it rest there where it left off.

Œd. Seest thou to what thou, a man of upright intention, art come,[1] giving up my side, and hardening your heart against me?

Ch. O prince, I have said not once alone, but know that I should show myself beside my senses, incapacitated from regaining those senses, where I to secede from thee, who hast piloted right steadily down the stream mine own dear land, when rocking about in troubles; and now too,[2] be safe convoy to it, if thou mayest.

Jo. In the gods' name inform me also, O king, from what circumstances on earth thou hast conceived so great wrath as this.

Œd. I will tell thee; for I hold thee, lady, in more respect than these: it is from Creon; that he has plotted such devices against me.

Jo. Speak, if thou wilt plainly state the cause of quarrel, charging it on him.

Œd. He says that I am the murderer of Laïus.

Jo. Of his own privity, or having learned it from other?

Œd. Why, by having sent me a knavish soothsayer, however; for as to himself, at least, he exculpates his speech entirely.[3]

[1] So F. Jacobs: *παριεὶς* is, to the best of my knowledge, always used of what one does *of or to ones' self*, not of what one causes another to do. (See Ellendt.) The same remark applies to *ὑφείς*. The old translation was, "by lowering and deadening my spirit." B.

[2] Cf. v. 52, sq. B. *γίνου* is condemned by Hermann as spurious.

[3] *i. e.*, from having accused me. It appears strange that so many commentators should have missed the true sense of a passage so strongly marked by the particles *μὲν οὖν*, and the *γέ* in the next clause. Œdipus is positive (*οὖν*) of Tiresias being merely Creon's mouth-piece, though Creon himself had vindicated his own language. See Hermann's and

Jo. Do thou now, leaving thine own matter alone, as touching the things thou speakest of, give ear to me, and learn for thy comfort, that there is no mortal thing possessed of the prophetic art. But I will develop to thee concise evidence of this. For long ago came an oracle to Laïus, I will not assert from Phœbus himself, however, but from his ministers, that his doom should come for him to fall by a son who should be begotten of me and him. And him, indeed, at least as the story goes, do foreign robbers murder on a time, at the junction of three carriage-ways. But from the birth of the child there intervened not three days before he, having tied the joints of its feet together, cast it away by others' hands, upon an untrodden mountain. And therein Apollo brought to pass neither that it should be the slayer of its father, nor that Laïus, the disaster which he then dreaded, should die by his son's hand. Such fates did the prophetic declarations predetermine, of which take thou no heed. For whatever the god investigates as necessary, will he in person easily make appear.

Œd. What distraction of soul and perturbation of feelings at this moment possesses me, having heard thee, lady.

Jo. By what manner of solicitude altered in mind sayest thou this?

Œd. I thought I heard this from thee, that Laïus was slaughtered near three highways.

Jo. Yes; for these things were rumored, nor have they yet ceased to be.

Œd. And where is this said spot where this catastrophe occurred?

Jo. Phocis the land is called: but a separate road leads to the same point from Delphi and from Daulia.

Œd. And what is the time that has elapsed to these events?

Jo. Some short time previous to thy coming forward as ruler of this land, were these rumors published to the city.

Œd. O Jupiter, what hast thou purposed to do by me?

Jo. But what, O Œdipus, is this monster of thy thought?

Erfurdt's notes. Tr.—More simply, "he keeps his speech free from such assertion." In Liddell's Lexicon it is rendered, "every man's tongue is ready to acquit himself." B.

. Question me not yet.[1] But of Laïus tell me what
al appearance he had, and that[2] at what era of his

Of lofty port, just now whitening to down the hoary
; of his head: but he was not very unlike thy own

. Woe me unhappy! It seems I have, without know-
even now forced myself prematurely into horrid curses.
How sayest thou? verily I shudder as I glance at thee,
ʒ.
. Fearfully am I despondent, lest the prophet see too
but thou wilt the surer demonstrate it if thou wilt be
t on one more point.
Indeed, indeed I shrink from it; yet what thou shalt
aware, I will tell.
. Was he journeying thinly attended, or with a train
ıy armed retainers, as one of a chieftain's rank should?
They were five altogether; and among them was a
: but a single chariot conveyed Laïus.
. Alas! all this is now full clear. Who on earth was
o told this same narrative to you, lady?
A certain domestic, who in fact was the only one who
ed safely escaped.
. And does he happen to be now at hand in the
?
O no! for from the time when he returned thence
aw both thee holding the government, and Laïus dead,
titioned me, grasping my hand, to send him into the

Not yet." Porson says, ad Hec. 1260 (ed. Pors.), that *μήπω* is
or *μήποτε*, which Erfurdt quotes on this place, although totally
cable, and quotes moreover without the most essential part, the
ης quædam" of *μήπω* for *μήποτε*; which omission might lead
suppose that Porson thought the two words equivalent, and the
ə *πω* to have two senses.
And that." Erfurdt's note on this place is truly admirable, when
sted with the opinions of those learned men who, by dubbing those
noirs fainéants which they can not express, would conceal their
ziness or the poverty of modern languages. "Participia *ἔχων*,
, et alia nunquam sic ponuntur, ut nihil plane significent, sem-
imaginibus rerum ad summam illam, cui Græcorum nobilissima
er omnia studebat, perfectionem exprimendis inserviunt."
ːe Schlegel's VIIth *Lecture*, p. 102. B.

country and to the pastures of the flocks, that he might be most completely removed from sight of this city. And I sent him: for he was worthy, considering he was a slave, to obtain even a higher favor than this.

ŒD. Would then that he might return to us speedily!

JO. It is possible: but wherefore seekest thou this?

ŒD. For myself I fear, lady, lest overmuch have been said by me, for which cause I wish to see him.

JO. Nay, he shall come. But surely I also am worthy to learn, at least, what circumstances are irksome to thee, O king.

ŒD. And thou surely must by no means be disappointed of this, when I have now arrived at such a pitch of expectancy.[1] For to whom could I speak who would be of more account even then thou, when implicated in such a fate as this? I had for my father Polybus of Corinth, for my mother, Merope of Doris: and I was esteemed chiefest in rank of the citizens of Corinth, before an accident befell me such as I shall tell, worthy indeed of wonder, but unworthy nevertheless of the interest I took in it. For at a banquet a man overcharged with wine, brands me over his cups with being a supposititious son of my father. And I, deeply displeased, with much ado restrained me for that day; but on the next I visited my mother and my father, and strictly questioned them; but they were highly offended for the affront with him who gave vent to the assertion. And I was pleased indeed with them: but yet this [innuendo] was always galling me, for it had sunk deep in my mind. So unknown to my mother and father I go on a journey to Delphi. And Phœbus, as to the matters for which I came, sent me away without the honor of an answer; but other fortunes, wretched, and horrible, and deplorable, he was but too ready to tell;[2] that it was my doom to commit incest with my mother, and that I should bring to light a progeny mankind should not

[1] Erfurdt, referring to v. 829, thinks ἐλπίς correctly translated by *hope* here. The other seems the most natural sequel to Œdipus' words immediately preceding.

[2] Προὐφάνη λέγων. *Aperte prædixit*, Brunck. But both the sense of the passage and the force of προφάνητε in the first chorus are in favor of the other rendering. TR.—Wunder reads προὐφηνεν, λέγων. See his *note*. *B.*

endure to behold, and that I should be the murderer of the father who begot me. And I on hearing this, from that time forth measuring[1] out the site of the land of Corinth by the stars, began my flight from it to where I might never witness the scandals of those evil prophecies about me accomplished. But in my travel I reach those very spots on which thou sayest that this same monarch met his death. And to thee, lady, will I divulge the truth: when I wending on my way[2] was close upon this triple road, there did both a herald, and a man mounted on a chariot with young steeds, even as thou describest, meet me; and both the guide and the old man himself were for driving me by force off the road. So I in passion strike him who was turning me off, the charioteer. And the old man when he sees this, having watched my passing by, struck me from the car with a doubled goad a descending blow on the middle of the head. Ay, and he paid a penalty not equivalent, I trow, but hastily struck by a staff

[1] But see Heath. B.

[2] This is the first of four passages which Hermann in his preface to Erfurdt's edition has specially noticed. Elmsley in his preface has these words: "'H pro ἦν, *eram*, quater reposui. Ἦν aliquoties ante vocalem legitur apud Euripidem, ut in Hippol. 1012; Alc. 658; Iph. Aul. 944; Ion. 280. Quamquam hæc omnia corrupta esse suspicor. Sic etiam ter Aristophanes, sed in Pluto, novissima omnium fabula, v. 29, 695, 823. Nihil tale apud Sophoclem reperitur. Vid. Œd. Tyr. 801, 1123, 1389, 1393; Œd. Col. 768, 973, 1366; Trach. 87, 414; Aj. 1377; Phil. 1219; El. 1023." From this remark of our critic, Hermann has taken occasion to dilate at some length on the propriety of limiting the alteration proposed, and brings forward the following points for consideration: 1st. That if the tragic writers never, and Aristophanes only in his latest written play, used ἦν, it is strange that Plato, many of whose writings are subsequent to the Plutus, should have adhered to the obsolete form. That to the above lines of Euripides no other suspicion of a corrupt text can attach than the identical ἦ in question; and that therefore it were safer to have determined that tragic and comic writers used ἦν, in order to avoid the hiatus before a vowel. 2d. That if ἔα or ἦα and ἔον be found in Homer as imperfects of εἰμί, the old grammarians considered ἦην no less so (Il. *o*. 80): that the ἔα of Herodotus, the imperfect, seems different from Homer's ἔα, which in one instance (Od. ξ 351), must be taken as an aorist, and may in all he has cited. 3d. That the Attics may, as in other cases of a double imperfect, have taken ἦ, though formed from the undoubted imperfect ἔα, as an aorist. For the examples adduced in support of this opinion, see Hermann's preface. In this passage he retains ἦν, admitting either to be correct.

from this hand, he is instantly rolled out of the c
trate, and I slay the whole of them. But if Laï
same stranger have any near connection,[1] who is
iable object than I, even I? What man could th
abhorred of the gods? to whom it is permitted tl
strangers or natives should admit him within their
that none should even accost him, but thrust him
dwellings: and this it was no other than I, that
myself even these curses. Nay the couch of l
deceased do I pollute by my hands, those hands b
fell. Am I not by nature a villain? am I not tota
if I must needs flee the country, and having flec
permitted neither to behold my own, nor to set f
native soil; or I am doomed to be yoked in wedloc
mother,[2] and to kill outright my father Polybus, v
who begot me. And would not any one, pronc
this to be the work of a ruthless dæmon upon m
in his words? Then O may I never, may I never
less majesty of heaven, see this day, but may I be
among mankind into darkness ere that I view sucl
misery come upon me.

Ch. To us, O king, these tidings are alarming:
ever thou hast ascertained fully from the eyewitness,

Œd. Yes, certainly, so much hope at least
merely to abide the coming of the man, the herdsm

Jo. But when he has made his appearance
assurance canst thou have?

Œd. I will inform thee. For should he be fc
in the same story with thee, I for my part may h
the woe.

Jo. But what word heardst thou from me, so
remarkable?

Œd. Thou toldst that he spake of certain rc
they slew the king: if therefore he shall report
number still, I was not his slayer, for one at leas
be the same with many. But if he shall mentic
journeying alone, this very deed thereupon plainly fal

Jo. Nay, be assured that the tale was so pu

[1] This verse is condemned by L. Dindorf and Wunder.
[2] Wunder's objections to this verse seems reasonable.

least, and he can not again nullify this at any rate; for the whole city, and not I only, heard these tidings. But if, after all, he should in any point deviate from his former account, never, O prince, shall he show that Laïus' murder at least was duly consistent, whom I ween Loxias declared must perish by a son of mine.[1] And yet he, the ill-starred babe, never slew him, but himself perished long before. So that I never again for the sake of divination at least would turn mine eyes either this way or that.

ŒD. Well dost thou determine; but yet send one to convey hither the hind, nor neglect this.

JO. I will hasten to dispatch one; but let us go in doors; for I would do naught which might be displeasing to thee.

CHORUS. O may it be my lot to support the all-sainted purity of every word and action, regarding which are propounded laws of state sublime, engendered within the firmament of heaven, whose only father is Olympus; nor did the perishable nature of man give them being, no, nor shall oblivion even drown them in sleep. Great is the divinity in these, nor groweth old. Insolence engenders the tyrant, Insolence, if idly she have been over-glutted with much that is neither seasonable nor serviceable, having surmounted the[2] topmost precipice, dashes onward into ruin, where she useth her feet in vain. But the rival energy that profits the state I implore the deity never to unnerve; whom never will I cease to take for my patron. But if any walk presumptuously in deed or word, unawed of justice nor reverencing the seats of the powers above, may evil doom overtake him in reward of his fatal wantonness; until he shall gain his gains honestly, and refrain himself from all unhallowed things, or if he, vain fool, shall grasp at what is sacred from the touch.[3] In this

[1] This passage is not clear. Böthe and Wunder read, *σόν γε* for *τόν γε*, "nondum tamen a te Laium interfectum esse omnino probat." B.

[2] But *ἀκρότατον* and *ἀπότομον* can not be joined, and there is equal difficulty in the metrical disagreement between this and the strophic verse. Dindorf supposes some substantive lost, which Wunder thinks may have given place to one of the adjectives. I do not, however, see why he should object to joining *ἀπότομον* with *ἀναγκαν*, for *ἀπότομος* may be taken both in its ordinary sense of "abruptus" (Cf. Herodot. 1, 84), and for "harsh, rough," as we find in Eurip. Alcest. 931, *οὐδέ τις ἀποτόμου λήματός ἐστιν αἰδώς*. B.

[3] The difficulty in this passage arises from the separation of the two

state of things, what man will ever gain glory[1] in repulsing from his soul the darts of passion? for if practices such as these be had in honor, why need I lead the chorus? Never again will I make pilgrimage to the hallowed center of earth as worshiper, nor to the shrine at Abæ, nor to the Olympian, unless[2] these matters shall turn out congruous, so as to be pointed at by the finger of all mankind. But, O sovereign Jove, if indeed thou art rightly styled ruler of the universe, be it not unregarded by thee and thine ever-undying empire. For already they are overthrowing the prophecies delivered to Laïus, which fall into decay, and nowhere is Apollo conspicuous in worship, but all that is divine is going to ruin.

Jo.[3] Princes of the land, the design has suggested itself to

clauses, *εἰ' τις..πορέυεται* and *ἤ τῶν ἀθ . ἐξ . ματάζων*, by the intermediate words. With *ἔρξεται* we must understand *μή*, and connect it closely with the preceding words. B.

[1] This translation follows Hermann's correction *εὔξεται..θυμοῦ.. ἀμύνειν*; but Hermann has himself changed his mind, and would throw out *ἔρξεται* altogether, in which he is followed by Wunder in his third edition. *ἔρξεται* can not be construed. Hermann's third opinion is that we should read *τίς ἔτι ποτ' ἐν τοῖσδ' ἀνὴρ, θεῶν θέλῃ τύχας ἀμύνειν*. Brunck reads *ἕξει*, Elmsley *εἴρξεται*. As this variation of opinions will sufficiently puzzle the reader, I will merely observe that Brunck's reading appears easiest, and that Hermann's last opinion, as in many other instances, is his worst. Dindorf leaves the text unintelligible. *θυμῷ* must *not* be altered, for it is against passion that the whole advice of the Chorus is directed. And if altered, what are *αἱ τοιαίδε πράξεις*? The sense ought doubtless to be that expressed by the translator, or something near it, and the chief difficulty appears to rest in the verb to be employed. With this chorus compare the one in the 4th act of Seneca's Œdipus. B.

[2] The construction seems rather to be *εἰ μὴ τάδε ἁρμόσει πᾶσιν βροτοῖς, ὥστε χειρόδεικτα εἶναι*, "unless these things shall turn out to the satisfaction of all mortals, so that they may point to them with the finger." B.

[3] Jocasta here, contrasted with the Jocasta of the following scenes, seems an instance of that *ὁμαλῶς ἀνώμαλος* of Aristotle, which Bossu so well illustrated by the regular irregularities of "th' inconstant moon." That Jocasta is *ἀνώμαλος* in the play is evident; but is she so *ὁμαλῶς*? The mother who in three days from the birth of her first-born could abandon him to his fate without an effort to save him; the queen-consort who could so soon forget the husband of her youth that in such time as it took to finish a journey from Delphi to Thebes, hear and solve a riddle, she could wed an utter stranger; such a woman might assuredly, without violation of historic truth, be represented as changing with the breath of every rumor. If any thing were wanting to make the character more natural, it is supplied in her clear-sightedness with regard to her husband,

me of repairing a suppliant to the temples of the gods, having taken in my hands these chaplets and incense-offerings. For Œdipus raises his feelings to too high excitement by griefs of every variety, nor, as should a man of understanding, conjectures what is new by what is old; but is the speaker's dupe, if he but speak of horrors. Since then by advising I make none the more progress, to thee, O Lycæan Apollo,[1] seeing thou art nearest at hand, am I come a petitioner with these rites of prayer, that thou mayest furnish us with some holy remedy, since now we are all quailing to see him, as pilot of the vessel, horror-stricken.

Messenger. Could I learn from you, strangers, where is the abode of the monarch Œdipus? but chiefly of himself, tell me if ye know where he is.

Ch. This is his mansion, and himself is within, stranger; but this lady is the mother of his children.

Mes. But may she be prosperous herself, and ever consort with the prosperous,[2] for that she is his true and proper wife.

Jo. Nay, and thou also the same, O stranger, since thou deservest it for thy courteous accost: but make known in quest of what thou hast come, and what desirous to impart.

Mes. Good to thy house and husband, lady.

Jo. Of what nature this same good? and from whence arrived?

Mes. From Corinth; but at the tale which I shall divulge thou mightst perhaps be gratified; nay, how shouldst thou not? yet haply mightst thou be sorry.

Jo. But what is it? what sort of twofold force does it thus possess?

Mes. The inhabitants of the Isthmian land will set him up for their king, as was there reported.

Jo. But what? is not the aged Polybus still on the throne?

who, she says, ἔστι τοῦ λέγοντος, quite unconscious of this being her own chief weakness.

[1] Probably having an altar on the stage, in front of the palace. See the Schol. B.

[2] Here seems to be a masterly allusion to the real state of things. The very messenger, whose intelligence leads to the fatal discovery, lays emphatic stress upon the *married* felicity of Jocasta! Musgrave has made a similar remark respecting the words, γυνὴ δὲ μήτηρ. B.

MES. No truly, since death prisons him in the grave.

JO. How hast thou said? is Polybus deceased, old man?

MES. If I speak not the truth, I confess me worthy of death.

JO. Ho, handmaiden, wilt thou not be gone and tell this with all speed to thy lord? Predictions of the gods, where are ye? This very man Œdipus, long ago in alarm lest he should murder, went into banishment, and now, behold! he has perished by course of nature, not by my husband.

ŒDIPUS. O dearest head of my wife Jocasta, wherefore hast thou sent for me hither out of the palace here?

JO. Listen to this man, and as thou hearest, mark to what are come the solemn predictions of the god.

ŒD. But who can this man be, and what has he to tell me?

JO. From Corinth, to bring thee news that thy father Polybus is no more, but is dead.

ŒD. What sayest thou, stranger? Do thou thyself become my informant.

MER. If I must first deliver me of this fact clearly, be assured that he is dead and gone.[1]

ŒD. By treachery, or the encounter of desease?[2]

MES. A trifling bend of the scale sends aged frames to rest.

ŒD. By sickness, it seems, the poor sufferer wasted away.

MES. And[3] commensurately, I ween, with a long time of life.

ŒD. Alas! alas! when then, my queen, should any one regard the prophetic hearth of Pytho, or the birds that scream above our heads, under whose predestination I was fated to slay my own father? But he is dead and buried deep down in earth, while I here before you am guiltless of handling weapon against him, unless in any degree he pined away from regret of me,[4] but so he might have died by my means. The

[1] Not with *ὁδόν* understood after *θανάσιμον*, but the latter agreeing with *βεβηκότα*, according to Erfurdt.

[2] Seneca Œdip. act iv. sc. 2, 4, "Edissere agedum, quo cadat fato parens. SENEX. Animam senilem mollis exsolvit sopor." B.

[3] *ξυμμετρούμενος* must be taken with *ἔφθιτο* understood, as if it were the adverb *ξυμμετρουμένως*. This is much the most simple way. B.

[4] Perhaps for *οὕτω δ'* we should read *οὕτω γ'*, "ita saltem," "So, forsooth, he might have died by my means." B.

esent oracles then Polybus has swept off with him utterly
orthless, and lies in Hades.

Jo. Did I not now forewarn thee of this long ago?

ŒD. Thou didst say it; but I was led away by my fear.

Jo. See thou no longer give one of them place in thy mind
ow.

ŒD. And how must I not shrink from a mother's bed?

Jo.[1] But why should man fear, whom the decrees of chance
ntrol, while there is no certain foresight of aught? 'T were
st to live at random, e'en as one could. But have thou no
ar of the bridal alliance with thy mother; for many among
ankind have ere now, and that in dreams, done incest with
mother; but to whomsoever this reckons as nothing, he
ars his life the easiest.

ŒD. Fairly had all this been stated by thee, had my
other happened not to have been alive; but now, since she
es live, there is positive necessity, even though thou sayest
irly, for me to recoil.

Jo. And yet the burial of thy father at least throws a great
ght on this.

ŒD. Great, I admit; but I have dread of the surviving
oman.

MES. But on what woman's account it is even that ye are
raid?

ŒD. Of Merope, old man, with whom Polybus used to live.

MES. But what is there of her which makes to your ap-
rehension?

ŒD. A dreadful heaven-sent prediction, stranger.

MES. Is it to be spoken, or is it not lawful that another
now it?

[1] These reflections on the part of the king and queen are the more un-
ateful, in that Apollo had just sent them, without demur, instructions
r the removal of the plague. The whole demeanor of these impious
rsonages, who

"Lifted up so high,
Disdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set them highest;"

d their encouragement of each other in irreligion, reminds one forcibly
Vathek and Nouronihar, when "with haughty and determined gait"
ey descended the staircase of Istakhar to the Hall of Eblis. In both
inces curiosity is the prime agent; and in both Ὕβρις, *ἀκρότατον*
ναναβᾶσ' ἀπότομον, ὥρουσεν ἐς ἀνάγκαν.

Œd. Most certainly it is. For Apollo foretold once that it was my destiny to be my own mother's paramour, and with mine own hands to shed my father's blood. For which cause has Corinth, this long while, been dwelt far away from by me, prosperously indeed; but still it is most sweet to behold the faces of one's parents.

Mes. Why, was it in dread of this thou becamest an exile from thence?

Œd. And from desire also to avoid being my father's murderer, old man.

Mes. Why then have I not released thee from this thy fear, O king, since in fact I came thy well-wisher?

Œd. And if you do so, thou shalt have a right worthy recompense of me.

Mes. Ay, and I swear I came especially for this, that, on thy restoration to thy home, I might in some way be advantaged.

Œd. But never will I come into the presence of my parents, at least.

Mes. My son, thou[1] fairly showest that thou knowest not what thou art doing.

Œd. How, old man? In the name of the gods, instruct me.

Mes. If for these causes thou shunnest to return home.

Œd. It is at least from alarm lest Phœbus prove in the issue true toward me.

Mes. Is it lest thou shouldst contract contamination from thy parents?

Œd. This very thing, old man, even this forever affrights me.

Mes. Knowest thou not, then, that thou tremblest with no just cause?

Œd. Nay, how should I not, at least if I was the child of these progenitors?

Mes. Even because Polybus was in no wise of kin to thee.

Œd. How hast thou said? why, was not Polybus my father?

[1] This is the most literal construing of καλῶς εἰ δῆλος. On καλῶς in the sense of "valde," "prorsus," see Wakefield and Schæfer. Compare the Latin phrases "pulchre scire, intelligere." B.

Mes. Not a whit more than he thou seest before thee, about as much.

Œd. And how comes one's father to be on a par with no one?[1]

Mes. But neither he begat thee, nor I.

Œd. But in consideration of what, then, did he allow me a son's title?

Mes. Know, it was from having received thee formerly a present from my hands.

Œd. And then did he, though from another's hand, thus dearly love me?

Mes. Yes, for his former childless state induced him.

Œd. But wert thou my purchaser or parent,[2] and gavest me to him?

Mes. Having found thee in the bushy dells of Cithæron.

Œd. But for what purpose wert thou a wayfarer in those said regions?

Mes. I used to be superintendant there of the mountain flocks.

Œd. How! wert thou a shepherd and a wanderer on a menial drudgery?

Mes. Ay, but thy saviour at the same time, my son!

Œd. But what pain dost thou find me suffering in that wretchedness?

Mes. The joints of thy feet might attest that.

Œd. Woe is me! why mention this ancient curse?

Mes. I unbind thee having the soles of thy feet bored through.

Œd. Dire indignity, indeed, did I sustain from these tokens.[3]

[1] This, according to Erfurdt, is not to be understood of the meanness or nothingness of the herdsman, but, as he paraphrases it, "Qui dici possunt genuisse aliquem, quorum nemo genuit?" See v. 838, and the note following.

[2] "Or parent." Hermann remarks that it might seem wonderful for Œdipus to ask this, when the messenger had just told him that he was not his father any more than Polybus; but that he must consider Œdipus as attending to the intention of the old man, and not his words. Hence, too, when Œdipus says τῶς ὁ φύσας ἐξ ἰσου τῷ μηδενί; he does not allude slightingly to the old man, but merely to himself having no father.

[3] Brunck translates σπάργανα by *crepundia*, child's baubles or badges, not supplying ἐκ, which ἀνειλόμην however seems to require. Perhaps

MES. Insomuch that thou wert named this misfortune as thou art.

ŒD. Say, in heaven's name, by my father's or my mother's deed?

MES. I know not; but he who gave thee understands this better than I.

ŒD. Why didst thou receive me of another, nor find me thyself?

MES. I found thee not, but 'tis another shepherd who transferred thee to me.

ŒD. Who was this? knowest thou to designate him in words?

MES. He was named, I am sure, one of the servants of Laïus.

ŒD. Of him who was monarch of this land long ago?

MES. Certainly. Of that very man was this a herdsman.

ŒD. And is he yet alive, that I may see him?

MES. You, the natives of this country surely should best know.

ŒD. Is there any of you bystanders who knows this herdsman to whom he alludes, having seen him in short either in the country or here? inform me, since it is the moment for this to be investigated.

CH. I, indeed, deem him none other than the servant from the country, whom even before this thou soughtest diligently to see. But, however, Jocasta here could certify this the best.

ŒD. Lady, knowest thou him whom but now we were earnest should come, and of whom this person speaks?

JO. (*wildly.*) But who, who is he of whom he spake? Heed it not: nay, what has been uttered, do not wish so much as to remember for no good.

there might have been in *σπάργανον* a sense not given by lexicographers, from the verb *σπαργάω, tumeo.* TR., who rendered it, "Ah, dire indignity, indeed, did I bring off with me from my swaddling clothes." But it is far more elegant to suppose an allusion to the crepundia, which were hung about the necks of children when exposed. (See Wunder's note.) To these Œdipus compares the wounds in his feet. Nicolaus Damascenus, in the same MS. extract quoted above, uses the phrase, *ᾠδει γὰρ τοὺς πόδας ὑπὸ σπαργάνων.* Seneca, who imitates this whole scene closely, understood it as I do, act 4, sc. 2, 39: ŒDIPUS. "Nunc adjice *certas corporis* nostri *notas.* SENEX. Forato ferro gesseras vestigia, Tumore nactus nomen ac vitio pedum." B.

Œd. This can not be, that I having obtained such a clew as this, shall not elucidate my descent.

Jo. By the gods I beg thee, do not, if at least thou care for thine own life, investigate this: 'tis enough that I be ill at ease.

Œd. Courage; for never, not even were I proved by three descents a trebly servile slave, wilt thou be exposed as base.

Jo. Yet obey me, I conjure thee: do not this.

Œd. I could not obey thee in not clearly sifting this out.

Jo. And yet with kind intentions at least I advise thee for the best.

Œd. Why now it is this very best that long since aggrieves me.

Jo. Miserable man, I would thou mightest never know who thou art!

Œd. Will some one go and bring hither to me the herdsman? But for her, leave her to enjoy her noble lineage.

Jo. Woe, woe, unhappy man! for this only have I to say to thee, but other word hereafter—none.

Ch. For what possible cause can the queen be gone, O Œdipus, having rushed away under the impulse of a wild anguish? I dread lest from this very silence there burst forth mischief.

Œd. Burst forth whatever will: but I shall choose to discover my origin, even if it be humble. But she perhaps, since for a woman she has a high spirit, is scandalized at this my meanness of extraction. But I, ranking myself the child of that Chance which gives me her blessing, shall not feel dishonored. For of her, as of a mother, was I born,[1] and the congenial months ordained me humble and exalted. But being born such, I could never turn out to be another, that I should not search out my pedigree.

Chorus.[2] If I am indeed a prophet, and knowing in my

[1] Hermann understands by *συγγενεῖς μῆνες, menses qui mecum fuerunt*, i. e., *vitæ meæ*. The translation above given is susceptible of the same meaning.

[2] The chorus here changes its tone from that of the preceding ode very suddenly, and more for the advantage of the reader (who thereby gains a beautiful snatch of a Greek allegro) than of its own character for consistency. Still these fond ancestral reveries in honor of a *patriot* king awaken in us the sense of contrast by touches almost Miltonic: themselves a fairy dream, they shape us out a fearful reality, "which sub-

mind, thou, O Cithæron, I swear by Olympus, shalt not, by to-morrow's full moon, be without experience of our extolling thee at least as both of one country with Œdipus, and as his nurse, and as his mother, nor of being visited by us in choric dances, as performing acceptable service to my princes. But O that this, O Healer Apollo, might be agreeable to thee. Who, O son, what daughter[1] of the immortals, I wonder, was thy mother, visited haply as a paramour by mountain-ranging Pan, or, since 'tis thou, by Apollo? for to him the champaign downs are all endeared: or did the reigning prince of Cyllene, or the Bacchanalian god, whose home is on the topmost hills, receive thee a foundling from some one of the Heliconian nymphs, with whom he is oftenest frolicking.

Œd. If I too have any right to conjecture, old man, who have never yet had converse with him, methinks I see that very herdsman, whom all this while we are seeking. For in his extreme old age he corresponds as the cotemporary of this man here; and besides, I recognize his conductors as my own domestics. But in acquaintance with him thou very possibly mayest have the advantage of me, from having seen the herdsman before.

Ch. Why yes, be sure I do; for I have known him since he belonged to Laïus, trusty in his degree of grazier, if ever another were.

Œd. Thee first I interrogate, the Corinthian stranger, is this the man thou meanest?

Mes. This very man whom thou seest.

Œd. Ho, thou old man, look hither toward me, and answer to all that I shall ask thee. Wert thou ever in Laïus' service?

stance may be called, yet shadow seems," and, like the funeral oration of Pericles, are ever linked and haunted with an opposing spirit, a mysterious *double* of what meets the ear.

[1] Hermann's alteration of the punctuation here has restored *θυγάτηρ* to her rightful inheritance, by omitting the note of interrogation after *μακραιώνων*. If his note leave any thing unexplained in full, it is the force of *σέ γε*, which probably infers Apollo, father of Œdipus, because the latter was so apt in solving hard sayings. Tr.—The passage is still unsatisfactory; and Wunder condemns both *τις θυγάτηρ* and *σέ γέ* as corrupt. Perhaps we might read *Πανὸς ὀρεσσιβατά που* (or *βατάο* with Wunder). *Προσπελασθεῖσ' εἴτε σέ τις θυγατηρ Λοξίου*, i. e., *Πανὸς εἴτε Λοξίου*. On the omission of the first *εἴτε*, cf. Æsch. Ag. 1403, and above 517, *λόγοισιν εἰτ' ἐργοισιν*. B.

SERVANT. I was;[1] a slave, not purchased, but reared in his house.

ŒD. Concerned in what avocation, or manner of life?

SER. For the best part of my life I was in attendance on flocks.

ŒD. In what places principally a resident?

SER. It would be Cithæron, and it would be the adjacent districts.

ŒD. Well then, knowest thou this man, having made acquaintance with him any where in these parts?

SER. As doing what thing? of what manner of man even art thou speaking?

ŒD. This man, who is before thee: hast thou ever before now had dealings with him?

SER. Not at least that I could readily affirm it from recollection.

MES. And no wonder either, my lord: but I will distinctly remind him of forgotten times; for I am sure he knows when in the region of Cithæron, he being with two flocks, I with one, I was the neighbor of this very man from spring to early autumn, three entire periods of six months each. And when now it was winter, I used on my part to drive my charge into sheepcotes, and he to the pens of Laïus. Say I any of these things or say I it not as was done?

SER. Thou speakest the truth, though in sooth from a distant time.

MES. Come, now tell me; rememberest thou to have given me any child at that time, that I might rear it as a nursling to myself?

SER. But what means this? wherefore inquirest thou in these words?

MES. This, my comrade, is that very one who was then an infant.

SER. Will not perdition seize thee? wilt not hold thy peace?

ŒD. Hold, old man! chastise not this man, since thine own words have more need of a chastiser than his.

SER. But in what, my most gracious liege, am I in fault?

[1] Hermann reading ἦ here, says, "et hic quidem aperta est aoristi significatio neque id *eram* quisquam, sed *fui* vertit." See note on v. 793.

Œd. In not declaring the child of whom this man asks thee.

Ser. Because he speaks knowing nothing, but labors in vain.

Œd. Thou indeed wilt not speak as a favor, but to thy cost thou shalt speak.[1]

Ser. Do not, I pray, for the love of the gods, ill use me, an old man.

Œd. Will not some one with all speed tie this fellow's hands behind him?

Ser. Wretched man, for what purpose? what wouldst thou know more?

Œd. Gavest thou to this man the boy of whom he questions thee?

Ser. I did; but O that I had died on that day.

Œd. Nay, to this thou wilt come, at least if thou speak not the truth.

Ser. Much more certain is my destruction, if I shall speak.

Œd. This fellow, it seems, is driving at delay.

Ser. Not I, truly; but I said long ago that I had given the boy.

Œd. Whence having got him? of thine own house or of any other?

Ser. Surely I gave not my own away, but I received him from some one.

Œd. From whom among these citizens, and from a house of what degree?

[1] The altercation with Creon, and this scene with the shepherds, from the snarling repartee which runs through them, are supposed by Twining to be among the parts of our poet which gave occasion to the ridiculous idea of a comic writer in Diogenes Laertius (4. 20.) that Sophocles had a dog to help him write tragedies; *κύων τις ἐδόκει συμποιεῖν Μολοττικός*. That eminent translator seems to forget that anger levels most men, and that of kings especially "the wrath is great;" he forgets that every passage, he has produced *from Sophocles* to this point, is the expression of angry feeling; he forgets the simplicity of the times of which he is writing. But when he quotes Longinus, to prove that in these places the spirit of Sophocles *σβέννυται ἀλόγως, καὶ πίπτει ἀτυχέστατα*· putting aside that as to Longinus's meaning he begs the question, let him show that Longinus ever wrote naturally for ten lines together, ere he takes that really great critic's dictum on the expression of heated feelings.

SER. Do not for the gods' sake, do not, my sovereign, inquire further.

ŒD. Thou diest, if I shall ask thee this again.

SER. It was then one of Laïus' offspring.

ŒD. A slave, or one by birth of kin to him?

SER. Woe is me! I am surely on the verge of speaking the very horror.

ŒD. And I surely of hearing: yet it must be heard.

SER. Why then, it was said to be actually his own child; but the lady within could best inform thee how this stands.

ŒD. Why, is she the donor of this child to thee?

SER. Even so, sire.

ŒD. For what purpose?

SER. That I might make away with him.

ŒD. The own mother, hard-hearted?[1]

SER. In horror, however, of evil prophecies.

ŒD. Of what import?

SER. There was a story, that he should be his parents' murderer.

ŒD. How camest thou then to resign him to this elder?

SER. Pitying it, my liege, as supposing that he would carry him away to another land, whence he himself was: but he reserved him for the direst miseries: for if thou art he whom this man declares thee to be, know thou art born to a cursed destiny.

ŒD. Alas! alas! All the predictions turn out true.[2] O light, may I look on thee now for the last time: I, that have been shown the son of those of whom I should not have been, holding commerce with those with whom it became me not, and having killed whom it was my duty never.

CHORUS. O generations of mortals, how as nothing do I reckon you in this life! For where, where is the man that achieves more of happiness,[3] than barely so much as to fancy

[1] Erfurdt has a note here from Ruhnken's Preface to Scheller's Lexicon, which seems uncalled for. Τλῆμι means "to have the heart" to do any thing; and τλήμων here takes this signification much better, surely, than that of *perdita* or *miser*.

[2] See Wunder on v. 922. B.

[3] Grotius elegantly translates:

"Hæc est sola beatitas Humano generi data,
Quam quis dum putat accipit, Ammittitque putando." B.

he has it, and so fancying to fall away from it? Even[1] thine example having before me, thy destiny, even thine, O hapless Œdipus, I term[2] nothing of mortal fortunes happy: thou who with excess of fortune aimed at and achieved the prize of all-blissful prosperity, O Jove! having done to death the maiden prophetess with forked talons, nay, a bulwark against slaughters didst thou stand up to my country, whence also thou art titled my sovereign, and hast been supremely dignified with honor, lording it in Thebes the mighty. But now as I hear, who is more miserable? who in reverse of state is more familiar with cruel griefs and troubles? Alas! Oh glorious majesty of Œdipus, to whom one and the same ample haven was enough for son and father as a bridegroom to run into: how ever, how ever were thy father's furrows enabled to endure thee in silence so long, unfortunate? Time the all-seeing detected thee reluctant; justice long since sentences the marriageless marriage, begetting and begotten. Oh! son of Laïus, would, would that I had never seen thee. For I mourn with passing sorrow from loudly-plaintive lips. Yet to tell the truth, by the bounty have I drawn my breath again, and closed mine eyes in repose.

MESSENGER EXTRAORDINARY. O ye, ever respected the most highly of this land, what deeds shall ye hear, what deeds shall ye witness, how heavy a grief shall ye have to bear, if from a feeling of kindred ye are yet concerned for the house of Labdacus? For, I believe, neither Ister, nor Phasis, could lave with water of purification this roof before you of all which it conceals: while other ills will forthwith show themselves to the light, ills voluntary, and not unintended. But of mischiefs, those are the most afflicting which show themselves self-incurred.

CH. Nay, even what we knew before lacks naught of being deeply deplorable: but what hast thou to tell in addition to those?

M. E. The speediest of tales both to tell and to hear: the most noble Jocasta is no more.

CH. Most unhappy woman! By what earthly means?

M. E. Herself by her own hand. But of the action the

[1] Wunder more rightly reads with Camerarius *τὸν σόν τοι*, "holding thy fortunes, yea thine, as an example." B.

[2] *οὐδένα* is against the meter, and altered by Hermann. B.

most painful part is spared us, since the eye-witness is not ours; but yet, as far at least as the memory of them resides in me, thou shalt hear the sufferings of that lost princess. For when, instinct with fury, she passed by within the portal, she went straight to her bridal bed, tearing her hair with both her hands; and having, as soon as she was within, violently closed the doors on the inside, she cries on Laïus, now long since dead, bearing in memory that ancient issue by whose hands he was himself to die, and leave the mother to his own, a procreatress of wretched children. But she mourned over the couch where she had become, unfortunate, the mother of a double progeny, husbands by husband, children by children. And how after this she perished I have no further knowledge; for Œdipus with outcries broke in, for whom it was impossible for us to witness her fate to its end; but we turned our eyes on him roving round. For he begins wildly rushing, beseeching us to furnish him with a weapon, and tell him where to reach "the wife yet no wife, his mother with her common womb for himself and his children." To him in his frenzy some unearthly power discovers this, for it was no one of us men who were standing by: but shouting fearfully, as with some guide to lead him he sprung in against the double doors, and from their very deepest fastening he wrenched the hollow staples, and falls in upon the apartment; where we then looked in upon his wife suspended, entangled in twisted nooses. But he, when he sees her, with horrible bellowings, poor wretch! loosens the hanging knot; but when the hapeless was laid on the ground, the sequel was awful to behold: for having torn off from her the gold-embossed clasps[1] of her vestments, wherewith she used to adorn herself, he lifted them and smote the balls of his own eyes, uttering words of this sort, "that 'twas because they had discerned for him neither what mischiefs

[1] Perhaps this was an attempt of the poet to reconcile his fair-armed country-women to long sleeves, they having lost the privilege of the *περόναι* by their inhuman conduct toward the sole survivor of the disastrous Æginetan expedition. See Herod. v. 87; on which place Larcher quotes an old scholiast, to prove that the Lacedæmonians adopted this dress with clasps in order to make their women masculine, and the Athenians the Ionian with a view to the opposite effect. As the Argive ladies wore large clasps on this same event taking place, 'tis to be hoped they did *not worship Juno in vain.*

he was suffering, nor what he was doing; but darkly should they see, for the time to come, those whom he ought never to have seen, nor should they recognize those whom he so longed to recognize." Venting curses such as these full often, and not once only[1] did he wound them, forcing up his eyelids. And at once the bloody pupils bedewed his cheeks, nor emitted mere humid drops of gore, but all at once, a shower of sable blood-clot hail was shed.[2] These are miseries that broke forth of two, not of him alone, but the consorted miseries of a husband and a wife. For their happiness of a long date before, 'twas hitherto deserving of the name; but now, on this very day, lamentation, ruin, death, dishonor of whatsoever ill whatever name there be, not one is wanting.

CH. But in what respite from ill is the sufferer now?

M. E. He is shouting for some one to open the barriers, and expose to all the race of Cadmus the slayer of his father, his mother's—uttering unholy things, things not for me to speak; purposing seemingly to make himself an outcast from the land, nor any longer to tarry in his home accursed, as he cursed himself. Yet still he wants strength at least, and some one for his guide; since his disease is greater than he can bear. Nay, he will show thee so himself. For these fastenings of the gates are being opened, and speedily shalt thou behold a spectacle of such a sort as even an enemy must pity.

CH. Oh, disaster fearful to mankind to behold! Oh most fearful of all that I have ever yet encountered! What frenzy, sad sufferer, beset thee? What demon is it that, with mightier than the mightiest bound, hath sprung on thine unblest fate? Woe, woe, unfortunate! But I can not so much as look on thee, anxious as I am to question much, much to learn, and much to see, such shuddering dost thou cause me.

ŒD. Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, alas, alas, wretch that I am! whither on earth am I, miserable, carried? Where is flitting

[1] Hermann joins the words *πολλάκις τε κοὐκ ἅπαξ* with *ἐφυμνῶν*, and says of Elmsley's punctuation that it gives a meaning "justo crudelius." The imperfect *ἤρασσε*, however, favors the old way of rendering. Potter translates as Hermann.

[2] The two following verses are bracketed by Dindorf, and considered corrupt by Wunder. B.

this voice which I hear thus hurriedly? Oh, fate, whither hast thou leaped?

Ch. To horror, not fit for hearing, nor for sight.

Œd. O cloud of my darkness, abominable, falling upon me unspeakable, in that thou art alike unconquerable, and all-prosperous to my bane. Ah me! Ah me! again and again, Ah me! How hath sunk deep within me hand in hand at once the maddening sting of these goads, and the memory of my woes!

Ch. And surely it is no wonder, in afflictions great as these, that thou hast a double sorrow, and bearest double ills.

Œd. O my friend, thou as mine adherent art still constant, for still dost thou submit to care for me the blind. Alas! alas! for thou escapest me not, but well do I know thee, darkened though I be, at least thy voice.

Ch. O thou of dreadful deeds, how hadst thou the heart thus to mangle thine eyes? What higher power prompted thee to it?

Œd. Apollo was he, Apollo, O my friends, that brought to pass these my, my wretched sufferings. But no one wilfully pierced them, but hapless I. For what need had I of sight, I, to whom when seeing there was naught sweet to look on?

Ch. This was so, even as thou sayest.

Œd. What then, I pray, have I, object of sight, of love, of accost, that I could hear any longer with pleasure, my friends? Bear me away from the place with all speed, bear me away, my friends, the monstrous destruction, the most accursed, and most god-detested of human kind.

Ch. O lamentable alike in thy feeling and thy fate, how have I wished that I at least had never known thee!

Œd. Perish he, whosoever he be, that took me from the barbarous chain that pastured on my feet, and rescued and preserved me from a violent death earning a thankless return; for had I died then, I had not been so great a sorrow to my friends nor self.

Ch. This would have been to my wish also.

Œd. Ay, then I had not come the slayer of my father at least, nor been titled by mankind the bridegroom of those of whom I sprung. But now am I a godless being, child of unholy parents, allied to those from whom I wretched drew my birth.

[illegible] evil among evils paramount, this to [illegible] Œdipus.

[illegible] to say that thou hast well advised; for [illegible] no longer than live in blindness.

[illegible] not been best done thus, tutor me not, [illegible]. For I know not with what manner [illegible] I could have looked my father in the face [illegible] to Hades,[1] no, nor my hapless mother, to [illegible] have been done by me that hanging is [illegible] the sight of my children was to [illegible] to see, springing forth as they sprung. [illegible] nor citadel, nor tower, nor sacred [illegible] I the all-unhappy, noblest by birth [illegible] Thebes, have bereaved my own self, [illegible] thrust out the impious one, the man [illegible] [and proved to be] of the race [illegible] such a blot in mine own [illegible] on these with steadfast eyes? No, never, [illegible] there been yet means of stoppage of the [illegible] of hearing through my ears, I would not have refrain[illegible] from blocking up my miserable body, that I might have [illegible] sightless and devoid of hearing:[3] for to have one's [illegible] abiding beyond reach of one's misfortunes were sweet. Alas, Cithæron, wherefore harboredst thou me? wherefore having taken me in didst thou not fortwith kill me, that I had never shown mankind in the lineage whence I sprang.[4] O Polybus and Corinth, and ancient halls, reputed

[1] The ancients believed that whatever defects or injuries men suffered during life, they carried with them to the shades below. Thus, in Virgil, Æn. vi. 450, Æneas meets Dido "recens a vulnere," and 495, "Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora." So Clytæmnestra says in Æsch. Eum. 103, [illegible] B.

[2] Hermann's punctuation has been followed here in joining καὶ γένους τοῦ Λαΐου to the next line. Tr.—I have preferred following Dindorf and Wunder. B.

[3] "Hic etsi imperfectum recte se habet, *ut essem cæcus et surdus*, tamen etiam aoristo locus est, [illegible] *cæcus et surdus*, verbo ἡ idem quod ἐγένου significante." Herm. Pref. see note on v. 793.

[4] Hermann, reading ἦν, observes that here, if any where, an aorist might be thought needful, to express the sense ὡς ἔδειξα μήποτε ἔνθεν ἐγενόμην. But though ἦν without the participle would stand for ἐγενόμην, with it ἦν will not, because γέγως implies time present, and thus ἦν γέγως would be *unde natus fuissem*, a proper expression of one once,

my ancestors', what a goodly outside skin of scars beneath have ye reared me! For now am I discovered vile, and of the vile. O ye three roads, and thou concealed dell, and oaken copse, and narrow outlet of three ways, which drank mine own blood from my father, shed by mine own hands, do ye remember me how that I—what deeds having done to you, then came hither, and again what deeds I perpetrated? O bridals, bridals, ye have begotten us, and having begotten, again ye brought to light the selfsame seed, and display fathers, brothers, sons, blood all of one tribe, brides, wives, and mothers, and all the deeds that are most infamous among mankind. But, for it is not fitting to utter what neither is it fitting to do, with all speed, in heaven's name, hide me somewhere far away, or slay me, or set me adrift on the sea, where never again ye shall behold me. Come, deign to touch a wretch forlorn. Be prevailed on, fear not; for evils such as mine no mortal but I is liable to bear.

CH. But for what thou requestest at an apt moment comes Creon here, to act or to advise, since he is left sole protector of the realm in thy room.

ŒD. Woe is me! In what words then shall we address him? What trust shall there in reason be shown to me by him? For in the former transactions have I been discovered altogether base toward him.

CREON. Not as a scoffer, Œdipus, have I come, nor to reproach thee with any of the former wrongs. But do ye, if ye no longer blush before the race of man, at all events respect more the fire of the royal sun that feeds all things, than to exhibit a pollution such as this thus uncovered, which neither earth, nor heaven-sent[1] rain, nor light will put up with. But as speedily as possible convey him to his home; for that those of the family alone should see and hear the miseries of a relative, is what piety requires.

ŒD. For the gods' sake, since thou hast forced me from my expectation by coming the noblest of men as thou art, to

but no longer alive: *εἰμὶ γεγώς* then standing for the present, *ἦν γεγώς* becomes from a pluperfect an imperfect; and if by the laws of the language *ὡς δείξω ἔνθεν εἰμὶ γεγώς*, when changed by a person speaking of a past event, would have required *ὡς ἔδειξα ἔνθεν ἦν γεγώς*, then is the latter form correct here. See note on v. 793.

[1] *δύμβρος ἱρὸς*. So *δίας ψακάδος*, Eurip. Helen. 2.—B.

me the vilest, concede one thing to me, for I will speak for thy interest and not mine.

Cr. And to obtain what demand art thou thus urgent with me?

Œd. Cast me out from this land with what haste thou mayest, where I shall be found by no earthly being to be spoken with

Cr. had done it, of this be satisfied, had I not first of all been anxious to learn from the divinity what was to be done.

Œd. But surely his whole prophetic answer openly ordered to put to death the parricide, the impious, myself.

Cr. So this was said; but still in the emergency wherein we are placed, 'twere better to learn what is to be done.

Œd. Will ye then thus inquire on behalf of a creature utterly fallen?

Cr. Yes: for even thou surely[1] mightest now give credit to the god.

Œd. To thee then do I solemnly give charge, and will exhort thee too; of her within the house make such sepulture as thou choosest, for duly wilt thou perform this on behalf of thine own at least.[2] But me, never let this, the city of my fathers, deign to admit a living inhabitant; no, suffer me to abide in the mountains, where is that very Cithæron surnamed mine, which both my father and mother allotted to me yet living as my proper tomb, that I may die by their counsel, who were indeed my destroyers. And yet this much at least I know, that neither disease nor any other chance shall be my downfall; for never had I been saved in the hour of death, unless for some dreadful evil. But for my fate, let it go which way soever it will: but for my children, on the males I would not, Creon, thou shouldest concern thyself more; they are men, so that they never can feel a scarcity of sustenance wherever they shall chance to be; but on my hapless and pitiable girls, before whom was never my table laid without

[1] τἄν, scil. τοι ἄν. See v. 1446 (ed. Herm.) and Eurip. Med. v. 1011. Porson.

[2] Jocasta being his sister. The confidence reposed by Œdipus in one who was afterward to appear as the infringer of these most sacred rights, and that toward Œdipus's son and his own nephew, is introduced with the poet's usual refinement of art.

food, wanting my own presence, but of all that I touched were they two ever the partakers: for whom do thou interest thee for my sake; and above all, suffer me to feel them with mine hands, and pour a last lament over their misfortunes. Do it, O prince, do it, O thou thyself of pure lineage and noble. Surely if I touched them with these hands, I should fancy I held them, even as when I had my sight. What shall I say? Tell me, in the name of the gods, do I not surely hear my darlings crying? And has Creon in compassion sent me the best beloved of my children? Am I right?

Cr. Thou art right; for I am he that supplied thee with these babes, having known the yet lively delight which from old time possessed thee in them.

Œd. Then all happiness to thee, and for this their coming may thy tutelary power protect thee better than me. My children, where can ye be? draw near hither, come to these my fraternal hands, which have thus served the once bright eyes of the author of your being for you to see; of me, my children, who without sight, without question of it, was proved your father by that source from whence myself had been raised. And for you I weep, for I have no power to behold you, in imagining the rest of your bitter life, with what treatment at men's hands ye are doomed to live it out. For to what social meetings of the citizens will ye come? nay, to what festivals, whence ye will not betake yourselves home all in tears in place of enjoyment from the scene.[1] But when at length ye shall have come to marriageable years, who will be he? who will rashly risk, my children, to incur such scandals as will be destruction to those at once my parents and yours? For what horror is wanting? your father murdered his father; committed incest with that mother whose seed he was himself, and from the self-same source whence he was born, begat himself you. In such sort will ye be reviled; and then who will espouse you. There is not a man, my children; but too plainly is it your destiny to pine

[1] If Musgrave's references to Æschylus's Choephoræ, vv. 450 and 719 (ed. Blom.) be correct, and they are approved by Abreschius and Blomfield, the passage can not stand as the former edition, following Brunck, has it, viz., "from whence ye will not return lamented rather than the spectacle exhibited;" because κεκλαυμέναι in neither of those passages has a passive sense, and is by Blomfield translated *lachrymis perfusus*.

to death barren and unwedded. But since, O son of Menœceus, thou art left sole father to these twain, for we their natural parents are both fallen victims to destruction, do not thou look on and see them, thy kindred, beggars, husbandless, wanderers, nor make them sharers in my woes; but pity them, seeing them as thou dost at their tender years destitute of every thing, except as far as thy part goes. Accord this, O noble sir, pledging me with thine hand. But to you, my children, if ye had already understanding, I would have given much advice; but now[1] pray this on my behalf, that I may ever live where it is for me to live, and may ye meet with a better life than that of the father who begot you.

CR. Enough of tears hast thou shed, go now within doors.

ŒD. I must needs obey, though it be no pleasing thing.

CR. Why, all things are becoming in their season.

ŒD. Know you then on what conditions I will go?

CR. Thou shalt tell me, and hearing I shall then know.

ŒD. That thou wilt send me into exile from this land.

CR. Thou askest me what is the gods' to give.

ŒD. But to the gods at least I come most odious.

CR. Wherefore, be sure thou shalt be quickly gratified.

ŒD. Sayest thou so, then?

CR. Yes, for what I mean not I am not wont idly to say.

ŒD. Away with me then from this spot now.

CR. Proceed then, and let go thy children.

ŒD. By no means take these at least from me.

CR. Seek not to have thy way in every thing, for that wherein thou hadst thy will conduced not to thy welfare in life.

CHORUS. O inhabitants of Thebes my country, behold, this Œdipus, who solved the famous enigma, and was the most exalted of mankind, who, looking with no envious eye[2] upon the enviable fortunes of the citizens, into how vast a stormy

[1] *εὔχεσθε* can not, I think, be taken passively, and I have therefore followed Dindorf, whose emendation is also adopted by Wunder. In *καιρὸς* there is, I think, a double meaning, both of the *fated* spot where Œdipus should dwell or die, and a reference to its ordinary meaning, as less shocking to the hearers.—B.

[2] Erfurdt has a long and excellent note on the word *ἐπιβλέπων*, which he shows to answer exactly the Latin "invidens." Hermann's reading has been followed for the rest.—TR. I have given the best sense to this passage in my power, but I still think *ζήλῳ καὶ τύχαις* a harsh endyadis

sea of tremendous misery he hath come! Then mortal as thou art, looking out for a sight of that day, the last,[1] call no man happy, ere he shall have crossed the boundary of life, the sufferer of nought painful.

for *ζηλωταῖς τύχαις*, and that *ζήλῳ* would be more naturally joined with *ἐπιβλέπων*. Should we read—*πολιτῶν τὰς τύχας ἐπιβλέπων*?—B.

[1] "The first dark day of nothingness,
The last day of danger and distress,"

says Lord Byron, and so said (in part, at least) Solon before him. But Aristotle, who was not a man to adopt hypothesis for fact, whether supported by poet or philosopher, disputing the first axiom in toto, brings the second into considerable doubt.—Eth. 1.

ŒDIPUS COLONEUS.

ŒDIPUS, banished from Thebes, comes to Athens under the guidance of his daughter Antigone, in fulfillment of an oracle, which declared that he should end his days near the wood of the Eumenides. Creon makes an unsuccessful attempt to carry him back to Thebes, as also Polynices, as the oracle had declared that victory would attend those among whom Œdipus should die. But Œdipus remains firm, and having charged Theseus concerning his future conduct, he disappears amid a fearful storm, and the place of his burial is handed down to none save the perpetual successors to the throne of Athens.—B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ŒDIPUS.	THESEUS.
ANTIGONE.	CREON.
CITIZEN OF COLONUS.	POLYNICES.
CHORUS OF ATTIC ELDERS.	MESSENGER.
ISMENE.	

ŒDIPUS. Child of a blind old man, Antigone, to what regions are we come, or city of what people? who will welcome Œdipus the wanderer for the present day with scantiest alms, craving but little, yet obtaining even less than that little, and that sufficient for me? For to be content my sufferings, and time so long my familiar, and thirdly, my native nobleness, teaches me. But, my child, if thou beholdest any seat, either by the common haunts of men, or by the groves of the deities, place me and seat me there, that we may inquire where, after all, we are. For we are come strangers, to learn of citizens, and perform that which we shall have heard.

ANTIGONE. My woe-worn father, Œdipus, there are towers, which impale[1] a city, to judge by mine eye, at some distance.

[1] *στέγουσιν.* Resig translates this *occulunt*, Hermann *continent*, adding, "quod qui ita dictum putant, ut tueri urbem turres significentur, non ita absurdi sunt; præsertim quum vix dubitari possit, quin arx Athenarum sit intelligenda. Certe Æschylus sic Sept. ad Thebas 803, dixisse

But this spot here is consecrated, as one may certainly conclude, all full with the bay, the olive, the vine, while within it dense flocks of winged nightingales are singing sweetly: where bend thou thy limbs upon this unpolished stone, for thou hast traveled onward a long way for an old man.

ŒD. Seat me, then, and take care of the blind.

ANT. If but for long time's sake I need not learn this.

ŒD. Canst thou now instruct me where we have halted?

ANT. That it is Athens at any rate I know, but the spot I do not.

ŒD. Why, this[1] at least every wayfarer told us.

ANT. But shall I go somewhere and learn what place it is?

ŒD. Yes, my child; that is to say, if it be habitable.

ANT. Nay, it is actually inhabited. But I think there is no need, for I see this man here close to us.

ŒD. What, walking hitherward and quick in motion?

ANT. Nay, now present indeed; and whatever is seasonable for thee to say, speak it, since here is the man.

ŒD. Friend, hearing from this female, who uses sight both on her own behalf and mine, that thou art come a guide opportune for us to tell us that about which we are uncertain—

COLONEAN. Ere now thou question further, retire from this thy resting-place; for thou occupiest a spot whereon it is not pious to set foot.

ŒD. But what is the spot? to which of the gods is it dedicated?

COL. It is not to be touched nor dwelt in; for the awful goddesses possess it, daughters of Earth and Darkness.

ŒD. Whose august name might I, hearing it, worship in prayer?

COL. The all-seeing Eumenidæ the people here at least

videtur *στέγει δὲ πύργος*." From the appearance of the Acropolis it might be translated "crown;" yet perhaps Reisigius is right, for Colonus is north of Athens; and up to the time of Theseus the greater part of the city was built on the rock and to the south of it, as proved, says Thucydides, by the site of the most ancient temples at Athens.—TR. Wunder follows Wakefield's conjecture, *στέφουσιν*.—B.

[1] "Why, this." Whether we look to the general arrangement of these short dialogues, or to the more important point of propriety in the characters, we shall be equally convinced that this peevish rejoinder is rightly assigned to Œdipus.

would call them: but other names are in other places in esteem.

ŒD. But O that they would but kindly receive their suppliant—then may I no more remove from my seat on this their soil.

COL. Nay, what is this?

ŒD. The watchword of my destiny.

COL. But I too lack boldness without the city's warrant to dislodge thee, at least ere I shall communicate to them what I do.[1]

ŒD. Now, for the love of heaven, stranger, disdain me not a wanderer such as this, the boon I ask of thee, to tell me.

COL. Specify it, and thou shalt not find thyself repulsed in scorn by me at least.

ŒD. But what place is this, then, into which we have proceeded?

COL. Thou shalt hear and be acquainted with the whole amount of that which I know. This region is all hallowed; and the venerable Neptune possesses it;[2] there too is the fire-wielding divinity, the Titan Prometheus: but for the place on which thou steppest, it is titled the brazen-paved causeway of this land, defense of Athens; but the neighboring lands claim proudly this the knight Colonus as their chieftain, and all bear his name in common being thus designated. Such is this account for thee, stranger, not renowned in story, but rather by custom.[3]

ŒD. Why, are there any dwellers in these said regions?

COL. Ay, surely, even the bearers of this deity's name.

[1] *τί δρᾶν* is Hermann's reading, after Reisigius, which makes the meaning much less obvious.

[2] "its master." Pausanias speaks of altars in Colonus to equestrian Minerva and Neptune, and mentions an altar to Prometheus in the Academy, formerly a starting-place for those who contended in the game *λαμπαδηφορία*. The scholiast says that there were brazen mines at Colonus.

[3] "not renowned in story, but rather among the neighborhood." Brunck's idea is very different, "non famâ magis quam ipso usu nota," which, if it be adopted, the sentiment may be referred to Athens in general; which "*μόνη τῶν νῦν ἀκοῆς κρείσσων ἐς πεῖραν ἔρχεται.*" Thucyd. 2.—TR. I have followed the scholiast and Reisig. But since the stranger pointed to the statue of Colonus near at hand, it is probable that he also alludes to the presence of their chieftain among them. *μόνον* must of course be supplied with *λόγοις*.—B.

ŒD. Does any one sway them, or is the authority in the people?

COL. These parts are governed by the king in the city.

ŒD. But who is he pre-eminent both in right and power?

COL. His name is Theseus, offspring of Ægeus his predecessor.

ŒD. Would any one of you go to fetch him?

COL. With a view to what, to speak to him, or induce him to come?[1]

ŒD. That lending a little aid he may reap a great gain.

COL. And what advantage can there be at the hands of a sightless being?

ŒD. Whatsoever words we shall speak, we shall speak them all clear-sighted.

COL. Knowest thou,[2] stranger, how in this case to guard against failure? since noble art thou, to another's eye, save in thy condition. Tarry here, even where thou hast appeared, until I shall repair to the burghers of this place here, not those in the city, and report to them all this; for they at least will determine whether it be fit for thee to remain, or go thy way back again.

ŒD. My child, has the stranger quitted us?

ANT. He has so, wherefore thou mayst utter every thing in peace, my father, since I alone am by.

ŒD. Ye reverend powers of dread aspect, forasmuch as I have this day inclined me to the seats of you the first in this country, be not ungracious to Phœbus and to me, who spake to me, when he foretold those numerous ills of mine, of this respite in a long lapse of time, when I should arrive at the boundary-land, where I should obtain a resting-place and hospitable shelter from the venerable deities, that I should here turn the goal of my wearisome existence, dwelling as a gain to my hosts,[3] but ruin to my dismissers, who thrust me forth: but

[1] "Frustra sunt conjecturæ doctorum virorum, quas commemoravit Elmsleius. Nam sana est veterum librorum scriptura, quæ sic est accipienda: ὡς πρὸς τι μολεῖν λέξων ἢ καταρτύσων;"—HERM. This seems scarcely satisfactory. I think the participles should refer to Theseus in this sense: "wherefore should he come, what bidding? what arranging?"—B.

[2] *οἶσθ' ὡς*. This is a similar construction with *οἶσθ' ὡς ποίησον*. Œd. Tyr. 542, on which see Hermann's note.

[3] Such is surely the simplest way of taking the words *κέρδη μὲν οἰκήσαντα τοῖς δεδεγμένοις*. Reisig and Wunder are not happy in their defense

that signs as pledges of these things should visit me, either earthquake or some peal of thunder, or flash of Jove's lightning. I am sure then that it can not be but that faithful omen from you hath brought me home by this my present journey to this grove; else had I never, wending on my way, encountered you the first: I sober, you averse to wine;[1] nor had I seated me on this hallowed unhewn seat. But grant me, ye goddesses, according to the oracles of Apollo, at length some accomplishment and final close of life, unless I seem to you too debased for this, I perpetually a slave to hardships the extremest man can bear. Come, ye sweet daughters of primeval Darkness, come, thou Athens, of all cities the most esteemed, assigned by fame to Pallas the mightiest, compassionate this woe-begone phantom of a man in Œdipus; for indeed this is not my original frame.

ANT. Be silent, for there are now wending hither some personages advanced in years, to take survey of thy resting-place.

ŒD. Yes, silent I will be, and do thou guide my footsteps secretly out of the road to within the grove, until I shall have ascertained from these what words they will utter, for in such knowledge is centred wariness of action.

CHORUS. Look out, who, I wonder, was he? where abides he? where is he, having hurried from this place, of all men, ay, of all the most reckless? Inquire for him, spy him out, look for him every where.[2] A vagrant, some vagrant is the old man, and not a native, or he would never have trespassed on the untrodden plantation of these invincible virgins, whom we tremble to name, and pass by without a glance, without a

of the phrase *οἰκεῖν κέρδη—οἴκησιν οἰκεῖν κερδαλέαν*, especially as *κέρδη* may be put for *κερδαλέως*. Hermann reads *οἰκίσαντα*, which seems harsh. I can not help thinking that *οὐρίσαντα* is the true reading, "wafting a gale of profit." Cf. Œd. Col. 695. *ἀλύουσαν κατ' ὀρθὸν οὖρισας*. In Æsch. Pers. 602, I think *οὐρίειν τύχης* means, "to waft a prosperous breeze," and that *τύχης* is not to be taken with *δαίμονα*. Eurip. Andr. 610. *ἀλλ' οὐ τι ταύτῃ σὸν φρόνημ ἐπούρισας*. In Troch. 827, we have *κατουρίζειν* intransitive.

[1] "you averse to wine." "Wine was never used in the sacrifices offered to the Furies. Hence the Chorus, in enjoining Œdipus to propitiate the goddesses, expressly command him, *μηδὲ προσφέρειν μέθυ*, not to present wine."—DALE.

[2] "Inquire for him." Hermann reads *προςπεύθου, λεῦσσέ νιν, προςδερκου πανταχῇ*.

sound, without a word, uttering in silence the languuge of reverential thought alone, but whom now there is a tale that one has come in no wise reverencing, whom I looking round the whole sacred precincts can not learn where he can possibly be staying.

ŒD. Here am I, that man; for by the voice I see, as is the by-word.[1]

CH. Alas! alas! fearful to see, fearful to hear.

ŒD. Pray you look not on me as lawless.

CH. Now Jove protect us! who can the old man be?

ŒD. By no means one to congratulate on his fortunes being of the first order, ye guardians of this land. Nay, I evince it; for else I had not been creeping thus by light of eyes not mine own, nor, bulky, been leaning on the slender.[2]

CH. Alas! alas! and wast thou blind of eyes from thy birth, since thou art at least grown old in this wretched life, methinks? But yet, if I for my part can help it, thou shalt never add to them these curses: for thou trespassest, thou trespassest; but beware thou stray not into this silent grassy grove, where the limpid basin flows blended with the gush of honeyed draughts. Wherefore, all-helpless stranger, beware thou well; remove thee away. A long way separates us;[3] dost hear, O woe-begone wanderer? If thou wilt offer any parley in conversation with me, having quitted the prohibited

[1] Cf. "Beaux Stratagem," Act i. sc. 1, "Yes, sir, I'm old Will. Boniface, pretty well known upon this road, *as the saying is*."—B.

[2] Reisig conjectures here *ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς*, and quotes v. 750 (746–7, Brunck). Hermann paraphrases the passage thus: "Sum ego profecto infortunatissimus: aliter enim non ita alienorum ope oculorum venissem, et exigui muneris causâ, qui magnus atque insignis vir sum, hoc in portu constitissem." The contrast Œdipus expresses (according to the translation) being to a general rule, there seems no impropriety in applying *σμικροῖς*, as it stands, to Antigone. The allusion to his and his daughter's appearance is certainly most pathetic, and in the manner of Euripides; for the difference between these poets seems to have been, not in their knowledge of the means, but their choice of the end. Here, accordingly, for a transitory purpose, to move the pity of his hosts, Œdipus alludes to his helpless condition of body; his end carried, he opens loftier views, and speaks to a loftier impulse, as in a nobler auditor. Euripides would have remained content with the first effect.

[3] *ἐρατῦει*. Hermann agrees with the scholiast in supposing these words to indicate a fear on the part of the Chorus lest Œdipus should not hear them.

precincts for a spot where all are permitted, then speak · but before that refrain thee.

ŒD. Daughter, to what opinion may one come?

ANT. My father, we needs must behave ourselves as the citizens do, yielding where it needs, and obeying.

ŒD. Now then take hold of me.

ANT. Even now I touch thee.

ŒD. Strangers, let me not be wronged for trusting to thee,[1] in quitting my station.

CH. Never fear that any one shall ever carry thee from these abodes, old man, against thy consent.

ŒD. Forward, then?

CH. Go farther on.

ŒD. Still?

CH. Lead him, damsel, farther on, for thou understandest us.

ANT. Nay follow, follow me thus with unwary[2] foot, my father, by the way I am leading thee.

* * * * * * *

CH. Resolve thee,[3] poor sufferer, strange in a strange land, to detest whatever the city holds by nature odious, and what is welcome to it to respect.

ŒD. Do thou now, my child, lead me, that we may at once, adopting a pious course, be partly speakers, partly listeners, and not war with necessity.

CH. Here, no farther move thy foot beyond this terrace firm as rock.

ŒD. Thus?

CH. Enough, as thou hearest.

ŒD. Must I be seated here?

CH. Yes, edgeways on the end of the stone, bending short.

ANT. My father, this is my duty, see thou quietly adjust thy step by my step—

ŒD. Ah me! ah me!

ANT. Leaning forward thine aged body on my friendly hand.

[1] "to thee." Speaking to the Coryphæus now, to the Chorus before.

[2] It is better to take ἀμάρῳ κώλῳ for "cæco" with Wunder, than for "infirmo" with Brunck. Cf. Virg. Æn. vi. 30, "cæca regens filo vestigia."—B.

[3] So in Latin, "*Aude*, hospes, contemnere opes."—B.

ŒD. Woe is me for my grievous calamity!

CH. Unfortunate, now that thou yieldest,[1] tell us who of men art thou? who art thou, who, thus rife of misery, art led about? What country should I learn by asking to be thine?

ŒD. Strangers, I have no country, but do not—

CH. What is this thou warnest me against, old man?

ŒD. Do not, do not, do not ask me whom I am, nor examine me with farther question.

CH. What is this?

ŒD. Horrible is my generation.

CH. Speak it.

ŒD. My child, oh me! what am I to say?

CH. Tell as of what extraction thou art, O stranger, by the father's side.

ŒD. Oh, woe is me! what will become of me, mine own child?

ANT. Tell them, since thou art indeed come to the utmost pass.

ŒD. Nay, I will tell it, for I have no means of concealing it.

CH. Ye delay a long while, but make haste.

ŒD. Know ye any son of Laïus?

CH. O! O! O!

ŒD. And the line of the Labdacidæ?

CH. Great god!

ŒD. The lost Œdipus?

CH. And art thou he?

ŒD. Be not alarmed at what I say.

CH. Alas![2]

ŒD. Ah, wretched me!

CH. Alas!

ŒD. My daughter, what in the world will presently befall us?

CH. Get ye far away out of this land.

ŒD. But how wilt thou make good that which thou promisedst?

CH. Doomed vengeance visits no man for that in which he has been the first outraged, to retaliate; but one deceit matched against other deceits requites the feeling of pain, not pleasure. But do thou, again an outcast from these abodes, again

[1] χαλᾷς, v. line 844.

[2] These three following lines have been made into one, and assigned to the Chorus, by Hermann.—B.

in banishment from this my land, hurry away, that thou attach no farther trouble to my country.

Ant. O strangers! compassionate at heart, since ye can not brook the presence of this my blind father, when ye hear the confession of involuntary deeds, yet, I beseech you, strangers, show pity to wretched me, who in behalf of my father alone implore, implore you, looking in your eyes with eyes not sightless, as one that is clearly sprung from your blood,[1] that the unfortunate may meet with respect: on you, as on a god, do hapless we depend; but come ye, accord the unlooked-for favor, I beseech thee by all that from thyself is dear to thee, be it child, be it wife, be it pelf, or deity; for thou couldst not, wert thou to search, discover the mortal who, if a higher power led him on, could escape.

Ch. Nay, be sure, child of Œdipus, that we compassionate him and thee equally on the score of your distress; but, trembling for heaven's vengeance, we could not speak a word beyond what has now been said to thee.

Œd. What profit is there, then, in glory, or what in good report that vainly glides away? If men, forsooth, report that Athens is most devout to heaven, that she alone is capable of delivering the oppressed stranger, that she alone has power to aid him, and yet to me where is all this? ye men who, having moved me from these seats, are then for driving me away, terrified at a mere name? For surely it is not at my person at least, nor yet my deeds, since, in good truth, my deeds have been suffered rather than done,[2] if I am compelled to speak to thee of my mother's and father's fate, on which account ye are scared at me. This I know full well; and yet how am I by nature wicked, who suffering retorted, so that, had I done it in consciousness, I had not even thus been reprobate? But now have I come to where I have come in ignorance, but by those from whom I suffered, they well knowing what they did, was I doomed to destruction. For all which things I entreat you by the gods, strangers, as ye have raised me up, even so preserve me; and do not, rev-

[1] Hermann here adopts the first explanation of the scholiast, ὡς ἂν τις κοινῆς ἀνθρωπότητος ἔχουσα τὸ συγγενές. Reisig thinks the address is made to the Chorus as to parents.

[2] Thus Lear:

"I am a man
More sinned against than sinning."

erencing the gods, thereupon make the gods of no account, but believe that they look on the mortal who is pious, and that they no less look on the impious, but that never yet has there been escape of any man among men irreligious: with whose grace[1] do thou beware of obscuring heaven-blest Athens by truckling to unholy practices. But as thou hast accepted the suppliant under thy pledge, rescue and preserve me; nor looking on my disfigured head despise me. For I am come, hallowed and pious, and bearing advantage to these thy fellow-townsmen. But when the sovereign, whoever he be that is your chieftain, shall be present, then shall he hear and know all; but in the interim, by no means do thou basely.

CH. Much necessity is there to be awed at the sentiments uttered by thee, old man; for they have been specified in no light words: but I am content that the princes of our land take cognizance of these matters.

ŒD. And where, strangers, is he that lords this your country?

CH. He resides in the city his fathers held in our land; but the messenger who fetched[2] me also hither is gone to bring him.

ŒD. And think ye that he will have any regard or care for the blind, that he himself should come near me?

CH. Ay, greatly so, at least when he shall hear what thy name is.

ŒD. But who is he that will tell him this?

CH. Long is the way; but many sayings of the wayfarers are wont to circulate at random, which he hearing, be sure,

[1] *ξὺν οἷς*, scil. *θεοῖς*, according to Hermann. Elmsley thought *κάλυπτε*, used for *καταίσχυνε*.—TR. So Aristoph. Plut. 114., *οἶμαι γὰρ, οἶμαι, σὺν θεῷ δ' εἰρήσεται*. But Dindorf cleverly conjectures *τάδ' οὐν* (*βροτῶν* being repeated from above) *ξυνεὶς σὺ*, which is received by Wunder. With the whole reasoning we may compare Sextus Empir. adv. Phys. ix. p. 561, speaking of Diagoras: *ἀδικηθεὶς ὑπό τινος ἐπιορκήσαντος καὶ μηδὲν ἕνεκα τούτου παθόντος μεθηρμόσατο εἰς τὸ λέγειν μὴ εἶναι θεόν*, where see Fabricius. Claudian in Ruf. i. 21—"jam non ad culmina rerum injustos crevisse queror: tolluntur in altum, ut lapsu graviore ruant." See also Blomf. Æsch. Ag. 369, sqq.—B.

[2] Donaldson on Antig. 19, well remarks that *πέμπειν* and its compounds often mean to accompany a person, and thence to fetch them to a place.—B.

will come; for much, old man, does thy name spread among all, so that even if he be slumbering at his leisure, hearing of you he will come hitherward in haste.

ŒD. But prosperous may he come both for his own country and for me: for what good man is not his own friend?[1]

ANT. O Jove, what shall I say, whither turn my thoughts, my father?

ŒD. Nay, what is it, my child Antigone?

ANT. I see a woman drawing nearer to us, mounted on an Ætnean steed,[2] while on her head a Thessalian cap shielding her from the sun encircles her countenance. What shall I say? Is it? Is it not? or do my senses wander? I both affirm it, and deny, and know not what to say. Ah unhappy! It is none else; with a bright glance she hails me by the eye as she draws near, and gives proof that this is plainly Ismene in person and none other.

ŒD. How saidst thou, my child?

ANT. That I behold my child and my sister, but this moment thou mayest discover her by her voice.

ISMENE. Oh double salutation of a father and a sister to me most delightful, how, having hardly found you, can I in the next place for sorrow hardly look upon you!

ŒD. My child, art thou come?

ISM. Ah, father, distressful to look on!

ŒD. My child, and dost appear?[3]

ISM. Ay, and not without trouble to me.

ŒD. Embrace me, my daughter.

ISM. I clasp you both together.

ŒD. Ah! seed of a common stock!

ISM. O sadly wretched family!

ŒD. Meanest thou of her and me?

ISM. And of unfortunate me the third.

ŒD. My child, but wherefore hast thou come?

ISM. From precaution on thy account, my sire.

ŒD. From a longing to see me?

[1] Œdipus says this in allusion both to himself and to Theseus. Similarly the Psalmist, "As long as thou doest good to thyself, men will speak well of thee."

[2] For the excellence of the Sicilian horses, see Pindar's Odes to Hiero of Syracuse, whom he calls founder of Ætna.

[3] I need hardly observe that πέφηνας bears a present signification.—T

Ism. Yes, and for a message besides, myself the bearer, with the only one of our domestics whom I had faithful to me.

Œd. But the young men thy brethren, where were they for the toil?

Ism. They are where they are. Dire are their present deeds.

Œd. O they in all things to the manners of Egypt likened in nature and in the breeding of life.[1] For there the males sit in-doors working at the loom, while their consorts always are procuring the means of support raised out of doors; but they whose proper care it was to take this trouble off your hands, my daughters, are keeping house at home like maidens, while you in their room weary yourselves in relief of my miseries, wretch that I am. One of you, from the moment she left off the nurture of a child, and acquired strength of frame, perpetually, to her sad fortune, wandering with me, is the old man's guide, many a time straying famished and barefooted through the wild forest, and toiling, poor sufferer, through many a storm and many a scorching sun's heat, she holds but secondary the comforts of her residence at home, if her father can be maintained. But thou, my child, heretofore hast come forth without the Thebans' privity, bringing thy father all the prophecies which were divulged touching this mortal mould, and stoodest up my trusty protectress when I was being ejected from my country; and now again what tidings bringing to thy father comest thou, Ismene? what moving cause has roused thee from home? For thou comest not empty-handed at least, this I well know, nor without conveying to me some alarm.

[1] Diodorus Siculus (i. 27) thinks that the female ascendency prevalent in Egypt arose from a wish to perpetuate the memory of Isis' beneficent reign. The scholiast on Sophocles attributes the effeminacy of the Egyptian males to a policy of Sesostris, similarly to that recommended by Crœsus to his conqueror. Whatever cause produced the petticoat government of that land, it has been sufficiently atoned for since by the degraded condition of the women in Egypt for centuries past. One might conjecture chess to have been invented on the banks of the Nile during the prevalence of the ancient manners, but for the higher claims of the Lydians to inventions of the sort, who, moreover, if Omphale may be taken as a specimen, were much on a par with their southern neighbors in female consequence.

Ism. The hardships I underwent, my father, seeking for thy abode, where thou wert inhabiting, I will pass by and omit; for I have no wish twice to be pained, both in the suffering them and again anew in the recital. But the mischiefs which now environ thy two luckless sons, to signify those to thee have I come. For erewhile their strong desire was both to resign the throne to Creon, and not to pollute the city, when they reasoned over the calamity of their birth of old, how it had fallen on thy hapless house; but now from some one of the gods and from their wicked spirit there has arisen between them trebly wretched an evil feud, to seize upon the sovereignty and kingly sway. And the younger and inferior in time of birth deprives the elder born Polynices[1] of his throne, and has expelled him from his country. But he, as is the prevailing rumor among us, having retired in exile to the vale of Argos, is attaching to him both a new connection and armed friends confederate; as if Argos were forthwith either to surpass the Cadmeian plain in glory, or to exalt it to heaven. This is no sort[2] of words, my father, but fearful facts. Thy troubles, however, in what way the gods will commiserate, I can not learn.

Œd. Why, hadst thou yet a hope that the gods would take any thought for me, that I might at length be saved?

Ism. Yes, that have I, from the present oracles at least, my father.

Œd. Of what nature these? and what has been prophesied, my child?

Ism. That thou[3] wilt one day be an object of search to the men of that land both in death and life, for their own safety's sake.

Œd. But who could derive any benefit from such a one as I?

Ism. 'Tis said that on thee depends their power.

Œd. Why, then, when I no longer am, then it seems I am a made man.

[1] Euripides, on the contrary, makes Eteocles the elder and is supported by other writers.

[2] "sort," contemptuously: "ye shall be slain all the sort of you."

[3] "That thou." Hermann complains here of a want of judgment in the poet, in having excited his hearers to the expectation of some new oracle, when about to produce nothing more than they were already informed of by Œdipus.

Ism. Yes, for now the gods stablish thee, before now they cast thee down.

Œd. Yet 'tis a paltry favor to set up in age one who in youth has fallen.

Ism. Be assured, however, that Creon, on account of these things, will shortly come, and in no long time.

Œd. To do what, my daughter? tell me.

Ism. To place thee near the Cadmeian land, that they may have thee in their power; but thou mayest not enter the boundaries of the land.

Œd. What aid is there from me lying at their gates?

Ism. Thy tomb, if deprived of just rites, threatens them with danger.[1]

Œd. Even without a god, any one might learn this at least by his natural sense.

Ism. On account of this, therefore, do they wish to place you near the land, not where you may be your own master.

Œd. Will they even enshroud me in the dust of Thebes?

Ism. Nay, the blood of kindred forbids you, O father.

Œd. Of me then sure they never shall obtain possession.

Ism. This therefore shall at some time be a heavy woe to the sons of Cadmus.

Œd. By what circumstance arising, my child?

Ism. By thy wrath,[2] when they shall stand at thy sepulchre.

Œd. But from whom hearing what you pronounce, do you relate it, my child?

Ism. From men sent to consult the gods, returning from the Delphic shrine.

Œd. And has Phœbus declared these things to depend upon me?

[1] Recte *δυστυχῶν*, quod *justis honoribus carens* significare videtur. Tali sepulturæ ne traderetur Œdipus, mutuebant Thebani ab oraculo moniti, nec tamen eum in patria sepelire volebant. Hoc constat e v. 407. Elmsley.—Tr. On the misery of sepulture in a foreign land, cf. Æsch. Ch. 913. Virg. Æn. i. 94, sqq.—B.

[2] An allusion is made to the invasion of Attica by the Thebans; and victory is of course promised to the Athenians. The whole of this play, indeed, abounds with instances of flattery and similar presages of triumph. The poet knew his countrymen: no people in the world were ever more easily captivated with praise, when it was bestowed upon them universally; or more *credulous of calumny*, when it attached to an individual.

ISM. So they say, who have come to the plain of Thebe.[1]

ŒD. Which then of my sons heard this?

ISM. Both alike, indeed; and well do they fully know it.

ŒD. And yet did these basest wretches, when they heard this, place the kingly power before the regret of me?

ISM. I grieve to hear the intelligence; but still I bear it.

ŒD. But may the gods never quench to them this fated strife;[2] and with me may the issue rest concerning this combat in which they now engage, and uplift the spear; so should neither he who now holds the sceptre and throne remain, nor he who has gone forth ever return again to the city. They, at least, neither retained nor defended me, their parent, thus with loss of honors driven out of the country; but expelled I was sent away by them, and was proclaimed forth an exile. You may say that the city then reasonably vouchsafed this gift to my wishes. No, in truth; since on that very day, when my spirit boiled, and it was sweetest to me to die, and to be stoned with stones, no one appeared to gratify this desire; but when, after a lapse of time, all my griefs were now mellowed, and I had learned that my anger had rushed forth too severe an avenger of my former sins, then at length, after long stay, the state indeed drove me by force from the land; but they, offspring of a father, and able to aid a father, were unwilling to do it; and for want of a small word,[3] I wandered abroad an exile and a beggar. But

[1] When the noun is in the singular, it must be understood as meaning the nymph Thebe, and is thus most poetically and correctly rendered.

[2] The curses which Œdipus imprecates on his sons throughout this play are bitter and strong, and, perhaps we might add, unnatural. He is what Dr. Johnson would have called "a good hater:" stern and implacable, he seldom or never forgets his wrongs, and seems to feel, like Lear,

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child."

The cause of this may perhaps be found in the ingratitude with which Sophocles was treated by his own children. We are told by Cicero that this very play was written at the time that his sons presented a petition to court to have him removed from the management of his own affairs on account of idiocy. The poet's whole defense consisted in reading this splendid production; and he was not only acquitted of the charge, but applauded to the skies. Happy the poet that lived among such a people, and happy the people that could boast of such a poet!

[3] That is, for want of a small word spoken by his sons in his defense.

from these two, who are virgins, as far as their nature permits them, I receive both the sustenance of life, and security on the earth, and the offices of kindred. Those, in preference to a father, choose to sway thrones and sceptres, and to lord it o'er the land; but neither at all shall they gain me as an ally, nor shall ever any enjoyment of the empire of Cadmus come to them. This I know, both hearing the oracles from this girl, and also reflecting upon the ancient predictions, which Phœbus erst accomplished unto me in mine own person.[1] Therefore, let them both send Creon to search me out, and whosoever else is powerful in the state; for if you, O strangers, are willing to defend me, along with these awful goddesses, who preside o'er your people, you will procure a mighty savior to this city, and troubles to my enemies.

CH. Thou art indeed worthy, Œdipus, of pity, both yourself and these thy daughters; but since you introduce yourself in these words as the savior of this land, I wish to recommend to you what is expedient.

ŒD. O dearest, interpret it to me, as now about to perform every thing.

CH. Institute now an expiation to those divinities to whom you first came, and whose[2] plain you have trodden.

ŒD. In what modes? O strangers, instruct me.

CH. First bring sacred libations from the ever-flowing fount, touching them with holy hands.

ŒD. And when I have taken the pure stream?

CH. There are cups, work of a skillful artificer, the heads and double handles of which do thou crown.

ŒD. With boughs or threads, or in what way?

In this interpretation I follow Brunck. Others take ἔπος in the meaning it sometimes bears of πρᾶγμα, res, and translate it "on account of a small crime." Granting the sins of Œdipus to have beeen involuntary, it would scarcely, however, be decent to make him talk of patricide and incest as such trifling matters.

[1] Whatever be the difficulties of this difficult passage, the translator totally mistook ἤνυσεν when he rendered it "communicated." Wunder objects to the common reading, and adopts the conjecture of Heath, τε τἀξ ἐμοῦ. Hermann construes the words thus: τά τε ἀμοι Φοῖβος ἐξ ἐμοῦ ποτὲ ἦν. παλ. "id ego scio et hujus audiens oracula, quum reputo, et per me quas Phœbus olim antiquas dictiones effectum dedit," which, in absence of something better, I have followed. Perhaps, however, ἐμοῦ is repeated from the second line below, and has displaced the right word.—B.

[2] But see Wunder.—B.

Ch. Wreathing them with the new-born wool of a young lamb.

Œd. Well; but as to what remains, where is it fitting that I should accomplish it?

Ch. To pour the libations, turning to the rising morn.[1]

Œd. Shall I pour them from these urns you speak of?

Ch. Three streams, at least; but the last entire.

Œd. With what, having filled this, shall I offer it? Teach me also this.

Ch. With water and with honey. Add no wine.

Œd. And when the earth with its dark verdure shall have drunk these?

Ch. Placing in it thrice nine boughs of olive, with both hands, utter over them these prayers.

Œd. These I wish to hear, for they are of the greatest consequence.

[1] The practice of turning to the sun on solemn occasions, or even addressing him as he rose, was a common superstition among the ancients. It is not exactly known what was the purport of this form, but it probably originated in the religious grandeur of the scene, and the emotions excited in the breast of the votary by the visible presence of the god. Clytemnestra, in the Electra, goes forth to tell her alarming dream to the rising sun:

Τοιαῦτα τοῦ παρόντος, ἡνίχ' Ἡλίῳ
δείκνυσι τοὔναρ, ἐκλύον ἐξηγουμένου.

Cratinus also mentions it as a religious ceremony:

Ἄγε δὴ πρὸς ἕω πρῶτον ἁπάντων ἵστω,
καὶ λαμβάνε χερσὶ Σχῖνον μεγάλην.

And in the Necyomantia of Lucian, we are told by Menippus that, preparatory to his descent to Hades, Mithrobarzanes the Chaldean conducted him at daybreak to the banks of the Euphrates, *πρὸς ἀνατέλλοντα τὸν ἥλιον, ῥῆσίν τινα μακρὰν ἐπιλέγων.*—Tr. So after a dream in Statius, Theb. ix. 601,

"Ergo, ut inane nefas merso ter crive piavit,
Verbaque sollicitas matrum solantia curas,
Addidit, armatæ ruit ad delubra Dianæ.
Rore sub Eoo—"

So in Xenoph. Cyrop. vii. s. 3, Cyrus orders the camps to be pitched, *πρὸς ἕω βλέπουσαν.* Achilles Tat. Isag. Arat. ϛ i. *Σοφοκλῆς δὲ εἰς Ἀτρέα τὴν εὕρεσιν ἀναφέρει λέγων· πᾶς προσκυνεῖ δὲ τὸν στρέφοντα κύκλον ἡλίου.* Hence the sun is frequently invoked as a witness, Apul. Metam. i. p. 3, and the apparition of the sun in a dream was a prosperous omen, Libanius, t. ii. Orat. xi. p. 344. Thus also Ptolemy Philopater, after a victory, turned the elephants to the sun, that they might offer their supposed adoration. Ælian, Hist. An. vii. 44.—B

Ch. As we call them the benevolent goddesses, that they may thus with benevolent hearts receive their suppliant in safety, do you yourself implore; or, if there is any other in your place, speaking inaudible words, nor making the voice heard afar. Then slow depart, without turning back. When you have done these things, I with confidence would stand by you; but otherwise, O stranger, I should fear concerning you.

Œd. O my daughters, do you hear these stranger-dwellers in this land?

Ant. We have heard; and do you command what is fitting to do.

Œd. By me the way may not be trodden; for I am deficient in the want of power and in the want of sight—two evils: but let one of you, going, perform these things; for I am of opinion that one soul, if it be present with kindly feeling, will suffice in place of ten thousand in working this expiation. But with speed do ye something; only leave not me alone, for my body would not be able to crawl on unassisted, nor at least without a guide.

Ism. I go to perform it; but the place where I shall find the requisites, this I wish to learn.

Ch. In that part of this grove, O stranger maid; and if you have need of any thing, there is a dweller in the place who will inform you.

Ism. I will then, if you please, go for this purpose; but do thou, Antigone, here watch our father; for if any one toil for a parent, it is not fitting to bear remembrance of the toil![1]

Ch. It is dreadful indeed, O stranger, again to awaken a grief that has already long slumbered, yet still I long to inquire.[2]

[1] This were a fine sentiment if it came from any lips but those of the selfish and unamiable Ismene. She can not do the most trifling piece of service to her father without making a fuss about it, and taking credit to herself for her exertions.

[2] If the Chorus had been possessed of a common share of delicacy or politeness, they would have restrained their longings, especially as they seem already to have been sufficiently acquainted with the revolting subject. There was an awkward pause, however, occasioned by the departure of Ismene; and they thought, perhaps, this conversation more dignified than a discourse on the state of the weather or any other vulgar topic.

ŒD. What is this?

CH. Concerning that sorrow which has arisen, wretched and extricable, in which you are situated.

ŒD. Do not, kind friend,[1] by thine hospitality, lay open abhorred deeds.

CH. I wish, stranger, to hear correctly that report which has spread far, and nowhere yet ceased.

ŒD. Woe is me!

CH. Acquiesce, I beseech thee.

ŒD. Alas! alas!

CH. Obey me, and I also [will obey you] as far as you require.

ŒD. I have endured, O strangers, the worst of ills; I have endured them unwillingly, heaven knows; and of these nought was of my own choice.[2]

CH. But to what are they to be ascribed?

ŒD. The state bound me, all ignorant, in an evil union, in the accursed bane of wedlock.

CH. Didst thou with thy mother, as I hear, fill a bed that is horrible to name?

ŒD. Oh me! these things, stranger, are death to hear; but these two from me—

CH. How sayest thou?

ŒD. Daughters, yet twin curses—[3]

CH. O Jove!

ŒD. Sprung from the throes of a common mother.

CH. And are they then thy daughters?

ŒD. And also their father's sisters, of one blood.

CH. Woe!

[1] πέπον is the elegant emendation of Bothe, approved by Dind. and Wunder.—B.

[2] On the metrical and grammatical corruptions of these verses, see Wunder.—B.

[3] Vulgo παῖδες δύο δ' ἄται. Id Heathius verti jussit, *filii vero duæ noxæ*. Quem Elmsleius miratur non vidisse filias παῖδας, filios autem ἄτα ab Œdipo nominari. Ego utrumque miror. Nihil enim istis interpretationibus fingi invenustius potest. Filiorum nulla hic mentio. *He*, inquit, *ex me natæ sunt filiæ quidem duæ, sed duæ noxæ*. Nempe et ipsæ labem originis gerunt, et patri, qui genuit, opprobria sunt. Ita hæc etiam Brunckium intellexisse puto. Παῖδε recte dedit Elmsleius, pariterque, quod nonnulli libri habent, ἄτα.—Hermann.

ŒD. Woe indeed! returns of ills unnumbered![1] I have suffered things to be borne without oblivion.

CH. Thou hast done.

ŒD. I have not done.

CH. How, pray?

ŒD. I received a gift, which, would that I, wretched, had never merited to win from the state.

CH. Unhappy man; what then? thou didst commit the murder.

ŒD. What is this? and what dost thou wish to learn?

CH. Of a father?

ŒD. Alas! thou hast inflicted sickening grief on grief.

CH. Thou didst slay.

ŒD. I slew, but I have—

CH. What?

ŒD. Somewhat to justify me.

CH. How?

ŒD. I will tell; for I both slew and destroyed unwittingly, and innocent by law, and ignorant, I did the deed.

CH. But hither comes the king, the son of Ægeus, Theseus, according to your request, for the things for which he was sent.[2]

THESEUS.[3] Learning from many, both in former time, the bloody destruction of your eyes, have I recognized you, O son of Laïus; and now on my way hither hearing of you, I the more fully know you; for both your garb and your wretched head show us who you are: and pitying you, unhappy Œdipus, I wish to ask you, what supplication having to me or to

[1] Ἐπιστροφαὶ κακῶν, *vortices malorum*.—Musgr. Scholiastes συναβροίσεις. Winsemius *cumuli*, Brunckius *reciprocationes*, Reisigius *vicissitudines*. Tam multas significationes habet ἐπιστροφή, quarum vix ulla ab hoc loco prorsus aliena est, ut optimam eligere difficillimum sit. Elmsley.—TR. I follow Liddell. See Lex. Gr. ἐπιστροφή.—B.

[2] This is according to Dindorf's emendation ἐφ' ἁστάλη for ἀπεστάλη. He aptly compares Eurip. Bacch. 454: ἐφ' ὅπερ εἰς Θήβας πάρει. The sense is, he is here according to your request, in order to do that for which his presence was required.—B.

[3] The character of Theseus is represented in a way that must have been highly agreeable to the descendants of the people he ruled. He is full of the most dignified and moral sentiments, and displays his generosity and pity in a very interesting manner. It might appear hypercritical to mention our only objection, that he is, perhaps, rather stiff, and not sufficiently spirited and *fiery for the boldest* hero of chivalrous antiquity.

the state, have you come, both you yourself, and she, the hapless maiden by your side? Inform me; it would be a dreadful task you must mention, from which I would shrink; since I myself at least know how a stranger, like you, I was reared abroad, and how in man's estate I struggled with the greatest number of dangers in my own person, in the land of strangers. From no one, therefore, who was a stranger, as you are now, would I turn away, so as not to assist in saving him;[1] for I have known that I am a man, and that to me there is no more share in to-morrow's day than to you.

ŒD. Theseus, your generous spirit has displayed itself in a few words, so as to require me to say little; for you have declared who I am, and from what father sprung, and from what land I came; so that nothing more remains to me than to say what I seek, and the tale is sped.

TH. This very thing now teach me, in order that I may fully learn it.

ŒD. I come to bestow on you, as a gift, this my wretched body, not goodly to the sight; but the advantages to be derived from it are of greater consequence than a fair form.[2]

TH. And what good do you, coming, claim to bring?

ŒD. In time you may learn it, not at all at present.

TH. Why, in what time will your gift be made manifest?

ŒD. When I die, and you shall become my burier.

TH. You ask the last offices of life; but the things intermediate you have either forgotten or hold in no account.

ŒD. For there these are concentrated to me.[3]

TH. But in a trifle you ask this favor of me.

ŒD. Look to it, however: this contest is not trifling; no, by no means.

[1] Virgil had this passage in view in his speech of Dido to Æneas:

"Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
Jactatam, hac demum voluit consistere terra.
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

[2] King Henry the Eighth, Act iv. sc. 2,

"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"—B.

[3] "In hoc enim uno (*i. e.*, si meam sepulturam curaveris), reliqua illa continentur."—Musgrave.

TH. Whether do you speak of the affairs of your children, or of me?

ŒD. They would compel me to repair thither.

TH. But if they at least wish it, it is not creditable to you to fly.

ŒD. But they, when I myself wished [to remain], did not permit me.

TH. O foolish man, anger in misfortune is not good.

ŒD. When you have heard me, school me; but at present bear with me.

TH. Instruct me, for without judgment it does not befit me to speak.

ŒD. I have suffered, O Theseus, dreadful ills on ills.

TH. Will you speak of the ancient calamity of your race?

ŒD. No, in truth, since every one of the Greeks at least talks of this.

TH. For with what ill beyond the lot of man are you afflicted?

ŒD. Thus it is with me: I was driven from my land by my own seed; and it is never permitted to me, as being the slayer of a father, to return again.

TH. How, in truth, should they send for you, so as to live apart?[1]

ŒD. The words of heaven compel them.

TH. Dreading what suffering from oracles?

ŒD. That it is fated that they should fall by the stroke in this land.[2]

TH. And how should my interest and theirs become hostile?

ŒD. O dearest son of Ægeus, to the gods alone old age belongs not, nor indeed ever to die; but every thing else does all-powerful time confound. The vigor of the earth indeed decays, and the vigor of the body decays; faith dies, and falsehood springs up; and the same gale hath never at all blown, neither to friends among men, nor to state toward state. For to some indeed already, and to others in after time, the things that are sweet become bitter, and again friendly. And now

[1] Miratur Theseus, quomodo revocent Œdipum Thebani ita, ut ille tamen propter parricidium non ingrediatur fines eorum.—Hermann.

[2] Œdipus, more than once in this play, is not quite correct as to the place where he denounces the fall of his sons; but poets must be allowed some license, and *prophets some mystery*.

if every thing is prosperously tranquil to Thebes with you, infinite time will, in his course, beget an infinite number of days and nights, in which, from an insignificant cause, they will dissolve with the spear their present harmony of plighted right hands in that place where[1] my sleeping and ensepulchred corpse, long cold, shall drink their warm blood, if Jove be still Jove, and Phœbus son of Jove be true. But as it is not pleasant to utter words that should be undisturbed,[2] permit me to go on in the way I have begun, only preserving your own faith, and you shall never say that you received Œdipus an unprofitable inhabitant of these places here, if the gods do not deceive me.

Ch. O king, even before hath this man shown himself as about to consummate these, and such as these promises to this land.

Th. Who, in truth, would reject the kindliness of a man like this, to whom, in the first place, there is ever with us the common altar of our friendship of the spear? And next coming a suppliant of the goddesses, he pays no small tribute to this land and to me; which things revering, I will never cast away the favor of this man; but, on the contrary, will give him a seat in the land. But if it is agreeable to the stranger to remain here, I will appoint thee to watch him;[3] or if it is agreeable to go along with me, I will grant you, O Œdipus, deciding on one of these, to avail yourself of it; for in that way I will coincide with you.

Œd. O Jove, mayest thou bestow thy blessings on such men as these!

Th. What then do you wish? to go to my palace?

Œd. [I would] if at least it were lawful to me; but this here is the spot—

Th. In which you will do what? for I will not oppose you.

Œd. In which I will conquer those who cast me out.

Th. You would boast a great gift of your residence here.

[1] Heath, Elmsley, and Hermann translate *Iva in eo loco ubi.* Schæfer alone considers it as denoting time, and not place.

[2] Τἀκίνητ' ἔπη is taken by some in the way I have given it, as words of awful sanctity; by others, as meaning the fixed and unalterable oracles.

[3] Addressing this injunction to the Chorus.

ŒD. If, while I accomplish it, there remain o you at least those things you promise.

TH. Be confident as to my part, at least I will never betray you.

ŒD. I will not indeed pledge you, like a wicked man, by an oath.

TH. You would gain nothing farther at least than by my word.

ŒD. How then will you act?

TH. Of what does the fear principally possess you?

ŒD. Men will come.

TH. But to these it will be a care.

ŒD. Take heed leaving me.

TH. Do not teach me what it befits me to do.

ŒD. There is need to one who fears.

TH. My heart does not fear.

ŒD. You know not the threats.

TH. I know that no man shall carry you hence against my will. Many threats menace many vain words in their rage, but when the mind returns to itself, the threats are vanished. And to them, even though there has been courage given to say terrible things about taking you away, I know that the sea[1] hither will appear long, and not to be sailed. I therefore bid you be confident, even without my care, if Phœbus conducted you; and still, though I be not present, I know that my name will protect you from suffering ill.

CHORUS. Thou hast come, O stranger, to the seats of this land,[2] renowned for the steed; to seats the fairest on earth, the chalky Colonus;[3] where the vocal nightingale, chief abounding, trills her plaintive note in the green dells, tenant-

[1] *i. e.*, the attempt will appear a difficult one. Such proverbs and phrases are constantly used when great extent or difficulty is spoken of. —B.

[2] I have endeavored to avoid the unpleasant pleonasm which deforms the opening of this beautiful chorus. I must, however, inform my readers that it were perhaps more correctly rendered, "Thou hast come, O stranger, to the best seats of the land of this earth." Elmsley alone, of the editors of this play, has sanctioned the construction adopted above.

[3] This is often translated, by way of being gay, "the silvery Colonus." Besides that the epithet is rather unmeaning, it is very bad taste to take any liberties which violate the locality of the scene, and destroy the natural picture to the *eye*.

ing the dark-hued ivy and the leafy grove of the god, untrodden, teeming with fruits, impervious to the sun,[1] and unshaken by the winds of every storm; where Bacchus the reveler ever roams attending his divine nurses.[2] And ever day by day the narcissus, with its beauteous clusters, bursts into bloom by heaven's dew, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, and the saffron with golden ray; nor do the sleepless founts[3] of Cephisus that wander through the fields fail, but ever each day it rushes o'er the plains with its limpid wave, fertilizing the bosom of the earth; nor have the choirs of the muses loathed this clime; nor Venus, too, of the golden reign. And there is a tree such as I hear not to have ever sprung in the land of Asia, nor in the mighty Doric island of Pelops, a tree unplanted by hand, of spontaneous growth, terror of the hostile spear,[4] which flourishes chiefly in this region, the leaf of the pale gray olive that nourishes our young. This shall neither any one in youth[5] nor in old age, marking for destruction, and having laid it waste with his hand, bring to nought; for the eye that never closes of Morian[6] Jove regards it, and the blue-eyed Minerva. And I have other praise for this mother-city to tell, the noblest gift of the mighty divinity, the highest vaunt, that she is the great of chivalry, renowned for the steed and famous on the main; for thou, O sovereign Neptune, son of

[1] Lucan, Phars. iii. 399, "Lucus erat longo nunquam violatus ab ævo, Obscurum cingens connexis æra ramis, Et gelidas alte summatis Solibus umbras."—B.

[2] The nymphs of Nyssa received the infant Bacchus after the death of Semele, and nursed him amid the mountains. There are frequent allusions to this circumstance to be found in the poets. Thus Eurip. Cyclop. 4.

Ὦ Βρόμιε—
Νύμφας ὀρείας ἐκλιπὼν ὄχου προφούς.

Hyginus, Astron. Poet. lib. ii. 17.—"Liberum patrem—ut redderent nutricibus nymphis."

[3] Sophocles here avails himself of the poetical license, at least if we may give credit in preference to the accurate Strabo: *ὁ μὲν Κηφίσσος—χειμάῤῥωδης τό πλέον, θέρους δὲ μειοῦται τελέως.*—Tr. But see Brunck. —B.

[4] Even the Lacedæmonians, in their ravages of Attica, spared this consecrated tree.

[5] *i. e.*, neither Xerxes nor Archidamus. See Herodot. viii. 55, and Reisig's note.—B.

[6] See Reisig.—B.

Saturn, hast raised her to this glory, having first, in these fields, founded the bit to tame the horse; and the well-rowed boat dashed forth by the hand, bounds marvelously through the brine, tracking on the hundred-footed[1] daughters of Nereus.

ANT. O plain, highest commended with praises, now it is fitting for you to make manifest these brilliant eulogies.

ŒD. And what new event is there, my child?

ANT. Creon here, O father, approaches near us, not without attendants.

ŒD. Dearest old men, from you now already may the goal of safety appear to me.

CH. Be confident, the safety shall be present; for though I am an old man, the strength of this land hath not grown old.

CREON. Ye men, illustrious inhabitants of this soil,[2] I perceive from your eyes that you have felt some sudden fear at my approach, whom do ye neither fear, nor assail with evil word; for I come not as wishing to do any thing, since I indeed am an old man, and I know that I come to a city which, if any other in Greece, is mighty in power. But I, of such an age, was sent to persuade this man to follow me to the Cadmeian plain, not from the bidding of one, but charged by all the citizens, since it appertains by affinity to me, most of all the city, to mourn the sufferings of this man. But, O wretched Œdipus, listening to me, return home: all the people of Cadmus justly invite you, and of these I most of all, inasmuch as, if I were not by nature the basest of men, I grieve more over your misfortunes, seeing you unhappy, being indeed a stranger, and ever a wanderer, and with the aid of a single attendant, going in want of life's subsistence: whom I, wretched, never thought would have fallen

[1] This does not imply that each of the daughters had a hundred feet, but that, being fifty in number, they mustered, at the usual allowance of two apiece, this quantity altogether. The conceit is silly, mean, and unworthy of the poet.—TR. But see Wunder.—B.

[2] Brunck has much improved the text here by substituting *ἐγγενεῖς* for the old reading *εὐγενεῖς*. The epithet is used with much address by the insidious Creon; for there was no point on which the Athenians loved more to be complimented than on being *γηγενεῖς* or *αὐτόχθονες*, the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil.—TR. But surely *εὐγενεῖς* comes to the same thing!—B.

into so much of misery, as hapless she has fallen, always caring for you and your person with the food of beggary, of such an age, yet not having experienced wedlock, but the prey of every one who meets her to ravish. Have I not then, O miserable man that I am, uttered a wretched reproach against you, and me, and our whole race? But, for it is impossible to conceal the things that are exposed to the view, do you now, O Œdipus, by the gods of our country, obeying me, conceal them, having been willing to return to the city and homes of your fathers, bidding friendly farewell to this city, for she is worthy of it; but your city, at home, may with right be more revered, being of old your nurse.

ŒD. Oh thou who darest every thing, and who from every just speech extractest the wily device, why do you attempt these things, and why do you, a second time, wish to catch me in what I should most grieve when caught? For formerly, when I was sickening with domestic evils, when it was agreeable to me to be exiled from the land, you were not willing to grant this favor to my wish; but when already I was satisfied with anger, and it was sweet to me to spend my days in my home, then you drove me out and cast me forth; nor then was the tie of kindred by any means dear to you. And now again, when you see this city meeting me with benevolence, and all its people, you attempt to drag me away, proposing harsh measures in a soft way. And yet what pleasure is this to love people against their will? as if any one to you, pressing to obtain, should grant nothing, nor wish to aid you, but to you, having your mind satisfied with what you required, should then give it when the favor procures no gratitude, would not you obtain this a vain pleasure? Such things do you indeed also offer to me, in word good, but in fact evil; and to these also will I tell it, that I may prove you base. You come to take me away, not that you may conduct me home, but that you may place me by your borders, and that your city may be freed to you unhurt by evils from this land. These things are not granted to you; but those are, my avenging spirit ever dwelling there in the land; and to my sons it is permitted to obtain at least so great a portion of the soil as only to die in. Do I not then conceive better of the affairs of Thebes than you? Much better, sure, inasmuch as I hear them from more un-

erring sources, from Phœbus,[1] and from Jove himself, who is his sire. But your falsified lips have come hither, having much tongue-doughtiness; but by your speech you will get more harm than safety. But, for I know that I shall not thus persuade you, go, and suffer us to live here; for not even faring thus, shall we live unhappily, if we are contented.

Cr. Whether do you deem, in your present words, that I am unfortunate as regards your affairs, or rather you as regards your own?

Œd. It is most agreeable to me, indeed, if you are neither able to persuade me, nor these beside me.

Cr. Unhappy man, neither by time do you appear to have given birth to wisdom, but nourish the bane of old age.

Œd. You are powerful in tongue; but I never knew him a just man who makes a good story out of every thing.

Cr. It is a different thing to speak much and to speak things opportune.

Œd. As you forsooth utter these things both briefly and to the point.

Cr. No, in truth, to whomsoever at least there is a mind like that in you.

Œd. Depart, for I will speak also for these, nor guard me, keeping a look out where it is fitting I should dwell.[2]

Cr. I call these to witness, not you. But for the words you answer even to your friends—if ever I take you[3]—

Œd. And who shall seize me against the will of these my allies?

Cr. Assuredly, even exclusive of this, you shall grieve.[4]

Œd. With what sort of deed do you threaten this?

[1] The ancient superstition was, that Phœbus only retailed the oracles which he received from his father Jove. Thus Æschylus in the Supplices:

Στελλεῖν ὅπως τάχιστα· ταῦτα γὰρ πατὴρ
Ζεὺς ἐγκαθεῖ Λοξίᾳ.—Tr.

Eum. 19, Διὸς προφήτης δ' ἐστὶ Λοξίας πατρός. Virg. Æn. iii. 251. "Quæ Phœbo pater omnipotens, mihi Phœbus Apollo Prædixit."—B.

[2] Such is the sense of ἐφορμεῖν (for ἐφορμᾶν is not the word, as Rost observes). So it is used of blockading a harbor in Xenoph. Hellen. i. 6, 36; vi. 2, 7.—B.

[3] See Hermann's note.—B.

[4] That is, "exclusive of my overpowering your defenders, and carrying you off."

CR. Of your two daughters, having just seized one, I have sent her away, and the other I will quickly bear off.

ŒD. Woe is me!

CR. You shall speedily have reason to cry woe the more for these things.

ŒD. Have you my child?

CR. Ay, and shall have this one too, in no long time.

ŒD. Oh strangers! What will ye do? Will ye betray me? and will ye not drive away the impious man from this land?

CH. Away, stranger, out with speed, for neither now dost thou what is just, nor previously didst thou.

CR. It must be your office to conduct her away against her will, if she will not go willingly.

ANT. Woe is me, unhappy woman! Whither shall I fly? What aid shall I gain from gods or men?

CH. What doest thou, oh stranger?

CR. I will not touch this man, but her, mine own.[1]

ŒD. Oh, princes of the land!

CH. Oh stranger! thou doest not what is just.

CR. It is just.

CH. How just?

CR. I carry away mine own.

ANT. Oh state![2]

CH. What doest thou, oh stranger? Will you not let her go? Quickly shall you come to the trial of arms.

CR. Hold off.

CH. Not from you at least, while bent on these things.

CR. For you war with the state, if you injure me in aught.[3]

ŒD. Have I not foretold this?

CH. Let go the maid immediately from your hands.

CR. Command not those things of which you are not master.

CH. I bid you let go.

CR. And I bid you proceed on your way.

[1] "My kinswoman," which she was by being the daughter of his sister Jocasta. This was but an indifferent plea, however, for carrying her off from her father.

[2] Assigned to Œdipus by Wunder.—B.

[3] The dramatis personæ are arranged according to Dind. and Wund.—B.

CH. Come hither, come, come, ye dwellers in the place. The city, my city, is violated by force. Hither come to me.

ANT. I, wretched, am dragged away, O strangers! strangers!

ŒD. Where, my child, are you?

ANT. I go away by force.

ŒD. Stretch forth, my daughter, your hands.

ANT. But I have not the power.

CR. Will you not drag her away?

ŒD. Oh wretched, wretched man that I am!

CR. No longer, then, on these two props shall you travel along; but since you wish to prevail against your country and your friends, by whom I, appointed, do these things, even although king, prevail. For in time I know you will understand this much, that you neither now do what is goodly yourself toward yourself, nor formerly did, against the will of your friends, gratifying that anger which always works your ruin.

CH. Hold there, stranger.

CR. I forbid you to touch me.

CH. I will not, deprived at least of these two maidens, let you go.

CR. You will quickly, then, cause a greater pledge to be redeemed by the city; for I will not lay hold of these two alone.

CH. But to what will you betake yourself?

CR. Seizing hold of this man, I will carry him away.

CH. Your threat is dreadful.

CR. Believe me that it shall soon be now accomplished, if the ruler of this land prevent me not.

ŒD. O shameless voice! for wilt thou touch me?

CR. I command you to be silent.

ŒD. No; for may not these goddesses yet make me silent of this curse, at least against thee, who, O basest wretch, in addition to the loss of my former eyes, hast gone off, carrying away by force my only eye that was left; therefore may the all-seeing sun of the gods give thee thyself, and thy race, some time or other, to grow old, like me, in a life such as this.

CR. Behold ye this, ye inhabitants of this land?

ŒD. They see both thee and me; and understand that,

having suffered in deeds, I revenge myself on thee with words.

CR. I will not restrain my anger, but will carry him off by force, even though I am alone and slow through age.

ŒD. O wretched me!

CH. With how much audacity hast thou come, O stranger, if you deem you shall accomplish these things!

CR. I deem I shall.

CH. Then I no longer count this a state.

CR. In the cause of justice, even the small overcomes the great.

ŒD. Do you hear what sort of things he utters?

CH. Things which at least he shall not accomplish.

CR. Jove may know these things, but not thou.

CH. But is not this insult?

CR. Yes, insult; but it must be borne.

CH. Ho! all ye people! Ho! ye chiefs of the land! Come with speed; come, since they already are passing all bounds.

THESEUS. What can be this clamor? What is the matter? From what possible fear have ye checked me in the sacrifice of oxen at the altar to the ocean-god, the president of this Colonus? Tell me, that I may know the whole, for the sake of which I have rushed hither more quickly than suited the ease of my feet.

ŒD. O dearest friend—for I knew thy voice—I have just suffered dreadful things at the hands of this man.

TH. Of what kind are they? and who did you the wrong? Speak.

ŒD. Creon here, whom you see, has carried off the sole pair of my daughters.

TH. How sayest thou?

ŒD. Thou hast heard what things I have suffered.

TH. Will not, then, some one of the servants, going as quickly as possible to these altars, compel all the people, both unmounted and mounted, to hasten from the sacrifice with loosened rein, where the double-opening paths of the wayfarers nearest meet, that the virgins may not pass by, and I, vanquished by force, become a laughing-stock to this stranger fellow? Go, as I have commanded, with speed. And this man, indeed, if I had come with the anger of which he is

worthy, I should not have suffered to pass through my hands without a wound; but now with those laws, which having, he entered the country,[1] with those, and no other, shall he be fitted. For you shall never depart from the land till, bringing those virgins here, you place them plain before me, since you have acted in a way neither worthy of me, nor of those from whom you are sprung, nor of thine own country; you who entering a state that practices justice, and ratifies nothing without the law, and then disregarding the authorities of this land, breaking in thus, carry off what you choose, and make them subject to you by force. And to me, you must have thought that there was a city void of men, or slavish, and that I was the same as nobody. And yet Thebes, at least, did not teach you to be base; for she is not wont to train up unjust men, nor would she praise you, if she heard of you violating my rights, and those of the gods, carrying away by force the suppliant bodies of wretched mortals. I would not certainly, entering your country, though I had the justest pretenses in the world, I would not, without the consent of the sovereign of the land at least, whosoever he were, have either dragged or carried away; but I would have known how it were proper for a stranger to conduct himself among citizens. But you yourself disgrace your own country, not worthy of reproach, and increasing years make you at once an old man and a dotard. I have said then both before, and I repeat it now, let some one, as quickly as possible, bring hither the maidens, unless you wish to become a foreign dweller in this land by force and against your will;[2] and this sentence I pronounce to you equally with my mind and with my tongue.

CH. Do you see to what you have come, O stranger? so that by those from whom you are sprung you appear just, but are detected in doing what is base.

[1] That is, "Quandoquidem sub amici specie venit, non pro hoste habebitur."—Musgrave.

[2] Μέτοικος was the name appropriated to designate a foreigner resident in Athens. There was a very large class of this description, as we may see by the numbers of them that went out in various expeditions during the Peloponnesian war. It is in this body that Theseus threatens to incorporate Creon; adding, for the sake of perspicuity rather than brevity, that it should not only be by force, but also against his will.—TR. The wonder is, how Creon was silly enough to trust himself upon a freebooting adventure in a country *not his* own, with no efficient guard.—B.

CR. I, neither considering this city without citizens, O son of Ægeus, nor without counsel, as you allege, have achieved this deed; but conceiving that no such violent love of my kindred would ever fall on these men, so that they would maintain them against my will. And I knew that they would not receive a parricide and wretch impure, nor one to whom there was found subsisting the unhallowed marriage of child [with mother]. Of this nature I knew with them the Areopagus' sage council coeval with the soil,[1] which does not permit such wandering beggars to dwell together in this city. On it relying I essayed this prey; and I would not have done so had he not imprecated bitter curses on me myself, and on my race; in return for which, I, having suffered, thought fit to make this retaliation; for of anger there is no other old age except in death, but no grief affects the dead. You will therefore do whatsoever you please, since my unguarded state, even though I say what is just, makes me feeble. But to deeds, nevertheless, even being aged as I am, I will endeavor to make requital.

ŒD. O shameless audacity! whom do you think you insult in this, whether me, an old man, or yourself? who have uttered to me from your lips the slaughters, and marriages, and calamities, which I, wretched, have unwillingly endured. For to the gods it thus seemed fit perchance, bearing wrath for some offense against the race of old;[2] since in myself at least you would not find any reproach of guilt, in return for

[1] *Χθόνιον* is translated by some "subterraneous," referring it to the manner in which the council sat, always in the dark, and deep below ground. The compliments which Creon pays it are just; for though the nature of it be not so well known as might be wished, there is little doubt that it was one of the wisest and best institutions of antiquity. The proof of this is found in its rigid and impartial administration during the most corrupt times, and in its duration and reverence long after the more splendid glories of Athens had all departed.

[2] The Calvinism, or rather fatalism, of the Greeks was very strong. They implicitly believed in a predestined chain of evils, commencing with the guilty deed of some individual, and continuing through all his future race, till vengeance was fully wreaked by its extermination. The tragedians avail themselves very successfully of this superstition; and the principle is in itself, indeed, finely calculated for heightening the dramatic effect. There is something fearful in the darkling way in which the devoted victims of heaven's wrath are hurried on to penal destruction, while there is an admirable opportunity afforded, by the innocence of the principal sufferer, to awaken and justify the sympathy of the audience.

which I perpetrated these sins against myself and my kindred. For tell me, if an annunciation from heaven had come to my father by oracles, that he should die by his children, how can you justly reproach me with this, who had not at all any generative increase from father or mother, but was then unborn? And if, again, when born to misery, as I was born, I came to strife with my father, and slew him, unweening of any thing I did, and against whom I did it; how, at least, could you justly censure that which was sure an unwilling deed? And are you not ashamed, wretch, to make me speak of the marriage of my mother, who was your sister? a marriage such as I shall speedily declare; for I then will not be silent, when thou, forsooth, hast proceeded to this unhallowed tale. For she bore me, she bore me, woe is me for my miseries! she ignorant, me ignorant, and having given me birth she produced to me children, her own reproach. But one thing, at least, then I know, that you indeed willingly have in these words reviled me and her, and that I unwillingly married her, and unwillingly mention this. Yet neither in this marriage shall I be talked of as wicked,[1] nor in the slaughter of my father, with which you always charge me, bitterly upbraiding. For answer me but one thing of what I ask you: If any one standing by here should immediately attempt to slay you, the upright man, whether would you inquire if your father were the assassin, or would you straightway avenge yourself on him? I think, indeed, an you love life, that you would take vengeance on the guilty, nor would consider what is just. Into such evils I also have entered, the gods impelling me; to which declaration I deem that the ghost[2] of

[1] The justification which Œdipus offers of himself in this speech is a little inconsistent with the violent remorse which he elsewhere exhibits. He was incensed, however, by the remarks of Creon; and might feel like many other people, who talk freely of their own imperfections, and yet get very wroth if their neighbors take the same liberty.

[2] The writings of the tragedians, and, indeed, of all the ancient poets, teem with the notion of a reappearance of the dead, and a revenge upon those who had done them ill during life (see Æsch. Choeph. 32, 136, 315, 333, 479; Eum 94, sqq.; Eurip. Hec. 1, sqq.); and thence it was believed that the ghosts of the dead might be summoned into life, either to give advice, as Darius appears to Atossa in the Persæ, and as in the resuscitation of Polycritus mentioned by Phlegon, Trallianus, de mirab. q. 2, p. 21, ed. Meurs., or to denounce their murderer, as Clytemnestra

my father, could it live, would not say the contrary. But you (for you are not just, but deem every thing proper to mention, words that may, and words that may not be spoken) reproach me with such things in the presence of these men. And yet it seems honorable to you to flatter the name of Theseus and Athens, how nobly she is constituted; and while you thus praise many things, you forget this one, that if any land knows to worship the gods with honors, in that this land excels, from which you have endeavored to steal away me, myself, an aged suppliant, and have gone off with my daughters. In return for which, I now, invoking these goddesses, supplicate them and enjoin them in my prayers to come my allies, and aid, in order that you may well learn by what sort of men this city is guarded.

Ch. The stranger, oh king, is a good man; but his sufferings are utterly ruinous, and worthy of protection.

Th. Enough of words, since the ravishers indeed hasten away, and we, the sufferers, stand still.

Cr. What, in truth, do you command to a feeble man to do?

Th. To begin the way thither, and to go a guide to me, in order that, if you have our maidens in these places, you yourself may show them to me. But if those who have them in their power fly, there is no need to take the trouble; for there are others who hasten, for whom having escaped out of this country, they'll never have to thank the gods. But lead on the way, and know that seizing, you are seized, and that fortune hath taken you, the hunter; for possessions acquired by unjust trick are not preserved. And you shall have no other one to assist you in these things;[1] since I know, from the daring at present exhibited, that you have not come

in the Eumenides, and as the wronged virgin who had appeared to Pausanias at Byzantium, and subsequently being evoked *εἰς τὸ ψυχοπομπεῖον* by her murderer, foretold his end in a mysterious prophecy. Cf. Plutarch de sera num. vind. p. 40, ed. Wytt. So, also, the ghost of the departed is evoked to declare his murderer, in Apul. Metam. ii. p. 35; and a similar ceremony is fully described in Heliodor. Ethiop. vi. 14. The Trophonian *νεκνομαντεῖον* is described by Maximus Tyrius, xiv. § 2, and the *ψυχαγωγοὶ* by Plato de legg. x. p. 909, B. Steph. and Liban. t. i. p. 900, Tibull. i. 2, 23. Hence the reader may perceive how great was the strength of this adjuration in a day when the belief that the deceased might confront his murderer even in this world, existed.—B.

[1] But see Wunder.—B.

unattended or unharmed for such great insults; but there is something, on which relying, you have done these things which it behooves me to examine, nor to make this city weaker than a single man. Understand you aught of these words? or do they appear to you to have been vainly spoken, both just now, and when you contrived this attempt?

Cr. You will say nothing while here to be found fault with by me; but at home we shall know what it is fitting to do.

Th. Go now and threaten.[1] But do you, O Œdipus, remain here with us in quiet, assured that if I do not first die, I shall not cease until I put you in possession of your children.

Œd. May you be blest, O Theseus! both for the sake of your generous spirit, and your righteous provident care of us.

Chorus. Would that I were where the gatherings of hostile men shall quickly mingle in the brazen din of battle, either by the Pythian shrines[2] or the gleaming[3] shores, where the awful goddesses foster for the mortal race[4] those hallowed rites of which the golden key hath even come upon the tongue of the ministering Eumolpidæ.[5] There methinks that Theseus[6] awaking the fight and the twin virgin sisters will quickly engage with prevailing shouts in these regions; or somewhere are they approaching, from Æa's pastures, the western ridge of the snowy rock, flying on steeds, or with racings that whirl along the car? He will be taken.[7] Dreadful is the martial spirit of the natives, and dreadful the might of the sons of Theseus; for every bit is gleaming, and every one is hastening to mount the steeds with frontlet trappings—they, who honor equestrian Minerva, and the earth-encircling king of ocean,

[1] See Reisig.—B.

[2] The shrine alluded to was dedicated to the Pythian Apollo at Marathon.

[3] Gleaming with the sacred torches made use of in the Eleusinian mysteries.

[4] There is something in the mystery and solemnity of this expression that would half induce one to believe in Warburton's theory of the worship of the one and true God being preserved at Eleusis.

[5] The scholiasts give us different accounts of the first Eumolpus; but whoever he may have been, his descendants retained his name and office of priesthood at Eleusis.

[6] But see Herm. and Wund.—B.

[7] Hermann well remarks that *ἁλώσεται* refers to Creon. The translator had connected it with *δεινὸς....Ἄρης*.—B.

Rhea's dear son. Do they fight? or are they on the point of engaging?[1] How my mind presages something to me, that they shall quickly give up her who has endured dreadful things, and met with dreadful sufferings at the hands of her kindred! Jove will accomplish, he will accomplish something this day. I am the prophet of a successful strife. Would that I a dove, borne fleet as the whirlwind, with the speed of strength, might from a cloud on high reach these contests, having lifted aloft mine eyes![2] O Jove, all-ruler of gods, whose eye is over all, grant to the leaders of the people of this land in conquering strength to crown their ambush with the glorious prey! and thy hallowed daughter, Pallas Minerva; and the hunter Apollo, and his sister that pursues the swift-footed dappled fawns —I implore to come a twofold aid to this land and to its citizens. Oh wandering stranger, you will not say to your watchman that he is a false prophet, for I see these virgins again hither near approaching.

ŒD. Where? where? What say you? How said you?

ANT. Oh father! father! who of the gods would grant you to behold this best of men, who has sent us hither to you?

ŒD. Oh my child, are ye two present?

ANT. Yes; for these hands of Theseus, and of his dearest attendants, have preserved us.

ŒD. Come hither, oh daughter! to your father, and grant me to touch that body which I never hoped would have returned.

ANT. You ask what you shall obtain; for with longing is this favor [granted].[3]

ŒD. Where, in truth, where are ye?

ANT. Here we are, approaching together.

ŒD. Oh dearest branches!

ANT. To its author every thing is dear.

[1] Μέλλουσι is wrongly given by Brunck "morantur," which is not only false to the meaning, but totally does away with the energy of the passage.—TR. Cf. Thucyd. i. ἢ μέλλοντες πολεμήσειν, ἢ ἐν αὐτῷ ἤδη ὄντες.—B.

[2] The order is πελειὰς (ἀφ') αἰθερίας νεφ· ἐωρήσασα τοὐμὸν ὄμμα κύρσαιμι τῶνδ' ἀνώνων. See Wunder.—B.

[3] σὺν πόθῳ γὰρ ἡ χάρις, *i. e.*, gratiam petis quam ipsæ ultro præstare cupidissimæ sumus.—Musgrave.

ŒD. Oh props of a man—

ANT. Of an unhappy man, though, the unhappy props—

ŒD. I clasp what is dearest to me; nor should I any longer be utterly wretched in death, you two standing by me. Support, oh my child, both my sides; implanting yourselves in your planter, and make me to cease from my former solitary and wretched wandering; and tell me what has been done, as briefly as possible, since few words suffice to virgins of such an age.

ANT. This is he here who saved us: to him it is fitting to listen, oh father! and this business will be short both to you and me.

ŒD. O stranger, wonder not at my earnestness, if, my children having unexpectedly appeared, I lengthen my words! for I know that this delight, given by you to me in them, has arisen from no other; for you have preserved them, and no other mortal. And may the gods give to you, as I wish, both to yourself and this land; since among you, at least, alone of men, have I found piety, and equity, and truth. And having experienced them, I repay them with these words; for I have what I have through you, and no other mortal. And stretch out, oh king, your right hand to me, that I may touch it, and kiss, if it be lawful, your brow. And yet what do I say? How should I, who have been miserable, wish to touch a man with whom there is no stain of evils an inmate? I will not touch you, nor, therefore, will I permit you [to touch me]; for it is possible only to such mortals as have had experience of them, to join in supporting miseries like these. But do you, from that spot, receive my farewell, and for the future justly take care of me, as you have done to this day.

TH. Neither if you have made the length of your words greater, being delighted with these children, do I wonder; nor if, in preference to me, you have first chosen their conversation; for no displeasure from these things possesses me; for I do not strive to make my life more glorious by words than by deeds. And I prove it; for of those things which I swore, I have deceived you, old man, in nothing; for I am present, bringing these virgins alive, uninjured by what was threatened against them. And how, indeed, this contest was won—what need is there vainly to vaunt that which you, at any rate, will learn *yourself* from these two, associating with

them? But apply your mind to the tale that has just met me, coming hither, since it is trifling indeed to tell, but worthy to excite wonder; and it is fitting that a man should neglect no matter.

ŒD. And what is it, son of Ægeus? Instruct me, as I myself know nothing of those things of which you are informed.

TH. They say that some man, being no fellow-citizen indeed of yours, but a kinsman, sits somehow a suppliant at our altar of Neptune, by which I chanced to be sacrificing when I rushed away.

ŒD. Of what country? Seeking what by this supplicatory posture?

TH. I know but one thing; for he requests, as they tell me, a short conversation with you, not full of trouble.

ŒD. Of what kind? for this sitting by the altar is of no slight import.

TH. They say that he, coming, requests to come to conversation with you, and to depart without injury from his journey hither.

ŒD. Who then can he be who sits in this posture?

TH. See if at Argos there be any kinsman to you, who would seek to obtain this from you.

ŒD. Oh, dearest friend, hold where you are.

TH. What is the matter with you?

ŒD. Ask me not.

TH. Of what sort of thing? Speak.

ŒD. I fully know, hearing these words,[1] who is the suppliant.

TH. And who at all is he whom I should have cause to reprehend?

ŒD. It is my hated son, oh king! whose words most painfully of all men would I endure to hear.

TH. But why? Is it not permitted you to hear and to

[1] *ἀκούων τῶνδε*, sc. *λόγων*. Brumoy conceives *παίδων* to be the word understood; "Antigone et sa sœur devinent que c'est leur frère Polynice, et elles le disent à leur père." Pray what is the occasion of giving the young ladies more penetration than their father? The words of Theseus were so plain that Œdipus, except he were deaf as well as blind, must have very easily made out the matter.

refrain from doing what you do not wish? Why is it disagreeable to you to listen?

Œd. This voice, oh king! comes most hateful to a father; and do not urge me of necessity to grant this request.

Th. But if his seat compel you, consider if the reverence of the divinity be not to be observed.

Ant. Father, obey me, though young I give advice. Suffer this man[1] to give gratification to his own mind, and to the god what he wishes; and to us twain grant that our brother should come; for be confident that whatever he shall say inexpedient to you, will not pervert you by force from your purpose. And what hurt is it to hear words? works of the most glorious invention are made known by words. You begat him; so that neither, O father, though he did to you the worst of most impious wrongs, is it lawful for you at least to repay him with evil:[2] but suffer him; there are also to others bad children and fierce anger, but admonished by the spell-words of friends, they are softened in nature. But do you not now look back to those sufferings from father and mother which you endured; though even if you look on them, I know you will perceive the end of evil anger, how it comes in addition evil; for you bear no slight impressions of this, being deprived of your sightless eyes. But yield to us; for it is not good for those to press, who ask for just things, nor for you yourself to receive benefits, and having received, not to know how to repay them.

Œd. My child, ye gain from me by your speeches a reluctant pleasure. Let it be then as is agreeable to you; only, friend, if he shall come hither, let no one ever have control over me.

Th. Once, old man, not twice, do I seek to hear such requests. I wish not to boast; but know that you are safe, if any one of the gods shall also preserve me.

Chorus. Whoever seeks to live for a lengthened term, neglecting the mean, will be proved in my mind to cherish folly; since oft has length of days brought us nearer to pain, and you can nowhere see aught of joy when any one may meet with

[1] Theseus, not Polynices.

[2] The character of Antigone always appears in the most amiable light. Her sentiments breathe at once of the purest sisterly love, and of a spirit of forgiveness almost worthy of a Christian.

more than his wishes require; but death is the aid (of our troubles) that ends with the grave,[1] when that fate hath appeared without nuptial hymn, without lyre, or dance, and death to close the scene. Not to have been born at all is superior to every view of the question; and this when one may have seen the light, to return thence whence he came as quickly as possible, is far the next best. For when youth comes bringing light follies, who wanders without the pale of many sorrows?[2] what suffering is not there? murders, factions, strife, battle, and envy: and loathsome old age hath gained the last scene—impotent, unsociable, friendless old age, where all ills, worst of ills, dwell together. In which state this wretched man, not I alone, as some promontory exposed to the north, is beaten on all sides by the dashings of the billows in the winter storm; thus also dreadful calamities, bursting like waves over his head, ever present beat on him—some indeed from the setting of the sun, and some from his rise, and some from his midday beam, and some from the cloud-dimmed stars of night.[3]

Ant. And in truth, hitherward to us, as appears, the stranger, O father! unaccompanied, at least, by men, makes his way, copiously shedding tears from his eyes.[4]

[1] I have rendered this difficult passage according to Dindorf's text. But Wunder reads *οὐδ ἔπι κόρος*, and joins *Μοῖρα ἴσοτ' Ἀϊδος*. None of the present explanations seem satisfactory, *ἐπίκουρος* is perhaps required by what follows, being used in the sense of "levamen." Cf. Silius xi. 185, "nullo vos invida tanto Armavit Natura bono, quam janua mortis (Quod patet) e vita non æqua, exire potestas."—B.

[2] *Τίς ἐξω τοῦ πολύμοχθος εἶναι ἐπλανήθη.*—Scholiast.

[3] The poet, who through the whole of this chorus has been comfortably obscure, works himself up by the end of it into absolute mysticism. It seems like an imitation of the worst style of Æschylus, and bears very few marks of the correctness and good taste for which Sophocles is usually distinguished.—Tr. Some commentators, with the scholiast, understand *νυχιᾶν ἀπὸ Ῥιπᾶν* as referring to the Rhipæan Mountains, thereby pointing to the northern parts of the heavens. This is somewhat favored by the preceding words. But I think it is more natural to take the whole passage as referring to the troubles that befall men at different times of life. Cf. vs. 1229–37, Æsch. Choeph. 62, *τοῖς μὲν ἐν φάει, Τὰ δ' ἐν μεταιχμίῳ οκότου. . . .τούς δ' ἀκραντος ἔχει νῦξ.* The phrase *νυχίων* appears to denote the weak, uncertain light of the stars struggling through the clouds on a dark night. Cf. Boeth. de Consol. I. metr. vii. i.: "Nubibus atris Condita nullum Fundere possunt Sidera lumen."—B.

[4] *ἀστακτί*, not in drops, but in showers.

ŒD. Who is he?

ANT. Even whom we formerly conceived in mind; Polynices is here present.

POLYNICES. Woe is me! what shall I do? Whether, sisters, shall I first weep over my own misfortunes, or those that I behold of this my aged father? whom, on a foreign soil, I have found, with you two here, cast out, clothed in such a garment, whose loathsome aged filth hath fixed itself on the old man, wasting away his body, and on his sightless head his uncombed hair streams to the wind; and congenial to these, it appears, he has the nourishment for his miserable stomach. All which things I, utterly abandoned wretch! too late learn; and I call you to witness that I have come, the worst of men, in providing for your support:[1] seek not to know my state from others. But since over every work is Mercy joint assessor to Jove on his throne, let her, O father! also take her stand by thee; for of transgressions there is remedy, though no longer recall.[2] Why are you silent? Speak something, O father! do not turn away from me. Will you not answer any thing to me, but send me away, dishonoring me, without a word, nor telling at what you are angry? O daughters of this man, and sisters mine, but do you at least attempt to awaken our father's words, difficult to gain, and devoid of affability, that he may not thus, at any rate, send me away dishonored, at least as suppliant of the god, replying not a single word.

ANT. Say, oh unhappy man! yourself, in want of what you are present; for oft have words, either causing some delight

[1] Some give the meaning of this passage thus: "I call you to witness that, though I am the worst of men, I have now come to provide for your support." This is plausible enough; but what immediately follows, τοῦτο μὴ ἐξ ἄλλων πύθῃ, makes it much more like an acknowledgment of guilt.

[2] This is another disputed point. The scholiast, whom I follow, explains προσφορά as meaning ἐπανάληψις; Brunck, "exprobatio;" and Musgrave supplies τῶν ἁγῶν after προσφορά. Remedia quidem adsunt, sed ea admovere non licet.—TR. I think that προσφορά can not bear the sense assigned to it by the translator, especially as the scholiast's gloss belongs to ἄκη. Hermann well remarks that Polynices says, "priora peccata se velle corrigere, non augere aliis." But to gain this meaning, a strong adversative particle seems to be required. Perhaps we should read προσφορὰ γὰρ οὐκ ἔτι, or προσφορὰ δ' οὐκ ἔστι δή.—B.

or displeasure, or moving somehow to pity, give some speech to the silent.[1]

Pol. But I will speak out [for well you direct me], first making the god himself my ally, from whose altar the king of this land raised me up to come hither, granting both to speak and to hear with safe departure; and these boons, O strangers, I should wish to gain from you, and from these my sisters, and from my father. But for what purpose I have come, I now wish, O father, to tell you. I have been driven forth an exile from my native soil because I claimed, being sprung from elder birth, to sit on thy imperial throne. Wherefore, Eteocles, being by birth the younger, drove me out of the land; neither having overcome me by question of right, nor having come the trial of hand or deed, but having persuaded the city: of which misfortunes I account your imprecated vengeance to have been the principal cause; and then from prophets also I hear it declared in this way. For when I came to Doric Argos, having gained Adrastus as my father-in-law, I procured sworn associates to myself, as many as are styled the chiefs of the Apian[2] land and are honored in war, in order that, having assembled with these an expedition, led by seven spears, against Thebes, I might either rightfully fall,[3] or drive forth from the land those who wrought these deeds. So far, so good. Why in truth do I now chance to have come? To thee, O father, bringing suppliant prayers myself both for myself and for my allies, who now with seven squadrons, and with seven spears, encircle all the plain of Thebe; such as is Amphiaraus, brandishing his spear, holding the first place in war, and the first in the

[1] I can not help thinking that *τινά* is a botch to the verse, and that we should read *παρέσχε φωνὴν τοῖς ἀφωνήτοις πάρος*, "to those before silent."—B.

[2] Apia was the old name of the Peloponnesus. The origin of it is given, though with no great probability, in the Supplices of Æschylus, 268.

[3] Musgrave takes *πανδίκως* along with *ἀγείρας*; and Benedict with *ἐκβάλοιμι*. There is no great occasion for forcing it so violently out of its natural place. Polynices means to say that if he fell in attempting to regain his own, he would fall at least in a rightful cause.—Tr. Wunder would interpret *πανδίκως*, "radicitus funditus," after Dœderlin, which seems the idea of a grammarian rather than a poet. I prefer keeping the chivalric sense of *πανδίκως*, although I will spare my reader certain quotations from "King Arthur" and the "Fairy Queen."—B.

aths of birds; and the second is an Ætolian, Tydeus, son f Æneus; and the third is Eteocles, by birth an Argive; a ourth, Hippomedon, his father Talaus hath sent; the fifth, apaneus, boasts that he will quickly in flames lay level with he ground the city of Thebe; and sixth, the Arcadian Parhenopæus rushes on, bearing the name of his mother, in forner time long a virgin, sprung from her throes, the doughty on of Atalanta; and I, thy son; if not thy son, but sprung rom evil doom, yet thine at least by name, do lead the fearess host of Argos against Thebes: who all in supplication imlore thee, O father, by these thy children, and by thy life, to nitigate thy heavy wrath against me proceeding to the punshment of my brother, who drove me out, and robbed me f my country. For if there be any faith in oracles, with whomsoever you may join, to these the god declared that the ictory would be. Now, by our native fountains and our indred gods,[1] I implore you to obey me, and to yield from our purpose, since we are poor and strangers, and you a tranger; and you and I live paying court to others, having ained by lot the same fortune. But he at home a king, unappy me! laughing in common at us, pampers himself up: whom, if you accord with my inclinations, I will overthrow vith slight trouble and time; so that, bringing you, I shall lace you in your palace, and place myself there, driving out im by force. And this, if you assent to my wish, it is alowed me to boast; but without you, I am not even able to e saved.

CH. Having said, oh Œdipus! to this man, for the sake of im that sent him, what is expedient, again send him back.

ŒD. But if indeed, ye men, Theseus, the ruler of the eople of this land, had not chanced to send him hither to ne, claiming that he should hear my words, he had never at ny time heard my voice! but now he shall depart gifted with hat honor, and having heard too from me such things as vill never cheer his life. You indeed, oh basest of men! who having the sceptre and the throne which your brother ow sways in Thebes, yourself drove away this your own ather, and forced him to be an exile from the city, and to

[1] Nothing can be more beautiful and impressive than this appeal: even he old muddled scholiast is affected by it: *παθητικόν ἐστι τὸ πρὸς παρῶν κρηνῶν ὅρκοῦν, ὡς εἰ ἔφη πρὸς τῶν ἐκθρεψάντων σε ὑδάτων.*

wear these garments, which you now beholding, weep, when you chance to have come into the same trouble of sorrows with me. But these things are not to be wept by me, but to be endured while I live, bearing remembrance of you, a murderer.[1] For you have made me fellow with this toil, you have driven me out, and by your work I wandering beg from others my daily subsistence. And if I had not begotten these as nurses to myself, these daughters, assuredly I had been no more, for thy part; but now these preserve me, these my nurses, these men, not women, to assist in toil. Ye have been born from some other, and not from me. Wherefore the divinity beholds you, not at all just now, as if shortly,[2] indeed these squadrons are moved against the city of Thebe. For it can not be that thou shouldst overthrow that city, but first thou shalt fall defiled with blood, and your brother equally. Such curses formerly did I emit against you,[3] and now I again invoke them to come allies to me, in order that ye may think it fit to reverence parents, and may not treat them with dishonor, if such ye twain have sprung from a blind father; for these virgins did not thus. Wherefore the curses shall possess your seat and your throne, if Justice, famed of old, jointly preside with Jove over his ancient laws. But do you go to ruin, both spurned and disowned by me, basest of the base, taking with you these curses, which on you I invoke, never to gain possession of your native land by the spear, and never to return to hollow Argos, but to die by a brother's hand, to slay him by whom you were driven out. Such curses I imprecate, and I invoke the murky parent gloom of Tartarus to receive you in its mansions:[4] and I

[1] Polynices ab Œdipo videtur consulto φονεύς appellari, ut æquali se calamitate a filiis suis adfici indicaret, qua ipse ignarus Laïum patrem suum e vita sustulerit.—Benedict.

[2] That is, "Fortune will then frown upon you."

[3] The scholiast gives rather a quizzical account of these former curses of Œdipus. His sons had been in the practice, when they sacrificed, of sending him a shoulder, but on one occasion they disappointed the old gentleman of his favorite part, and only sent him a thigh. He was so enraged at them for their *joint* neglect, that he uttered those curses which entailed ruin and death on their heads.

[4] There is nothing, even in the curses of Lear, more strong and horrible than this. The expressions on the occasion of the thigh are not handed down to us; but it is to be hoped that they were not quite so bitter as this second and improved edition.

invoke these goddesses, and I invoke Mars, who has inspired you with this dire hatred. And having heard these words, depart, and going, announce both to all the people of Cadmus, and at the same time to your faithful allies, that Œdipus has awarded such gifts to his children.

CH. Polynices, I do not congratulate you on the way you have passed; and now go back again with all speed.

POL. Woe is me for my journey, and for my ill success! and woe is me for my associates! For what an issue of our expedition then have we set out from Argos? Oh, unhappy me! such a one as it is neither allowed me to tell to any of my associates, nor to turn them back, but remaining silent, to encounter this fate. Oh sisters! sprung from the same blood with me, but ye, since ye hear our father imprecating these harsh curses, do not ye at least, by the gods, if the curses of this my father be accomplished, and ye have any return to your home, do not ye at least, by the gods, treat me with dishonor, but lay me in the tomb, and with funeral rites. And praise, which you now carry off from this man for the things in which ye labor, you will gain another no less from your ministry to me.

ANT. Polynices, I beseech you in something to obey me.

POL. In what sort of thing, dearest Antigone? Say.

ANT. Turn back, as quickly as possible at least, your armament to Argos, and do not destroy both yourself and the city.

POL. But it is not possible. For how could I again lead the same army, having once trembled?[1]

ANT. And what need is there, O youth, again to give way to your anger? What gain results to you, having overthrown your native country?

POL. It is base to fly, and that I, the elder, should thus be laughed at by my brother.

ANT. Do you see, then, how you directly bear to fulfillment his oracles, who predicts to you death by each other's hands?

POL. Yes, he wills it so,[2] but we must not yield.

ANT. Woe is me, unhappy woman! But who will dare to follow you, hearing the prophecies of this man, such as he has delivered?

[1] See Wunder.—B.

[2] So Hermann, more *forcibly* than according to the ordinary interpretation: *"he predicts it."* The predictions were already known.—B.

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Pol. We will not announce what is bad, since it is the part of a good general to speak of success, not failure.

Ant. Thus then, O youth, are these things decreed by you.

Pol. Yes, and do not indeed restrain me. But to me this expedition will be a care, though consigned to misfortune and ruin by my father and his Furies. And to you may Jove grant a propitious way, if ye perform these things to me in death; since to me in life, at least, you will not again have it in your power. And now let me go, and fare ye well, for ye never will more behold me alive.[1]

Ant. O unhappy me!

Pol. Do not mourn for me.

Ant. And who, O brother! would not groan over you, rushing to evident destruction?

Pol. If it be fated I shall die.

Ant. Do not you, sure you will not, but be persuaded by me.[2]

Pol. Do not persuade me what is not fitting.

Ant. Unhappy then am I, if I be deprived of you.

Pol. These things rest with the divinity, to take place in this way or that way. But I pray the gods that ye may never meet with evils, for ye are in all respects unworthy to be unfortunate.

Ch. These new evils have come anew upon me, new evils of heavy fate from the sightless stranger, unless fate be coming somewhere[3]—for I can not say that any decree of the gods is in vain. Time regards, ever regards these things,[4] sometimes

[1] It would appear from this expression that Antigone, in the agony of sisterly love, had thrown her arms around her ill-fated brother, and endeavored thus to restrain him, when her tears and her prayers were of no avail. The whole scene is exquisitely tender and beautiful, and presents a fine contrast to the unnatural sentiments and stern curses which Œdipus had just before uttered.

[2] Such is the only way in which the force of the γε, in this place, can properly be given.

[3] I have translated this phrase εἴ τι μοῖρα μὴ κιγχάνει as an *abrupta oratio*. The Chorus, alarmed by the lowering sky, and inspired with some uncertain presage, speak of impending evil, yet scarce knowing whether that fate awaits them or their hapless guest. I think that an accusative is omitted out of a dread of mentioning the death of Œdipus clearly. This view of the presage is confirmed by the following verses. See, however, Hermann, who, with the scholiast, plainly refers it to fate overtaking Œdipus.—B.

[4] There is much difficulty in these lines, especially in ἐπεὶ, which can

adverse, yet again uplifting them each day. The firmament hath thundered, O Jove!

ŒD. O children! children! how, if there be here any dweller in the place, would he send hither the all-excellent Theseus?[1]

ANT. But what, father, is the plea upon which you summon him?

ŒD. This winged thunder of Jove will straightway bear me to the shades; but send with all speed.

CH. Behold a mighty unspeakable peal, sent by Jove, is crashing along. Terror hath crept along the summits of the hairs of my head. I crouch in spirit, for the lightning of heaven is again blazing. What issue indeed will it produce? But I fear; for never does it rush from heaven vainly or without consequences. O mighty firmament! O Jove!

ŒD. Oh my children, the predicted end of life hath come to me, and there is no longer escape from it.

ANT. How do you know it? by what do you conjecture it?[2]

ŒD. I know it well; but let some one, going as quickly as possible, send hither to me the king of the land.

CH. Oh! oh! Behold how terribly again the piercing[3] roar rolls around us. Be merciful, oh divinity, be merciful, if you chance to bear some dark doom to my mother earth: and may I meet with a man propitious; nor having seen an accursed one,[4] may I anyhow reap a bootless favor. King Jove, to thee I speak.

scarcely stand for ὡς, as Wunder supposes. I think that it must be corrupt, and that some word equivalent to ἔσθ' ὅτε or ὅπου has dropped out in its stead. As it is, I have chiefly followed Hermann.—B.

[1] Œdipus immediately perceives that his hour is come. Early in the play he mentions that he expected such a sign:

Σημεῖα δ' ἤξειν τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ παρηγγύα,
Ἢ σεισμὸν, ἢ βροντήν τιν' ἢ Διὸς σέλας.

This circumstance is in itself productive of a sublime and almost appalling sensation; and the play proceeds from this point to the catastrophe in a strain of unequaled grandeur and effect.

[2] Pindar, Nem. xi. 43, συμβαλεῖν λίαν εὐμαρές. Nicolaus Damasc. M.S. fol. 3, συμβάλλει τὴν τοῦ ὀνείρου φήμην.—B.

[3] Διαπρύσιος, "penetrans;" by which may either be expressed the reverberation of sound through the sky, or the Chorus may mean that the thunder thrills, if we may so say, through them.

[4] Since ἄλαστος is akin to ἀλάστωρ, and we meet with πατρὸς ἔμφυτον Ἄλαστον ἁλμα in vs. 1671, it is strange that the translator should have

ŒD. Is the man near? Will he yet, my children, find me alive, and possessed of my senses?

ANT. And what secret trust would you wish to commit to his breast?

ŒD. In return for the favors I have received, to give him the consummation of the favor I promised.

CH. Ho, ho, my son! come, come, if at the extremity of the beach you are consecrating the sacrificial altar to Neptune, god of the sea, come; for the stranger deems it right to return to you, and to the city, and to his friends the just favors he has received. Hasten, rush, oh king!

TH. What common uproar again resounds from you, clearly proceeding from yourselves, and distinctly from the stranger? Has some bolt of Jove, or shower of hail burst upon you? for one may conjecture every thing of this kind, when the god raises the storm.

ŒD. Oh king! you have appeared to me wishing, and some god gave you the happy fortune of this coming.

TH. But what new thing, O son of Laïus, has again arisen?

ŒD. This is the crisis of life to me,[1] and I wish to die without deceiving you and this city in what I promised.

TH. On what certain sign of death do you depend?

ŒD. The gods, themselves their heralds, announce it to me, being false to none of the previously-concerted signs.

TH. How sayest thou, old man, that these things are unfolded?

ŒD. The frequent continuous thunderings, and the many bolts flashing from the hand invincible.

TH. You persuade me, for I see you predicting many things, and these not of false report; and tell me what it is fitting to do.

rendered it "not to be forgotten; for the sentiment, by which those who held communion with the impious were supposed to suffer the penalty of their crimes, was very common. Cf. Hesiod, *ἔργ.* 238, *πολλάκι καὶ ξύμπασα πόλις κακοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀπήυρα, Ὅστις ἀλιτραίνει καὶ ἀτάσθαλα μηχανάαται. Τοῖσιν δ' οὐρανόθεν μέγ' ἐπήγαγε πῆμα Κρονίων Λιμὸν ὁμοῦ καὶ λοιμόν, ἀποφθινύθουσι δέ λαοί. Θήδὲ γυναῖκες τίκτουσιν, μινύθουσι δὲ οἶκοι.* Babrias, Fab. 117, *ἑνὸς γὰρ ἀσεβοῦς ἐμβεβηκότος πλοίῳ, Πολλοὺς σῦν αὐτῷ μηδὲν αἰτίους θνήσκειν.* See Comm. on Hor. Od. iii. 2.

[1] Or, "My life is verging to its close." The meaning of *ῥοπή* is taken from the turn of the balance.

ŒD. I will teach you, O son of Ægeus, things which, uninjured by age, shall be stored up to this city. I myself, untouched by a guide, will straightway point out the spot where it behooves me to die. This never tell to any mortal, neither where it is concealed, nor in what place it lies, since it will ever prŏvide you a defense against your neighbors, superior to many shields and to foreign spears. But the things that are sacred and are not uttered in words, you yourself shall learn when you come there alone; since neither would I declare them to any one of these citizens, nor to my children, though I love them. But do you yourself always preserve them, and when you come to the end of life, reveal them to the foremost in power alone, and let him ever show them to his successor; and thus you will inhabit this city unhurt by the men that sprung from the dragon's teeth.[1] But numberless cities, even though one rule them well, easily give way to insolence; for the gods full well, though late, pay regard when any one, despising holy things, may betake himself to phrensy; which do you, O son of Ægeus, be unwilling to suffer. I instruct, however, one who knows such things. But let us now go to the spot, for a present impulse from the god urges me on, nor yet let us feel awed. Oh, my daughters, this way follow me, for I in turn have appeared a new guide to you, as ye were to your father. Go, and do not touch me, but suffer me myself to find out the sacred tomb where it is fated for me to be ensepulchred beneath this soil. This way, hither, this way advance, for this way there is leading me on Hermes the conductor,[2] and she, the goddess of the shades.[3] O light, rayless to me, formerly somewhere, once on a time thou wert mine, and now, for the last time, my body touches thee; for now I go to conceal the close of my life in the shades. But, O dearest of friends! may both you, and this land, and your servants,[4] be blessed of heaven, and in your success remember my death, ever prospering.

CH. If it be lawful for me to worship with prayers the

[1] A designation of the Thebans, derived from their fabulous origin.
[2] That is, the conductor of the dead.
[3] Proserpine.
[4] The Athenian people.

unseen goddess,[1] and thee, O Pluto, Pluto, king of those who dwell in night, I beseech you that neither with pain, nor in a painful death of bitter suffering, the stranger accomplish his way to the plain of the dead below the earth that incloses all mortals, and to the Stygian mansions. For many sufferings, and those undeservedly, having come upon you,[2] may the just divinity again exalt you. O ye goddesses below the earth, and form of the invincible monster, who, they say, has his lair by the well-polished gates,[3] and whom fame ever reports to growl from his den, the unconquerable guardian of Orcus . . . . whom, O son of Earth and Tartarus, I implore gently to meet the stranger advancing to the infernal plains of the dead; thee I invoke, thee, who never slumberest.

MESSENGER. Ye citizens, I may in very brief words express to you that Œdipus is dead: but what was done, neither is there language to relate shortly, nor the circumstances, as many as took place there.[4]

CH. For has the wretched man perished?

MESS. Be assured that he has forever bid farewell to life.

CH. How? Did the unhappy man die by a doom sent from heaven, and void of pain?

MESS. This already is fit even to excite astonishment. For how indeed he went hence, you too, being somewhere present, know, no one of his friends acting as guide, but he himself leading the way to us all. But when he came to the threshold of the steep descent, firm-rooted in earth with brazen steps, he stood in one of the many-dividing ways near the hollow caves, where lie the ever faithful pledges of Theseus and Piri-

[1] "Cur deos infernos adoraturus veniam quasi præfatur? An quod Pluto κήδεά τε στοναχάς τ' ἔλαχε (ut ait Stesichorus) non preces?"—Musgrave.

[2] Μάταν. Having come vainly, because there was no occasion for them by prior guilt.

[3] The gates of the infernal regions appear to be called well-polished, or, more literally, polished by many, from the crowds that constantly made their entrance. We have something similar in Lucretius:

"————tum, portas propter, ahena
Signa manus dextras obtendunt adtenuari
Sæpe salutantum tactu, præterque meantum."—Lib. I. 317.—TR.

Wunder reads πολυξένοις from Musgrave's conjecture.—B.

[4] If so very much took place during the time that the Chorus was singing this stave, we are afraid that one of the unities, to which the Greeks paid such attention, must have been not a little violated.

thous.[1] Standing between which place, and the Thorician rock, and the hollow thorn and the sepulchre of stone, he sat him down. Then he loosed his squalid garments; and next, having called on his daughters, he ordered them from some place to bring water for the bath, and libations from the running stream. And they, going to the conspicuous hill of the verdant Ceres, performed in a short time these injunctions to their father; and with lavers and with robes they decked him out in the way that is ritual. And when he had satisfaction in every thing being done, and there was nothing any longer undone of what he desired, Jove indeed thundered beneath the earth, and the virgins were frozen with horror as they heard it; and falling on the knees of their father, they wept, nor did they cease from beatings of the breast and lengthened groans. But he, as he suddenly heard their bitter cries, folding his hands over them, said, "O children, there is no longer to you this day a father; for all that was mine has perished, and you no longer shall have the difficult toil of supporting me: grievous it was, I know, my daughters; but yet one word does away with all these troubles; for you enjoyed love from no one more than from me, of whom deprived, you will now spend the remainder of your life." Thus clinging to one another, they all, with sobs, wept. But when they came to the end of their wailings, and no cry arose, silence indeed prevailed; but the voice of some one on a sudden loudly called him, so that all, trembling with terror, instantly raised upright their hairs; for the god oft in various ways summons him; "Ho you! ho you Œdipus! why linger we to depart? Long since there is delay on your part." But he, when he perceived he was summoned by the god, calls on Theseus, the king of the land, to come to him; and when he came, said, "O beloved friend, pledge to my children the former faith of

[1] Theseus had made a solemn league of friendship with Pirithous on this spot, and agreed to accompany him to the lower regions to assist him in recovering Proserpine, the object of his passionate love, from the clutches of Pluto. The love and the friendship were alike ill-starred. Theseus was separated from his heroic companion by an earthquake, and with difficulty regained the light; but Pirithous was detained, and condemned to eternal darkness and chains.

"—— amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ."—Horace.

your right hand;[1] and ye, my daughters, to him; and solemnly ratify that you will never willingly betray them, but will always perform whatsoever you conceive advantageous to them." And he, like a noble man without lamentations, promised an oath to perform these things to the stranger. And when he had done this, Œdipus, touching with unseeing hands his children, says, "Oh children twain, it is necessary that, supporting generous resolutions in your minds, you should depart from these places, nor claim to see what is not lawful to see, nor to hear those speaking such things.[2] But depart as quickly as possible, only let king Theseus be present to learn what is done." So much we all heard him utter, and groaning with abundant tears, we departed along with the virgins; and when we had gone away, turning in a short time, we saw the man no longer, indeed, any where present, but the king himself, holding his hand over his brow to shade his eyes, as if some horrible sight of fear had been disclosed, nor what was endurable to look upon.[3] A little afterward, and in no long time, we see him paying adoration to earth and to Olympus, seat of the gods, in the same prayer. But Theseus: for neither did any bolt of the god, winged with lightning, destroy him, nor tempest raised from ocean at that moment; but it was either some messenger from the gods, or sunless gap[4] of the shades beneath the earth, mercifully opening to receive him; for the man is not to be lamented, nor was he dismissed from life wretched with disease, but, if any other of mortals, worthy of admiration. And if I seem to speak not being in my senses, I would not yield to those to whom I appeared deprived of sense.

Ch. But where are his children and the friends who conducted them?

Mess. They are not far off, for the sounds of mourning not

[1] "The faith which I have already tried and proved in your protection of me."

[2] We are afraid this would operate with most women as a strong inducement to disregard the advice.

[3] The picture to the eye is here admirable, and affords one of the best examples of the author's graphic power. The whole of the description, indeed, is at once interesting and sublime, and has obtained peculiar praises from the highest critical source—the pen of Longinus.

[4] So Wunder, from the Scholia, for ἀλύπητον.—B.

ıdistinct signify to us that they are approaching hitherɾard.

Ant. Woe, woe! alas! 'tis not for us hapless[1] to mourn n this, or that respect, the accursed kindred blood of our faher, for whom we firmly bore many toils in many places, but n this last shall endure incalculable calamities, seeing and sufering them.

Ch. What is it?

Ant. Ye may conceive it, my friends.

Ch. Is he gone?

Ant. Yes, as you would feel most desirous he should. For why? whom neither Mars nor ocean met, but the unseen plains, bearing him with them, swallowed in a certain mysterious fate. Unhappy woman that I am! for to us has the night of destruction come over our eyes; for how, wandering either to some foreign land, or over the billows of the deep, shall we gain life's hard-earned subsistence?

Ism. I know not. May bloody Pluto bear me down, to die unhappy along with my aged father; since to me at least, the life to come is not worth living for.

Ch. Oh ye twain, best of children, it is fit to bear that well which comes from God, nor do ye too much inflame your grief: your lot is not to be found fault with.

Ant. There was then some desire even of miseries; for that which is by no means pleasant, was pleasant when, at least, I held him in my arms. Oh father! oh dear father! oh thou who art enveloped forever in darkness beneath the earth, neither in your old age were you ever unbeloved by me, nor shall be.

Ch. He has fared—

[1] The scholiast has here very rashly ventured on a piece of criticism. His words are *τὰ ἐφεξῆς τοῦ δράματος οὐκ ἔστιν εὐκαταφρόνητα.* We differ with him *toto cœlo.* The play ought to have ended with the speech of the messenger, and to have closed, as the interest closes, with the sublime catastrophe there so magnificently described. The whinings of the girls after this could not fail to appear feeble; and to complete this natural disadvantage under which they labor, the poet has contrived to render them most intolerably stupid. Some, however, may be of the pathetic scholiast's opinion; and to them we willingly make a present of *αἰ, αἰ, φεῦ, φεῦ,* and Co.—Tr. There is the same anti-climax, or rather tedious "tag," to the Persæ of Æschylus, and the King Henry the Eighth of Shakespeare. But the Greeks, as well as the modern dramatists, often fell victims to "legitimate" five-act measure.—B.

ANT. He has fared as he wished.

CH. And how?

ANT. As he desired, he has died in a foreign land, and he has an ever-shaded bed beneath the earth, nor has he left mourning without tears; forever, oh father, this my weeping eye laments you, nor know I how it is possible for me, wretched, to banish such great affliction. Alas! you ought not to have died in a foreign land, but thus you have died deserted by me.

ISM. O unhappy me! what desolate, distressing fate again awaits me and thee, dear sister, thus bereft of a father!

CH. But since he has happily at least, dear virgins, closed the term of life, cease from this sorrow, for no one is a difficult prey to misfortune.

ANT. Let us haste, loved sister, back.

ISM. That we may do what?

ANT. A desire possesses me—

ISM. What?

ANT. To see the sepulchral home—

ISM. Of whom?

ANT. Of our father. Oh, unhappy me!

ISM. But how is this lawful? Do you not see—

ANT. Why do you reprove this?

ISM. And this, how—[1]

ANT. Why this so much again—

ISM. He has fallen unburied, and apart from every one.

ANT. Conduct me, and then slay me.

ISM. Woe, woe is me, unhappy! Where, in truth, henceforth shall I, thus desolate and in want, endure my wretched existence?

CH. Dear maids, fear nothing.

ANT. But where shall I fly?

CH. Even before there has escaped—

ANT. From what?

CH. Your state from falling into misery.

ANT. I think—

CH. What, in truth, do you over wisely think.

ANT. I know not how we shall return home.

CH. Do not, then, inquire into it.

[1] The meaning of these two or three speeches is obviously destroyed by corruption, or rather mutilation, of the text.

Ant. Trouble possesses me.

Ch. And formerly did.

Ant. At one time indeed it advances farther, and at another passes all bounds.

Ch. Ye have then obtained for your lot a vast sea [of troubles].

Ant. Yea, yea.[1]

Ch. I too assent to it.

Ant. Alas! alas! where shall we go, O Jove? for to what hope does the god now, at least, incite us?

Theseus. Cease, virgins, from your dirges, for in those cases where joy at least is stored up beneath the earth, we ought not to mourn; for there would be indignation of heaven.

Ant. O, son of Ægeus! we fall down before thee.

Th. To grant what boon, ye maids?

Ant. We wish with our own eyes to behold the tomb of our father.

Th. But it is not lawful.

Ant. How sayest thou, king, ruler of Athens?

Th. He forbade me, virgins, that any one of mortals should approach those places, or address the sacred sepulchre which he tenants; and he said, if I did this, that I should always gloriously possess this land uninjured. These words of ours, therefore, Jove heard, and he that hears every thing, the oath of Jove.

Ant. If these things are agreeable to him, they will suffice to us; but send us to Ogygian Thebes, if we may in any way prevent the slaughter coming on our brothers.

Th. I will do this, and every thing at least which I am about to perform advantageous to you, and gratifying to him below the earth, who is just gone; for it does not befit me to weary in this task.

Ch. But cease, nor any longer awake the voice of sorrow; for these things completely have ratification.

[1] These two lines are omitted by Dind. and Wunder.—B.

ELECTRA.[1]

ORESTES, in company with his tutor and Pylades, comes to Argos, and, having deceived Ægisthus and Clytemnestra with the report that he had been killed by falling from his chariot in the Olympic games, he reveals his being yet alive to his sister, who had bewailed him as dead, and slays the two murderers, while vainly exulting in his own supposed end.—B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ATTENDANT.	CHRYSOTHEMIS.
ORESTES.	CLYTEMNESTRA.
ELECTRA.	ÆGISTHUS.
CHORUS.	

ATTENDANT. O son of Agamemnon, who once commanded the army at Troy,[2] now mayest thou here present behold those things for which thou wert ever eagerly longing; for this is the ancient Argos,[3] which thou didst desire, the grove of the

[1] This play was translated into Latin by Attilius. Cic. de Fin. I. c. ii. § 5. "*A quibus tantum dissentio, ut, quum Sophocles vel optime scripserit Electram, tamen male conversam Attilii legendam putem; de quo Licinius, ferreum scriptorem; verum, opinor, scriptorem tamen, ut legendus sit.*" See Bentley on Tus. Quæst. p. 56. Hermann.

[2] Euripides twitted Sophocles with this line as superfluous, who retorted with the same objection on the two first lines of the Phœnissæ.—Sch. ad Phœn. Hermann thinks either exordium would be the worse for the omission.

[3] Argos is here applied to the country by Brunck; but according to the Museum Criticum, No. I., "The cities of Argos and Mycenæ, being almost contiguous, went by the general name of Argos, as the cities of London and Westminster are known by the common denomination of London." If the ancient reading, τὸ γάρ, be revived, and the colon after οὐπόθεις removed, take ἄλσος in apposition with Argos. Brunck's reading injures the metre. Hermann quotes Euripides to defend Sophocles' boldness; Ἰνάχου βοαί: he considered Argos used loosely to denominate the whole country and its divisions alike.

ensy-stricken daughter of Inachus,[1] and this, Orestes, the æan forum of the wolf-slaying god; but this on the left, renowned temple of Juno; and for the place whither we arrived, assure thyself thou seest the all-opulent Mycenæ: this the habitation of the Pelopidæ teeming with murders, ence I formerly, having received thee from thine own sister, e and rescued thee from thy father's bloody fate, and nour-ed thee thus far onward in thy youth, as an avenger of his rder to thy sire. Now therefore, Orestes, and thou, Pyla-,[2] dearest of foreign friends, what it is needful to do we must ckly consider, since already the brilliant light of the sun kes clear the morning carols of the birds, and the dark night s gone from heaven.[3] Ere, therefore, any of the inhabitants lk forth from his dwelling, we must confer in counsel, since e are come to that point where there is no longer any season delay, but the crisis for action.

ORESTES. O most beloved of serving-men, what evident oofs showest thou that thou art good toward us; for even a generous horse, although he be aged, in danger has not st his spirit, but pricks his ears upright, even so thou both rgest us forward and art among the first to follow us. Wherefore my determination will I unfold; and do thou, ending an alert attention to my words, if in aught I miss of what is fitting, set me right. For when I came a suppliant o the Pythian oracle, that I might learn in what way I should xact justice for my father from his murderers, Phœbus gave ne an answer, such as thou presently shalt hear: "That in person, alike unfurnished with armor and with martial host,

[1] Io, whose story is told in the Prometheus of Æschylus, from which play the word *οἰστρόπληξ* is borrowed. The temple of Juno was, according to Strabo, fifteen stades to the left of the town: she was the patroness of Argos.

[2] Pylades was the son of Strophius, a Phocian prince, by a sister of Agamemnon, and being educated with his cousin Orestes, formed with him a friendship that has become proverbial.

[3] Commentators disagree on the interpretation of this place. The scholiast suggests two constructions, an antiptosis, *μελαίνης νυκτὸς τὰ ἄστρα ἐκλέλοιπεν*, which has been followed by Brunck, and *ἐκλέλοιπε τῶν ἄστρων ἡ μέλαινα εὐφρόνη*. Musgrave translates *ἐκλέλοιπεν excessit*, understanding *ἄστρα* to mean the whole heavens, as Virgil, Æn. III. 567:

"Ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra."

And this last is approved of by Monk in the Museum Criticum.

by craft I should steal the lawful slaughter of mine hand." Since, then, we have heard such an oracle as this, do thou entering, when opportunity shall introduce thee, into this house, learn all that there is doing, that being informed thou mayest tell us sure tidings. For fear not that with both thine own age and the long lapse of time they shall recognize thee, or even suspect thee thus tricked out.[1] But make use of some such tale as this, that thou art a Phocian,[2] stranger, coming from Phanoteus, since he is the chiefest of the foreign allies they have. But announce, adding an oath,[3] that Orestes is dead by a violent death, having been tumbled from a wheeled chariot-car at the Pythian games. So let thy story stand. But we having, as he enjoined, first crowned my father's sepulchre with libations and locks cropped from my head, will then come back again, bearing in our hands a brazen-sided vessel, which thou also knowest is somewhere hidden among the brushwood, that cheating them with words we may bring them pleasant tidings, how that my body is perished, already consumed by fire and reduced to ashes. For what does this pain me, when, dead in words, in deeds I shall be safe, and bear away renown? I indeed think no expression ill-omened which gain attends:[4] for already have I frequently seen the wise also in story falsely dying;[5] then afterward, when they

[1] Musgrave objects to this meaning of the word *ἠνθισμένον*, and also to the scholiast's idea: he proposes himself to render it "canis capillis *variegatum*." *ἄνθος* is certainly applied to the hair. Suidas and Moschopulus are against him.

[2] *Φωκέως παρ' ἀνδρὸς Φανοτέως* is Blomfield's reading. Mus. Crit. *Φωκεύς*.—H.

[3] The objection of Camerarius, that Orestes should not be made to advise perjury, has given Musgrave great trouble; and proposes for *ὅρκῳ* to read *ὄγκῳ*. But it is too true that Orestes, by his own admissions just after, could make, like Ulysses, his own principles and those of others equally subservient to his interest without much remorse. For the suppressed word *ἀγγελίαν*, see Brunck's note.

[4] Thus Menelaus in Euripides:

κακὸς μὲν ὄρνις· εἰ δὲ κερδανῶ λέγων
ἕτοιμός εἰμι, μὴ θανὼν, λόγῳ θανεῖν.

[5] This alludes to Pythagoras, who feigned himself dead to acquire the reputation of prophetic skill. Zamolxis and Aristeus of Proconnesus, author of the Arimaspians, have similar stories told of them by Herodotus, B. IV. Hermann wonders at the commentators for their illustrations here, understanding the poet to allude to such distinguished men

shall again have returned home, they have been the more honored. As I presume that I also, coming to life subsequently to this report, shall yet blaze forth, as a star, to my foes. But O land of my forefathers, and ye its gods indigenous, welcome me as prosperous in this my journey; and thou too, O abode of my ancestors, for, urged by an impulse from heaven, I come to purge thee by my just revenge: then dismiss me not in dishonor from this my country, but [make me] master of my wealth and the restorer of my house.[1] This now I have said, but, old man, be it at once thy care, having gone, to execute with caution thy duty, but we will go forth, for it is the season; which indeed is to mankind the greatest arbiter of every act.[2]

ELECTRA. Alas! ah me unhappy!

AT. In sooth methought I heard from the door some female servant inside heaving a suppresed sigh, my son.

OR. Can it be the hapless Electra? wilt thou tarry here and listen to her cries?

AT. By no means. Let us attempt to execute nothing prior to the commands of Loxias,[3] and from these to commence our course, pouring out the libations to thy father, for this brings us both victory and strength in action.

EL. O holy light, and air that sharest equal space with earth, how many a strain of mournful dirges, how many a blow against my bleeding breast hast thou witnessed for me, when murky night shall have retired![4] But for my livelong nights—the hateful couches of this house of woes are conscious: how

generally as, being at one time in disgrace with and banishment from their country, were afterward held in greater repute than ever.

[1] This may be given better thus, perhaps: "And make me not a dishonored outcast from my country, but a master," etc.

[2] Thus in Philoctetes, v. 837:

καιρός τοι πάντων γνῶμαν ἴσχων
πολὺ παρὰ πόδα κράτος ἄρνυται.

[3] "The epithet 'Loxian,' so constantly used by the Greek poets, is interpreted by the scholia in two ways, either as referring to the oblique direction of his voice (*i. e.*, the ambiguity of his oracles), or as belonging to him from the oblique path of the sun through the ecliptic." Oxf. Translation of Aristophanes.

[4] Ὑπολειφθῇ, Schol. *παρέλθῃ*, Brunck *recessit.* Musgrave says, "*ὑπολείπειν*, quod pro *deficere*, *minui* positum citat Budæus ex Aristotele, melius omnino hic convenit quam passivum *ὑπολείπεσθαι*, quod *resto*, *supersum* valet. Utrum tamen legendum sit *ὑπολείπῃ* an *ὑπολείψῃ*, mihi non satis liquet."

oft I mourn mine unhappy sire, whom in a foreign country gory Mars entertained not,[1] but my mother, and Ægisthus the partner of her bed, lop off his head with murderous axe, as wood-cutters an oak. And for all this no pity is felt by any other save me, when thou, my father, hast perished so disgracefully and piteously. But never then will I desist from laments and bitter cries, as long as I look on the all-glowing beams of the stars, as I look on this daylight; so as not, like some nightingale that has lost her young,[2] to pour forth to all mine echo inviting to shrill lament before these gates of my native home. O abode of Pluto and of Proserpine, O nether Mercury[3] and awful Curse, and ye venerable children of the gods, ye Furies, who regard them that unjustly perish, them that by stealth usurp another's bed,[4] come ye, lend aid, avenge the murder of our father, and to me send my brother, for alone I have no longer strength to weigh up the burden of affliction that is in the opposite scale.

CHORUS. Ah! Electra, child, child of a most wretched[5] mother, why thus insatiably dost thou pine in lamentation, for Agamemnon long since taken most godlessly in snares by thy crafty mother and to an evil hand betrayed? O that he who caused this might perish, if it be lawful for me to utter this.

[1] Cf. Æsch. Choeph. 345, *εἰ γὰρ ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ Πρός τινος Ἀυκίων, πάτερ δορίτμητος κατηναρίσθης.*—B.

[2] Brunck translates the Greek word "*pullis orbata.*" Musgrave, however, considering it an allusion to the fate of Philomela and Itys, renders it "*liberorum suorum interfectrix.*" As Franklin observes on v. 147, Procne, who put Itys to death, is supposed by Æschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes (in his play of the Birds) to have been changed into a nightingale.

[3] Mercury is addressed by this name in allusion to his office as conductor of the dead:

> "————————Animas ille evocat Orco
> Pallentes, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit;
> Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat."

From the third office enumerated by Virgil, we may suppose that Electra's prayers had already been effectually addressed to this god, as Clytemnestra shortly after sends offerings to Agamemnon's tomb in consequence of having had her rest disturbed by dreams of ill omen.

[4] Hermann, admitting an hiatus of some words before *τούς*, fills it up thus: *αἰσχρῶς λέκτρων προδότους εἶνας, quibus furto ereptus est proditus torus.*

[5] "*Δυστανοτάτας*, Schol. *ἐξωλεστάτης* recte. Vide Musgravium ad *Euripidis* Herc. Fur. 1349."—Brunck.

El. Offspring of noble parents, ye are come as the solace of my troubles; I both know and am conscious of this; in no wise does it escape me, nor will I forsake this [task] so as not to bemoan my wretched father. But, ye that requite the boon of every kind of friendship, leave me thus to languish, alas! alas! I implore you.

Ch. Yet still thou wilt never raise thy father at least from the lake of Pluto, man's common bourne, neither by shrieks nor prayers.[1] But from moderate [laments] to a grief beyond reason, thou ever with groans art perishing. In matters wherein there is no release from evil, why, I pray you, art thou fond of misery intolerable?

El. Foolish he, who is forgetful of his parents calamitously deceased. But the sorrower that mourns for Itys,[2] ever Itys, that affrighted bird, messenger of Jove, accords with my feelings at least. O all-wretched Niobe, thee, thee I account a deity, who ever in thy stony tomb weepest, alas! alas!

Ch. Not to thee alone, be sure, my child, among mankind hath grief arisen, wherewith thou surpassest those within, with whom thou art from the same source, and by birth akin: as is the life of Chrysothemis and Iphianassa, and he that sorroweth in his youth concealed,[3] whom one day the renowned land of the Mycenians shall welcome haply, in ancestry illustrious, under the benign conduct of Jove returning to this land, Orestes.[4]

[1] Hermann reads *ἄνταις*, the vestiges of which he thinks he has found in Hesychius: *ἀντήσει* (scribe *ἄντησι*), *λιτανείαις*, *ἀντήσεσιν*.

[2] Penelope, in the Odyssey, similarly describes her grief. Od. xix. 520. See some excellent observations on the line *ἦτε θαμὰ τροπῶσα χέει πολυηχέα φωνήν* among Twining's remarks on the expression of musical sound by poetry. Arist. Poet. Prel. Diss.

[3] Hermann makes *ἀχέων* a noun, and construes it with *κρυπτᾷ*. "Happy in a youth unknown to sorrows:" *semota a doloribus*. This is much less forced than the common version.—Tr. But if Orestes was free from evils, why mention him? If we read *κρυπτᾷ δ' ἀχέων*, and put a longer stop after *Ἰφιάνασσα*, we shall have a better sense: "thou art, like them, unhappy; but blest is he, whom now in age of sorrow reckless at some time Mycene's glorious land shall hail."—B.

[4] The withholding this magic of a name till the last, to crown the affectionate appeal to Electra's happier thoughts, is worthy of Sophocles; and if equaled at all, is so in the turn given by Electra's wounded spirit to that which was meant so differently. This, however, none of the older editors have preserved; and Brunck's and Musgrave's annotations on this passage show their error.

El. Whom forsooth I unceasingly expecting, wretch that I am! childless, unwedded, am ever roaming, drenched in tears, supporting unceasing pain of miseries; while he is forgetful of all that he has received, and all he has been taught. For what message goes forth from me that is not mocked? Since he is ever longing indeed, but though he longs, he deigns not to make his appearance.

Ch. Courage, my daughter, courage! There is a mighty Jove in heaven,[1] who overlooketh and swayeth all things; to whom referring thy too bitter choler, be neither over indignant with nor forgetful of those whom thou detestest: for time is a lenient god. Since neither is the son of Agamemnon that lives on the herd-pasturing shore of Crisa[2] without return, nor the god that reigns by Acheron.

El. But from me the greater part of life hath already passed away without hope, nor can I longer endure, who without parents am wasting myself away, for whom no man stands forth as champion, but like some worthless stranger I dwell in the chambers of my father, in raiment thus disgraceful, and take my place at empty tables.

Ch. Pitiable indeed were the words at his return,[3] and pitiable that in thy father's chambers, when the adverse stroke of the all-brazen axe was inflicted on him. Fraud it was that prompted, lust that perpetrated, the murder, having fearfully brought into being a fearful shape,[4] whether it were god or mortal that did all this.

El. Oh! that day, that dawned above all indeed most hateful to me: O night, O shocking woes of that horrible banquet

[1] Plato Phædr., p. 344, H. *ὁ μὲν δὴ μέγας ἡγέμων κατ' οὐρανὸν Ζεὺς ....διακοσμῶν πάντα καὶ ἐπιμελόμενος.* Cf. Themist. Orat. xv. p. 332; Maximus Tyr. xxix. p. 348.—B.

[2] Crisa, usually written Crissa, was a large town of Phocis, said to be the capital of Strophius. It gave name to the Crissæan bay, the scene of several actions in the Peloponnesian war.

[3] Alluding to the presaging sorrow of the Argive people on Agamemnon's return, the adulterous loves of Ægisthus and Clytemnestra being known to them. See Æschylus.

[4] Precisely Shakespeare's idea:

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."
>
> Jul. Cæs., act 2, sc. 1.

—the disgraceful death my sire beheld from twain assassins, that seized upon my life betrayed, that destroyed me! To whom may the mighty god of Olympus give to endure retributive sufferings, and may they never enjoy their splendor, having accomplished such deeds.

CH. Bethink thee: speak no farther: art thou not conscious[1] from what a state thou fallest at present into hardships all thine own thus unworthily! For thou hast incurred over and above an excess of evils, continually gendering quarrels by thy mad spirit. But these matters are not worth the strife, to cope with those in power.[2]

EL. By dreadful woes have I been forced to it, ay, terrible. I am fully conscious of my wrath, nor does it escape me. But enough, amid such atrocious crimes I shall never check[3] these miseries as long as life shall contain me. For from whom, O friendly race, could I ever hear a profitable word? from whom that which is opportune. Forbear, forbear me, ye comforters; for these woes shall be ne'er relaxed! never will I rest from these troubles thus countless in my laments.

CH. Nay, but with good-will at least I advise as a faithful mother, that thou beget not woe on woe.

EL. And what measure exists to my wretchedness? Come, how is it honorable to be careless of the dead? with whom of mankind originated this?[4] May I neither be had in honor among them, nor if I am united to any good may I dwell with it in tranquillity, if I repress the flights of my shrill-toned

[1] Musgrave, in his notes, proposes the following alterations in these lines:

Οὐ γνώμαν ἴσχεις ἐξ ὅσων
τὰ παρόντ' οἰκεῖς, ἃ τ' εἰς ἄτας
Ἐμπίπτεις οὕτω σκαιῶς.

He also interprets, and perhaps with correctness, ἄτη by *vesania*.—TR. οἰκείας ἄτας, "evils all your own." For Electra had not shown the same submission as Chrysothemis, and consequently met with harsher treatment.—B.

[2] Herm. Ψυχᾷ πολέμους, τάδε τοῖς δυνατοῖς
Οὐκ ἐριστὰ πλάθειν.

'So as to cope with those in power on these points which admit not of gainsaying."—TR. Perhaps we should read πλάθων'.—B.

[3] ἄτας, see v. 208.

[4] Or, "in whom of men hath this arisen?" This is perhaps the better translation. Brunck's Latin version has, *ubinam homo est eo ingenio natus?*

shrieks to the dishonor of my parents; for if he, having fallen, shall lie in earth a thing of nought, and they shall not in turn give satisfaction with blood for blood, then may shame and piety from all mankind be annihilated.[1]

Ch. I indeed, my child, came to promote at once thy welfare and mine own; but if I advise not well, do thou prevail, for we will follow in thy company.

El. Ladies, I blush, if in my many lamentations I seem to you to be too downhearted, yet, for their violence forces me to do it, forgive me. For how could any woman of high family, looking on her father's wrongs, not act thus? wrongs that by day and by night I see continually budding rather than withering;[2] to whom, in the first place, the deeds of the mother that bore me have turned out most hateful; next, in mine own home I consort with the assassins of my father, and by these I am controlled, and from these it is my lot alike to receive and to want: furthermore, what manner of days think you I pass, when I behold Ægisthus seated on my father's throne; and look on him dressed in the very garments that he wore,[3] and pouring out libations to the household gods, where he slew him? when I see, too, the crowning insult of all this, the assassin himself in the bed of my father with my guilty mother, if I must call her mother, thus cohabiting with him? So hardened is she, that she lives with that pollution, in fear of no avenging Fury; but as if triumphantly laughing at what she has done, having looked out for that day on which she formerly slew my father by treachery, on that day she institutes the festive dance, and sacrifices the monthly offerings of sheep to her guardian gods;[4] while I, the miserable, witnessing

[1] Timon's curse on Athens, when he quits it forever, is a fine amplification of this prayer (if it be a prayer) of Electra. See Timon of Athens, act 4, sc. 1.

[2] Similarly Philoctetes:

ἡ δ' ἐμὴ νόσος
ἀεὶ τέθηλε, κἀπὶ μεῖζον ἔρχεται.—V. 258.

[3] "Vestimenta regibus solemniter gestata. Statius. Theb. v. 315, *notas, regum gestamina, vestes:* et vi. 80, *cultusque, insignia regni, Purpureos.* Germanic. Arat. Phænomen. *Reges—satis religiose tunicati.* Nonnus. K. 20.

βασιλήϊα φαιδρὰ τοκῆος
Δύσατο, πορφυρέῳ πεπαλαγμένα φάρεα κόχῳ."—Musgrave.

[4] "Clytemnestra, in imitation of the solemn honors paid to the gods

t home, lament, pine away and shriek over the ill-
east that bears my father's name; alone, to myself,
e not power even to weep so much as my soul has
in doing; since the woman herself, in words high-
accosts and reviles me with such harsh terms as
O god-detested thing of hate, to thee alone is thy
ad? Is none else of mankind in grief? Mayest thou
illy, nor may the nether gods ever release thee from
nt woes." Thus she insults me: but when she hears
r that Orestes is about to come, then infuriate she
d cries aloud: "Art thou not the cause of all this to
not this thy work, that didst steal and spirit away
rom my hands? But be assured that thou shalt pay
d penalty at least."[2] Thus does she bark upon me,
her close at her side sets her on to this that glorious
husband, that utter dastard, that very pest, that fight-
battles with woman's aid. While I, unhappy, expect-
time to time that Orestes will come upon them to put
all this, am undone. For, ever purposing to effect
ıg, he hath ruined my hopes both present and to come.[3]
a condition, then, my friends, there is no room for

s on the new moons, called therefore, *ἔμμηνα ἱερά*, instituted a
estival, with sacrifices to the gods her preservers, on the day on
amemnon was murdered. This was celebrated with songs and
d a feast insolently called Epulæ Agamemnoniæ."—Potter. To
nklin adds, that Dinias, in his history of Argos, informs us it
e thirteenth of the month Gamelion, which answers to the be-
f our January, or, according to Potter, the latter end of that
beginning of February.

rave objects to the idea of Clytemnestra being noble in words,
ses to read *λόχοισι γενναία, illa in insidiis fortis*.—Tr. But as
s often used ironically, we may very well take *γενν. λόγ.* to
ord-valiant." The translation, "as she is called," is quite
3.

d it is by no means easy to see why Electra had not ere this
ctim to the vengeance of her mother, as by her own account
no pains to conceal her abhorrence of Clytemnestra's conduct.
re must refer it to the same cause which, in the Odyssey, pre-
emachus so long—superstition; to which the Greeks were most
d which by no means ceases with religion and virtue, as both
us festival and penitential offerings of the Argive queen suffi-
ove.

σας καὶ ἀπούσας, Hermann understands her hopes in herself
nd in Orestes absent. Many probably will disagree with

either prudence or proper respect, but in evils forsooth, there is absolute necessity to be subservient to evil.

Ch. Come, tell me, whether sayest thou all this to us, Ægisthus being at hand, or having quitted his home?

El. Even so. Think not I could walk abroad were he near; but now he happens to be in the country.

Ch. Truly, then, would I with greater boldness join with thee in discourse, if this be indeed so.

El. As he is now absent, question what thou wilt.

Ch. Then I ask thee, what sayest thou of thy brother? will he come, or delays he? I wish to know.

El. He promises at least, but promising he performs nought of what he says.

Ch. Ay, for man in the performance of a mighty deed is wont to delay.

El. And yet it was not with delay I saved him.

Ch. Courage; he is naturally generous to aid his friends.

El. I am confident of it, else had I not long to live.

Ch. Speak nothing farther at present, since coming out of the house I perceive thy sister, by birth of the same father and mother, Chrysothemis,[1] bearing the sepulchral offerings in her hands, such as are the appointed due of the dead.

Chrysothemis. Sister, what talk is this thou again holdest, having come forth to the entrance of the vestibule; nor art willing to be taught by length of time not idly to gratify a fruitless rage? Nevertheless thus far I know myself, that I am grieved at present circumstances; so much so that were I to acquire the power, I would disclose what are my sentiments toward them. But now in miseries I think fit to voyage with lowered sail, and not fancy indeed I effect something, yet work them no mischief. Thus moreover would I have

him.—Tr. Liddell, s. v. *ἀπεῖμι*, well remarks that this is merely like *ὄντες καὶ ἄποντες*, and means "all the hopes I have."—B.

[1] Thus Homer, Il. ix.:

"Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice, and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair."

The original has Iphianassa, which Pope appears to have little reason for changing to Iphigenia, who had been sacrificed at Aulis. Electra is usually considered the same with Laodice.—Tr. But they are one and the same person. Cf. Lucret. I. 85.—B.

o act: and yet the right is, not wherein I speak, but
ı thou judgest. But if I must needs live free, I must
obey my master.
Shameful at least is it,[1] that thou being from the father
)orn child thou art, forgettest him, but art regardful of
ther. For all these admonitions to me are taught thee
and nought thou speakest of thyself. Else choose at
ıe of the two, either to be senseless, or in thy senses to
remembrance of thy friends, since thou just now sayest,
thou but get strength to it, thou wouldst demonstrate
orrence of these; but with me, who am in all things bent
;eance for my father, thou not only dost not co-operate,
) dissuadest me in action. Hath not this cowardice to
misery? For instruct me, or learn of me, what advant-
ıld accrue to me having desisted from these wailings.
I live? but ill, I know, yet well enough for me. And
y them, so as to attach honor to the dead, if in the
vorld there be any pleasure: while thou, our hater,
hem in word, but in deed consortest with thy father's
ers. I then would never, not even if any one were
ng to bring me these thy gifts, wherein thou now wan-
submit myself to these: no, to thee be the wealthy
et out, and plenty flow around thee: to me the only
ment be not to pain myself;[2] thine honor I covet not

whole scene between the two sisters closely resembles the first
Antigone and Ismene; as well in the dispositions of the parties
d. as in the subject of their discussion, the necessary respect to
o the dead. And when we see some of the finest productions of
k language depending for their catastrophe on this point, we shall
the less wonder that an idea so constantly implanted in the mul-
the connection of the dead with the living, should have taken
n in so vigorous a mind as Aristotle's.

Brunck's note. Musgrave, who retains the common reading,
arks: "Scholiastes et hoc in MSS. invenisse videtur, et præterea
uod hunc sensum efficeret: *Mihi satis non deficere alimenta.*
ino retinendum λυπεῖν. *Mihi instar pabula sit, non me dun-*
l alios angere."—Confer. v. 357. Hermann retains the common
τοὐμὲ μὴ λυπεῖν, which he renders *mihi non dolorem creare*
: *tantum esto pabulum*) and understands Electra to allude to the
she must experience, if she paid an impious respect to Ægisthus
mother.—Tr. I have adopted Hermann's interpretation, as be-
suited to the sense, although I am persuaded all is not right in
—B.

to obtain; nor wouldst thou, at least wert thou wise: but now when thou hast in thy power to be called the child of a sire the noblest of all, be called thy mother's: for thus to most men wilt thou show thyself base, deserting thy murdered father and thy friends.

CH. Nought wrathfully, I pray you by the gods: since there is profit in the words of both, wouldst thou but learn to make use of hers, and she in turn of thine.

CHR. I, ladies, am in some sort accustomed to her words: nor had I ever recalled it to her mind, had I not heard of a most grievous affliction coming upon her, which will withhold her from these protracted lamentations.

EL. Come, tell me then the hardship: for shouldst thou tell me aught greater than these present, I would no longer contradict thee.

CHR. Nay, I will tell thee all, as much as I know. For they purpose, if thou wilt not desist from these wailings, to send thee thither, where never shalt thou behold the light of the sun; but living in a confined vault, without this country, shalt thou chant thy woes. Wherefore bethink thee, and never hereafter when thou hast suffered blame me. For now it is thine to be wise in good time.[1]

EL. What, then, and have they resolved thus to treat me?

CHR. Most surely; when, in fact, Ægisthus shall come home.

EL. Nay, then, may he quickly arrive for this at least.

CHR. What words are these thou cursest thyself withal, unhappy?

EL. That he may come, if he purposes to do aught of this.

CHR. That thou mayest feel what suffering? Where can thy senses be?

EL. That I may escape as far as possible from you.

CHR. But hast thou no regard to thy present life?

[1] It has been before remarked that this scene resembled one in Antigone: the coincidence of the two plays is here made still more striking by the punishment with which Electra is threatened.

"If mournful cries and wailings before death
Availed, there is not one, be well assured,
That ere would cease them. Instant take her hence,
Inclose her in the rock's sepulchral cave,
As I commanded; leave her there alone,
Either to die, or there to live entombed."—Potter, Ant. p. 168.

EL. Ay, a fine life is mine, worth admiring!

CHR. Nay, it might be, and thou knewest how to be wise.

EL. Teach me not to be a traitress to my friends.

CHR. I teach thee not so, but to give way to those in power.

EL. Do thou thus flatter; thou speakest not my wont.

CHR. Yet surely it is honorable at least not to have fallen from imprudence.

EL. I will fall, if needs I must, in avenging my father.

CHR. Our father, I am sure, grants indulgence in this.[1]

EL. These words it is the coward's part to praise.

CHR. But wilt not thou be persuaded and consent to me?

EL. No, truly. May I not yet be so void of understanding.[2]

CHR. Then will I too begone on my way, whither I was sent.

EL. But whither art thou wending? to whom carriest thou these offerings?

CHR. My mother sends me to make libations at my father's tomb.

EL. How sayest thou? to the deadliest of her human enemies?

CHR. Whom herself slew:[3] for this wouldst thou say.

EL. At the persuasion of whom of her friends? Whose pleasure is this?

CHR. From some nocturnal fright, to my thinking.

[1] Thus Ismene to her sister:

> "I then (of those beneath the earth revered
> Imploring pardon, since by force constrained)
> Will yield obedience to one potent lord.
> Attempts beyond our strength no prudence show."
> Potter, Ant. v. 69.

[2] Μήπω, per λιτότητα for μήποτε, since πω, as Buttmann has observed in his Greek Grammar, includes always a reference to past time. On this λιτότης see Porson ad Hec. 1260.

[3] Homer's account is different: vid. Od. IV. 529:

> Αὐτίκα δ' Αἴγισθος δολίην ἐφράσσατο τέχνην
> Κρινάμενος κατὰ δῆμον ἐείκοσι φῶτας ἀρίστους,
> Εἶσε λόχον, ἐτέρωθι δ' ἀνώγει δαῖτα πένεσθαι.
> Αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ καλέων Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
> Ἵπποισιν καὶ ὀχεσφιν, ἀεικέα μερμηρίζων.
> Τὸν δ' οὔκ εἰδοτ' ὀλεθρον ἀνήγαγε καὶ κατέπεφνε
> Δειπνίσσας.

He farther adds, that Ægisthus alone escaped, both his own and Agamemnon's followers being slain.

El. O gods of my fathers! aid me even now.

Chr. Hast thou any cheering hope respecting this terror?

El. Wouldst thou relate to me the vision, I then could tell thee.

Chr. I know not, save a little, to tell thee.

El. Nay, tell me that. Many a trifling word, believe me, hath ere now both overthrown and established mortals.

Chr. There was a report that she witnessed a second time the presence of my and thy father having returned to life, and then that he, having taken the staff which once he bore, but now Ægisthus, fixed it in the earth, and from it sprouted up a vigorous scion, wherewith the whole land of Mycenæ was overshadowed.[1] This I heard from one who related it, who was present while she reveals her dream to the sun.[2] But more than this I know not, save that she sends me in consequence of this alarm. Now by our country's gods I implore thee, yield to me, nor fall by imprudence; for if thou shalt repulse me, hereafter thou wilt send for me in trouble.[3]

El. But, my beloved, of all this that thou carriest in thine hands, attach nothing to the tomb: for it is not lawful for thee, nor pious, from that hated woman to place funeral gifts, or to carry expiatory libations to my father. But away with them secretly, either to the winds, or to deep-sunk dust, where never any of them shall approach my father's place of rest: but when she shall be dead, lie they in earth a deposit for herself; for had she not been naturally the most daring of women, she in the first place had never at any time crowned these hateful libations for him, whom at least she slew. For consider, whether the entombed dead in thy opinion receives these

[1] Compare the Choephoræ of Æschylus, from which Sophocles has borrowed the idea of the dream.

[2] Under an idea that the god who dispelled the shades of night from the earth was also capable of averting the evils which had been threatened during that night, the ancients, having been alarmed by dreams, used to tell them to the sun; and hence, says Franklin, Apollo was termed Ἀποτροπαῖος.

"Senserat ut pulsas tandem Medea tenebras,
Rapta toris, primi jubar ad placabile Phœbi
Ibat." Val. Flacc. v. 330.

[3] Hermann has here ably pointed out the skill of the poet in connecting Chrysothemis' warning to her sister with the account of Clytemnestra's alarm, who would be made doubly vindictive in her purposes toward Electra by fear.

honors in mood friendly to her; by whom perishing unhonored, like a foe, he was mangled, and for a purification she wiped off her spots upon his head.[1] What, thinkest thou to bear these atonements of the murder for her? It can not be. But leave these alone, and do thou, having cut from the ringlets on thine head the extreme hairs,[2] and from me unhappy, a paltry gift indeed, but still such as I have, give him this squalid[3] [hair], and my girdle, not garnished with fineries. And falling down, beseech him from the earth to come a kindly aid to us against our enemies, and that his son Orestes with mightier hand may alive trample under foot his foes, that henceforth we may crown him with wealthier hands than wherewith we now offer our gifts. I think indeed, I think that he hath some plan in sending to her these dreams of horrid aspect. But, however, my sister, perform this service for both thyself and me an aid, and for the most beloved of all mankind, now lying in Hades, our common sire.

CH. With piety the damsel speaks: but thou, my friend, if thou be wise, wilt do this.

CHR. I will do it; for that which is right has no good reason for one to strive with two, but to hasten its performance. But, upon my attempting these deeds, let there be silence on your part, for the gods' sake, my friends, since if my mother shall hear of this, a bitter attempt, methinks, I shall yet hazard in this.

CH. If I be not born a foolish prophet, and wanting in wise judgment, there will come Justice the prophetic, bearing in

[1] Those among the ancients who had murdered any person believed that the wiping their swords, or any other weapon they had used, on the head of the deceased, would prevent his avenging spirit from having power upon them. The cutting off and wearing under their arms a piece of flesh taken from the dead body was also thought a spell of like influence.

[2] "It hath been observed that the ceremony of cutting off the hair, while it was obviously expressive of violent emotion, had a latent meaning couched under it. As the hair was cut off from the head, never more to be united to it, so were the dead cut off from the living, never more to return. This usage was not confined to the heathen world. It is taken notice of in Scripture: Ezekiel, describing a great lamentation, says, 'They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee:' c. xxvii. 31." Notes to Trans. Min. Poet. Q. 191.

[3] "Defendi potest ἀλιπαρῆ, modo ea vox significare putetur comam non accommodatam supplicationi, ut quæ non satis compta atque nitide habita sit."—*Herm.*

her hands righteous mastery: she will pursue them, my child, at no distant period. Confidence rises within me, just now hearing the sweetly-breathing dreams.[1] For never is thy parent the king of Greeks forgetful at least, nor the ancient brazen two-edged axe, which slew him with most shameful insults. Also shall come the many-footed and many-handed Erinnys of brazen tread, that is concealed in dreadful ambush. For an incestuous unhallowed rivalry of blood-defiled nuptials has come upon those to whom it was unlawful. For these deeds, of a truth, it holds by me that no portent can ever, ever be come upon us without harm to either the doers or the accomplices. In good truth, there are no auguries to mortals in alarming dreams, nor in oracles, unless this apparition of the night shall anchor at last in good.[2] O toilsome horsemanship of Pelops in old time, how woeful camest thou to this country! For since the drowned Myrtilus[3] was sent to [his last] sleep, hurled headlong forth in dire insult from his all-golden car, no calamity of many troubles hath ever yet been wanting to this house.

CLYTEMNESTRA. Let loose, it seems, again thou roamest; for Ægisthus is not here, who ever checked thee lest, being abroad, thou shouldst dishonor thy friends. But now, as he is absent, thou heedest not me at least. Nay, more, thou hast actually denounced me at large and to many, as that I

[1] That is, to the party of Agamemnon, in proportion as they came unwelcome and alarming to Clytemnestra.

[2] Musgrave considers the latter part of this chorus as out of place after the promise of a prosperous fortune to the house of Agamemnon. Yet as this could not be without a crime; since "sanguine quærendi reditus;" Hermann defends the transition made to the primal curse of the ill-starred royal family of Argos.

[3] Myrtilus, son of Mercury and Phætusa, was charioteer to Œnomaus, king of Pisa, the father of Hippodamia, whose horses he rendered the most famous for their swiftness in all Greece. This it was which produced the confidence of Œnomaus in challenging his daughter's suitors to the chariot race, and had already been the destruction of thirteen chiefs, when Pelops bribed Myrtilus with a promise of sharing the favors of Hippodamia. Thus allured, he gave an old chariot to Œnomaus, which broke down in the course, and killed him. When, however, Myrtilus demanded the reward of his perfidy, Pelops threw him into the sea, thus exemplifying the words of Shakespeare's Henry:

> "They love not poison, that do poison need;
> Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead.
> I hate the murderer, love him murdered."

am impudent, and, contrary to justice, am the aggressor in insolence to thee and thine.[1] Yet have I no insolence; but bespeak thee evil by being so often slandered by thee. For that thy father, no other pretense hast thou constantly, fell by my hand. My hand: I know it well, I have no denial to make of this. For Justice took him not I only, which thou oughtest to aid, wert thou haply in thy senses. Since this thy father, whom thou art ever wailing, alone of Greeks could bear[2] to sacrifice to the gods thine own sister, though he suffered not from pain, when he begat her, equally with me that bare her. Enough: teach me now for whose sake he sacrificed her.[3] Wilt thou say, for the Greeks? But they had no claim to kill my daughter at least. But if forsooth then for his brother Menelaus he murdered what was mine, was he not bound to give me due satisfaction? Had not he two children,[4] for whom to die was more reasonable than for her, they being of the father and mother for whose sake was the voyage? What, had Hades a desire of my children, rather than hers, to glut herself with them? Or was affection for his children by me, neglected by their abandoned father, yet remained in Menelaus? Were not these the acts of a witless sire, a villain in purpose? I indeed think so, even though I speak contrary to thy sentiments. But the deceased at least would say so, could she resume her voice. I then am not disheartened at what I have done; but if I seem to thee to judge amiss, do thou, preserving righteous judgment, reproach those near of kin.[5]

El. Thou wilt not now at least assert that I, having commenced with some offensive words, have then heard this from

[1] Hermann places a comma after ἄρχω, not, he says, because the reading adopted by Brunck and others is incorrect (v. Matth. Gr. Gr. § 549), but because πεφά δίκης ἄρχω is a better sequel to the preceding θρασεῖα εἰμι.

[2] Cf. Æsch. Ag. 224: ἔτλα δ' οὖν θυτὴρ γενέσθαι θυγατρὸς.—B.

[3] Herm. τοῦ, χάριν τίνος ἔθυ. αὖ. "In return for what, in favor to whom." Thus in the Nubes, ἀντὶ before τοῦ is omitted, v. 22.

[4] This, says the scholiast, though it militates against Homer's account, is in union with Hesiod's:

Ἥ τέκεθ' Ἑρμιόην δουρικλειτῷ Μενελάῳ,
Ὀπλότατον δ' ἔτεκε Νικόστρατον, δρον Ἄρηος.

[5] *i. e.*, thy father.

thee; but, wouldst thou permit me, I would rightly argue at once in behalf of the deceased and my sister.

Cly. Nay, then, I do permit; but hadst thou always thus begun thine address to me, thou hadst not been offensive to listen to.

El. Well, then, to thee I speak. Thou ownest thou killed my father. Than this, what confession could be yet more base, whether in fine with justice or without? But I will prove to thee that thou didst not slay him with justice at least; but persuasion from a villain, with whom thou now companiest, allured thee to it. Nay, ask the huntress Diana, in revenge for what those many winds detained them at Aulis; or I will tell thee, for from her it is not allowed thee to learn. My father once, as I hear, sporting in the groves of the goddess, roused on foot a dappled, antlered stag, in whose slaughter exulting, he chanced to utter some [haughty] word.[1] And, thenceforth angered, the maiden daughter of Latona detained the Greeks, that my father, as satisfaction for the beast, should offer up his daughter. Thus was her sacrifice; since no other release was there to the host, homeward or to Troy. On whose behalf, having been forcefully constrained, and having resisted much, he reluctantly sacrificed her, not for Menelaus's sake. If, however, for I will state even thy plea, wishing to profit him, he acted thus, ought he for this to have died by thy hands? By what right? Beware, lest in ordaining to mankind this rule, thou ordain thyself woe and repentance. For if we shall slay one for another, thou, mark me, shouldst die the first, at least hadst thou thy due. But look to it, lest thou set up a plea that does not exist. For tell me, an thou wilt, in requital of what thou happenest at present to be committing deeds the most infamous possible; thou that couchest with the assassin, with whom thou erst

[1] The business of the ancient poets, and, till very lately, of our own, has constantly been to inculcate submission to the will of Heaven, and respect for all things more immediately connected with it. In conformity to this proposed object, insolence to Minerva is stated by Calchas to be the cause of Ajax's madness; and the wound inflicted on Venus by Diomed leads to his expulsion from his home by an unfaithful wife; while the still more audacious, because the more personal, insults to the deities offered by Laomedon, lay the towers of Ilium, the work of more than human hands, in the dust. Nor was the prince of lyric poets less religious than the tragedians: vid. Ol. 9, 56.

didst destroy my father, and hast children by him;[1] while thy former lawful progeny, from lawful lineage sprung, thou castest out. How could I approve of this? What, wilt thou say that this too is vengeance thou takest for thy daughter?[2] Basely, even shouldst thou say so; for it is not honorable to marry with enemies for the sake of a daughter. But it is not allowed even to advise thee, thee, that ventest thy whole talk of how I slander my mother. Nay, I at least account thee a mistress rather than a mother to us, I that live a wearisome life, ever treated with evil from thee and thy paramour; while the other far away, having hardly escaped thy hand, hapless Orestes, wears out a melancholy existence, whom thou hast often accused me of bringing up as an avenger of thy pollution; and this, had I had power, I had done, of this be well assured. For this at least proclaim me to all, whether thou wilt as wicked, or abusive, or full of impudence; for if I am naturally an adept in these practices, I am almost no disgrace whatever to thy nature.

Ch. I see her breathing rage; but whether or no it exist with justice,[3] of this I see no farther thought.

λοιδορῆσαι
θέους, ἔχθρα σοφία· καὶ
τὸ καύχασθαι παρὰ καιρόν
Μανίαισιν ὑποκρέκει.

Hence we see that it wanted but little supernatural influence to drive Ajax to the phrensy with which he was afterward possessed.

[1] Pausanias mentions Erigone, a daughter of Ægisthus, of whom Tzetzes ad Lycoph. 1374, plainly calls Clytemnestra the mother.—Herm.

[2] Euripides strengthens this plea by the addition of another, which the ladies will think more forcible, viz., that Agamemnon kept another woman, and even brought her into the house with his wife. This fact is thus alluded to by Ovid:

"Dum fuit Atrides unâ contentus, et illa
Casta fuit: vitio est improba facta viri."—Franklin.

Æschylus also mentions the arrival of Cassandra at Argos, and her prophecies of her own and Agamemnon's fate. Indeed, the Grecian chiefs in general appear to have so little observed conjugal fidelity, that their wives' treachery hardly need be referred to the wrath of Venus, or any other deity. Ulysses alone (his loves with the goddesses must be excused on the score of influence beyond human power to counteract) appears to have had a just sense (vid. Od. I. 433) of decorum in this particular, and accordingly his wife continues faithful to him throughout.

[3] Hermann corrects the scholiast's interpretation thus: "but whether Electra justly harbors anger," ξύνεστι, scil. τῷ μένει.

Cly. Why, what thought should I have about her at least, who in such terms hath insulted her mother, and that too at such an age?[1] What, does she not seem to thee likely to proceed to any crime without shame?

El. Be now well assured that I feel shame at all this, even though I seem not to thee so to do; and I am conscious that I act as disbecomes both my age and myself—but alas! for thy enmity and thy crimes compel me to act thus perforce, since by the base are base deeds taught.

Cly. O shameless creature! doubtless I, and my words, and my deeds cause thee to speak a great deal too much.

El. Thou speakest them, not I; for thou doest the deed, and deeds find themselves words.

Cly. But never, no, by Queen Diana,[2] shalt thou go unpunished for this insolence, when Ægisthus shall return.[3]

El. Seest thou? thou art hurried off into rage, though having given me leave to say whatever I might wish; nor knowest how to listen.

Cly. Wilt thou not then suffer me even to sacrifice amid sounds of good omen,[4] now that I have allowed thee at least to say thy all?

El. I suffer, I bid thee, sacrifice; nor blame my lips, since I will speak no farther.

Cly. Then do thou, that art here with me, take up the offerings of various fruits, that to this king I may offer up vows for deliverance from the terrors which now I feel. Now

[1] It is hard to say whether this is meant as a reproach to Electra's youth or maturer age. The context seems to intimate the former, but the probable age of Orestes the latter.

[2] Electra having in a former passage declared that her mother, as a murderess and adulteress, was unfit to inquire aught of the goddess of chastity, by this oath Clytemnestra means to contradict her.

[3] Take *οὐκ αλύξεις* here as equivalent to *οὐκ ἐίξεις ἄλυξιν*, and understand *ἄλυξις*, not in a passive but an active sense; not "effugium ejus qui effugitur," but "effugium ejus qui effugit."—Herm.

[4] This is well known to have been a point of great importance among the Greeks. Ulysses, relating the cause of Philoctetes' expulsion from the army, says,

> *ὅτ' οὔτε λοιβῆς ἡμῖν, οὔτε θυμάτων*
> *παρῆν ἐκήλοις προσθίγειν, ἀλλ' ἀγρίαις*
> *κατεἰχ' ἀεὶ πᾶν στρατόπεδον ὀυσφημίαις.*—Phil. v. 8.

Hermann, however, takes *εὐφήμου βοῆς* to mean merely silence, as in the Œdipus Coloneus, v. 132.

mayest thou hear, Apollo our protector, my concealed address. For my speech is not before friends, nor suits it to unfold all to light, while she is close beside me, lest with malice and babbling clamor she circulate an idle tale throughout the town.[1] But hear me thus, for thus will I address thee. The apparitions of a twofold dream that I have this night beheld,[2] these grant me accomplished, O Lycæan king, if propitious to me they have appeared, but if hostile, let them recoil on my foes. And if any by treachery are plotting to expel me from my present good fortune, permit it not; but grant that I, ever living a life thus unharmed, may sway the Atridæ's palace and this sceptre, in happy hour consorting with those of my friends with whom I now consort, and as many of my children, as from whom no ill will attaches to me, nor bitter annoyance. This, O Lycæan Apollo, favorably hearing, grant to all of us, even as we ask; but all the rest, though I be silent, I deem thou knowest, as being a god.[3] For it is meet that the race of Jove sees all things.

Att. Stranger females, how might I surely know if this be the palace of the king Ægisthus?

Ch. This is, O stranger. Thyself hast rightly conjectured.

Att. And am I right in guessing also that this is his wife? For she is dignified as a sovereign to look on.

Ch. Most certainly of all. This is she, here before thee.

Att. Hail, O queen. I come bringing to thee pleasant tidings, and to Ægisthus alike, from a friend.

Cly. I accept the uttered omen. But first of all I wish to know of thee, who of mankind dispatched thee.

Att. Phanoteus the Phocian; forwarding an important matter.

Cly. Of what kind, stranger? say; for being from a friend, I am well assured thou wilt speak friendly words.

[1] Thus Virgil: "———— Hinc spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas."—Æneid II.

[2] "Διισσῶν, *duplicium* id est *ambiguorum*. Sic Lucianus in Alexandro, p. 218: *διττούς τινας καὶ ἀμφιβόλους καὶ λοξοὺς χρησμοὺς συγγάφων.*"—Brunck. It may, however, be an allusion to the vision which Æschylus has related.

[3] Similarly the Chorus in Œdipus Tyrannus:

'Αλλ' ὁ μὲν οὖν Ζεὺς, δ τ' 'Απόλλων
Ξυνέτοι, καὶ τὰ βροτῶν
Εἰδότες. v. 498.

ATT. Orestes is dead: I speak compressing it in brief.

EL. Unhappy me! this day am I undone.

CLY. What sayest thou, what sayest thou, stranger? heed not her.

ATT. Now, as before, I declare that Orestes is dead.

EL. Wretched I am lost. I am no longer aught.

CLY. Look thou to thine own affairs; but do thou, stranger, tell me the truth; in what way perishes he?

ATT. And for this I was sent, and I will tell the whole. For he having come to the glorious pageant of games of Greece,[1] for the sake of Delphian prizes, when he heard the loud announcements of the herald proclaiming previously the race, the decision of which comes first, entered [the lists] illustrious, the admiration of all there present. And having made the goals of the course even with the starting-place,[2] he went forth, carrying the all-honored prize of victory. And that I may tell thee sparingly amid abundance, I have not known the deeds and might of a man like him. But know at once;[3] of as many double courses as the umpires proclaimed the five prizes which are customary, of these obtaining all the meeds of victory, he was hailed happy, announced as an Argive, by name Orestes, son of Agamemnon, that once assembled the famous armament of Greece. And such were these events. But when any god shall afflict him, not even

[1] The Pythian games were instituted in honor of Apollo's victory over the serpent Python, and are thought to have been at first confined to a contest of musical and poetical skill in hymning the praises of the victor god. The *δίαυλος* here mentioned was when the competitors in the foot-race doubled the goal, and returned to the starting-place. The *πένταθλον* is usually supposed to be comprised in the celebrated verse—

Ἅλμα, ποδωκείην, δίσκον, ἄκοντα, πάλην.

The prizes were sacred apples, to which some add wreaths of laurel, or, according to Ovid, of beech. As Pausanias has stated, x. 7, 3, that most of the Pythian rules were adopted from the Olympic games, we find "the order of the course," *δίαυλος*, first here.

[2] See Brunck's note. Hermann's better taste has rejected so epigrammatic a prettiness as that of Antipater; and he justly observes that Sophocles, in saying that Orestes made his starting-place his goal, exactly describes the *δίαυλος*.

[3] Hermann has a comma between *δρόμων* and *διαύλων*, and considers what follows as equivalent to *πενταθλων ἃ νομίζεται*.—TR. Dindorf has rightly followed Porson.—B.

the strong man could escape. For he on a following day,[1] when at sunrise there was a swift contest of horsemanship, came in with many a charioteer. One was an Achæan, one from Sparta, two were Libyans drivers of yoked chariots; and he among them the fifth, guiding Thessalian steeds, the sixth from Ætolia with chestnut fillies, the seventh a Magnesian, the eighth, with white horses, an Ænian by race, the ninth from the god-erected Athens, the other a Bœotian, filling up the tale of ten chariots.[2] But having taken their stand where the appointed umpires had thrown for them with lots, and ranged their chariots, at the sound of the brazen trumpet they started, and all at once in concert cheering on their horses shook the reins in their hands: the whole course within was filled with the noise of rattling chariots;[3] the dust was tossed on high; while all together in confusion were sparing nought of the lash, that each might get beyond the other's wheels,[4] and snortings of their steeds, for the breathings of their horses were at once falling upon and covering with foam their backs and the circles of their wheels. But he keeping under the very last column,[5] continually was

[1] Translators and commentators agree in considering ἄλλος here as synonymous with δεύτερος (the Latins have the same idiom, as in Cicero; *unus, alter, tertius*); but as it is not certain how long the Pythian games lasted, this appears a gratuitous assumption. Certainly Poppo, in his note on Thucyd. III. 59, denies the converse: . . . . . "provocat enim ad Pind. Olymp. I. 69, ubi postquam Pelops dictus est a Neptuno raptus atque in Jovis domum traductus esse, subjicitur:

Ἔνθα δευτέρῳ χρόνῳ
Ἦλθε καὶ Γανυμήδης.

Quo in loco quum scholiastæ multas turbas movissent, Ganymedem Pelope priorem fuisse dicentes, Heynius δευτέρῳ χρόνῳ positum esse voluit pro ἄλλῳ χρόνῳ, quod satis refutavit Boeckius, quem vide in Notis Criticis, p. 346. Δεύτερος enim nonnisi ibi usurpari potest, ubi de duobus sermo est, ideoque non cum ἄλλος sed cum ἕτερος cohæret; a quo tamen ita differt, ut ἕτερος unum ex duobus significet sine ulla vel temporis vel ordinis sive dignitatis notatione, unde unus ille et prior et posterior esse potest, δεύτερος autem nonnisi de posteriore plerumque dicatur:" p. 63. —Tr. See Liddell and Scott, s. v. ἄλλος, no. 7.—B.

[2] Hence we learn the number allowed to run at the Pythian games at one time.

[3] *Quadrijuges currus.* — Brunck. "The harnessed car." — Potter. "Ζευγωτῶν.—Hesychius. ξυγώσω—κλείσω."—Musgrave.

[4] Χνόαι are properly the sockets into which the axle-trees are put.

[5] ἐσχάτη στήλη is the last in order of several columns or obelisks

wheeling in his axle's nave, and giving rein to the right steed, held in the near horse. And hitherto all the chariots continued upright; but then the hard-mouthed steeds of the Ænian run away with him, and in turning at the completion of the sixth, and now on the seventh course,[1] they dash their fronts on the Barcæan car.[2] And thenceforth, from a single mishap, one was crushing and tumbling on another, and the whole Crissæan plain was being filled with the wrecks of shattered chariots. But the skillful charioteer from Athens, aware of this, drives by outside them, and slackens speed, having suffered to pass him the tossing tide of horses confounded in the centre. But Orestes was driving the hindmost,[3] indeed, but keeping back his coursers, placing his trust in the issue. But the other, when he sees him left alone,[4] having cracked in the ears of his swift mares the shrill sound of his whip, pursues him; and having brought their poles in line, they were driving, now one, and then the other, pushing forward the heads of their chariot horses. And all the other courses in safety the hapless youth drove erect in his car upright; but then, slackening the left rein of his wheeling horse, he unawares strikes the pillar's edge,[5] and breaks the middle axle-nave, is tumbled from his chariot, and entangled in his reins, while on his falling to the ground his steeds were dispersed over the middle of the course. But the assembly, when it

erected in the Hippodrome, and does not, as some have supposed, allude to the last turn round the goal. See Hermann's dissertation on the words used by the Greeks to express the movements of horses, Beckii Comm. Soc. Phil. vol. i. part i. p. 49, and Bulenger de Circo Rom. c. 29, in Grævius, Thesaur. Ant. Rom. t. 9.

[1] Hermann understands *ἵπποι* here, agreeing with the masculine *τελοῦντες*.

[2] This is an anachronism. V. Herod. iv. 160.

[3] Monk translates this, "Now Orestes drove the last to be sure, but keeping his horses back, as he placed his confidence in the end of the race."

[4] "The scholiasts do not state whom they understand to be meant by *ὁ δέ* and *νιν* respectively. Later interpreters refer the former to Orestes, the latter to the Athenian; but in that case one would have expected *ἐκεῖνον* rather than *νιν*, which last must apply to the principal subject of discourse; and that subject is Orestes."—Herm.

[5] As his other instructions agree with the plan pursued by Orestes, so this is the accident against which Nestor particularly warns Antilochus, Il. xxiii. v. 334.

ceives him thrown out of his seat, shrieked aloud over the th, that, after having done such deeds, he meets with such isaster, whirled along on the ground, and then again tossing his limbs to heaven: until the charioteers having with difilty stopped the horses' speed, released him, all bloody, so t none of his friends by looking on him could have recoged his hapless person. And having forthwith burned him the pyre, in a little brazen urn a huge body of melancholy ies[1] are appointed men of Phocis bringing, that he may erit a tomb in his father's land. Such, look you, are se tidings, as in story told,[2] piteous, but to us eye-witnessthat saw it, the greatest of all misfortunes that I ever ield.

Ch. Alas! alas! It seems then the whole race of our for-r lords from its very roots has perished.

Cly. O Jove, whether shall I call these news fortunate? or rible, yet gainful? yet 'tis a painful case, if by mine own ills ave my life.

Att. But why, lady, art thou so dispirited at my present ords?

Cly. 'Tis a dreadful thing to be a mother; for not even to e ill-treated does hatred to those she has borne attach.

Att. It seems then we are come in vain.

Cly. No, believe me, not in vain at least; for how couldst ou tell me in vain? if thou camest possessing sure proofs his death, who born of my life, an alien from my breast id nurture, estranged himself in exile, and since he quitted is land never beheld me, but laying to my charge his father's urder, was ever threatening to perform dreadful deeds, so at neither by night nor by day did sweet sleep overshadow e; but progressing time ever led me on as doomed to die. ow, however (for on this day am I released from alarm at er hands and his, since she the greater pest was living with ne, ever drinking up my pure life's blood), now haply shall we ass our days in quiet, as far as relates to her threats.[3]

[1] Thus Hermann, rejecting both Brunck's idea of antiptosis and Schaefer's construction of *χαλκῷ σποδοῦ*.

[2] Similarly the messenger in Œdipus Tyrannus, v. 1237:

τῶν δὲ πραχθέντων τὰ μὲν
ἄλγιστ' ἄπεστιν· ἡ γὰρ ὄψις οὐ πάρα.

[3] "Male Brunckius δ' post *νὸν* delevit, quod repeti post parenthesin notavi ad Vigerum, p. 847. Compare Æsch. Choeph. 621–629."—Herm.

El. Ah me, unhappy! for now 'tis mine to wail, Orestes, thy misfortune, that thus conditioned thou art insulted by this thy mother: is this well?

Cly. Not with thee, be sure; but he, as he is, is well.

El. Hear, avenging spirit of the lately dead.[1]

Cly. It hath heard whom it ought, and well fulfilled the prayer.

El. Be insolent; for now thy lot is prosperity.

Cly. So shall not Orestes and thou repress it.

El. We have been put down ourselves, on fear that we shall put thee down.

Cly. Thou wouldst become deserving of many things, stranger, hadst thou checked her babbling clamor.[2]

Att. I would be gone then, if this be well.

Cly. By no means; since thou wouldst be about to act in a manner worthy neither me nor the friend that sent thee. But go ye within, and leave her to lament from without both her own and her friend's calamities.

El. And does the wretched woman seem to you, as grieving and in pain, bitterly to weep and wail over her son thus perished? No, in derision is she gone. O unhappy me! Dearest Orestes, how by thy death hast thou undone me! for thou are gone, and hast torn from my heart the only hopes that yet remained to me, that thou wouldst one day come a living avenger of my father and of me ill-fated. But now whither must I go? for I am lonely, bereft of both thee and my father. Now must I again be a slave to those among men most hateful to me, the murderers of my sire. And is this well with me? But no, never again hereafter will I be their co-mate,[3] but at this gate having thrown myself along,

[1] Nemesis, daughter of Nox, and by some supposed to be the same with Leda, was intrusted with the care of avenging all manner of impieties, but especially those committed against the dead. It was in this latter character that Adrastus, in his second expedition to Thebes, to avenge the refusal of burial to his son-in-law Polynices, erected a temple to her. The Greeks also celebrated a feast in her honor, called Nemesia.

[2] Hermann refers to Matth. Gr. Gr. § 524, for the construction of this passage, defending the common reading against Monk's remarks in Mus. Crit.

[3] Brunck's reading ἔσσομ' is an elision unknown to the tragic dialogue: ξύνοικος ἔσομαι may be read, according to Hermann, with a hiatus: he himself reads εἶσειμ'; Monk and others, ἔσομαι ξύνοικος. "Sed transpo-

friendless will I wither away life. Wherefore, let any of those within slay me, if he be offended, since 'tis pleasure if I die, pain if I live, and for life I have no wish.

Ch. Where can be the thunderbolts of Jove,[1] or where the beaming sun, if looking on these things they silently hide?[2]

El. O! O! alas! alas!

Ch. My child, why weepest thou?

El. Alas!

Ch. Sob not thus violently.

El. Thou wilt kill me.

Ch. How?

El. If thou shalt suggest a hope for those who have manifestly sunk into the grave, thou wilt the rather trample on me wasting away.

Ch. I did it, for that I know that royal Amphiaraus was ensnared by stealth in the golden-wreathed fetters of a woman,[3] and now beneath the earth—

El. O! alas! alas!

Ch. Immortal he reigns.

El. Alas!

Ch. Alas, indeed! for she deathful—

El. Was over-mastered?

acuti ratio, hodie est instar acuti cultri in manibus puerorum."—Herm.—Tr. But Dindorf retains *ἔσσομ'*.—B.

[1] "These four lines must be restored to the Chorus, whose claim to them is irrefragable. They insinuate a ground of hope for Electra, to which she alludes in v. 833. The exclamations in v. 827 are Electra's."—Mus. Crit. i. 204.

[2] This word is with peculiar fitness applied to the sun:

> *Δεινοῦ γὰρ θεοῦ αἰδὲ βόες καὶ ἴφια μῆλα,*
> *Ἠελίου, ὃς πάντ' ἐφορᾷ καὶ πάντ' ἐπακούει.*
>
> Od. xii. 322.

[3] The story of Amphiaraus bears a resemblance to that of Agamemnon. He was the son of Oicleus, and the greatest soothsayer of his time. Foreseeing the fatal issue of the Theban war, he would have declined assisting Polynices, and hid himself for some time, but was betrayed by his wife Eriphyle, whom Polynices had bribed with a golden necklace, and who, like Clytemnestra, fell by her son's hand. Although Homer has assigned the chief place among deceased prophets to Tiresias, it is certain that high honors were paid to Amphiaraus after death, at Oropus in Attica, where he had a temple.—Tr. So *ἄναξ* is applied to Tiresias in Œd. Tyr. 304. On Amphiaraus cf. Pindar Ol. VI. 21. Apollodor. III. 6, 2. His oracle is mentioned by Cicero de Div. I. 40. Minutius Felix, Oct. § 26. Athenagoras, legat. p. 139.—B.

CH. Yes.

EL. I know it, I know it; for a careful friend arose to him in sorrow; but to me there is no longer any, for he who yet existed is torn away and gone.

CH. Wretched, thou hast a wretched fate.

EL. I too am conscious, too conscious of this by a life which every month sweeps in a mass of many things grievous and detestable.[1]

CH. We know all that thou bewailest.

EL. No more, no more now mislead me, where no more[2]—

CH. What sayest thou?

EL. Are present the aids of hopes of kindred blood and high ancestry.[3]

CH. Death is natural to all mankind.

EL. What, and in the rivalry of swift steeds thus to be entangled in the reins, like him wretched?

CH. The misfortune is inconceivable.

EL. How should it not? if in a foreign land without my hands—

CH. O heavens!

EL. He was inurned, having met with neither sepulture nor dirge from us.

CHR. With joy, my best beloved, I speed me hither,[4] dismissing decorum, to hasten with alacrity; for I bring both joys and respite from the ills which before now thou didst cherish and sigh over.

EL. But hence couldst thou discover a consolation of my troubles, a remedy whereof it is impossible to find?

CHR. Our Orestes is at hand, be sure of this, hearing it of me, as certainly as thou lookest on me.

EL. What! art thou frantic, wretch, and mockest thine own woes and mine?

[1] If Hermann's reading, *αἰῶνι*, be here adopted for *ἀχέων* (as *παμμήρῳ πανσύρτῳ* can not well stand for substantives, if without the article), the reader may compare Hermann's explanation, *πάνσυρτος πᾶσι μησί*, with Thucyd. 2, 44, *ἐνευδαιμονῆσαι τε καὶ ἐντελευτῆσαι τὸν βίον*.

[2] Johnson, and after him Brunck, unaccountably translates the word *παραγάγῃς* by *soleris*, to which Musgrave with reason objects, and renders it *demulceas verbis, decipias*.

[3] *ἀρωγαί*, Hermann, from the scholiast.

[4] Much of the beauty of this scene is lost to us in the closet; on the stage its effect must have been wonderful.

CHR. No, by my father's hearth, I speak not this in insult, t that he is at hand to us.

EL. Ah me! unhappy! and from whom of men hearing this le, believest thou this fondly?

CHR. From myself and none else, having seen sure proofs, I lieve this tale.

EL. What proof having beheld, unhappy girl! looking on hat, say, art thou heated with this fever of the soul past ure?[1]

CHR. Now, by the gods, listen, that, having learned of me, hou mayest call me henceforth either sensible or senseless.

EL. Nay, then, do thou say on, if thou in speaking hast any leasure.

CHR. Well then, I tell thee all that I behold. For when I came to my father's ancient tomb, I see from the top of the mound fresh-running streams of milk, and my sire's grave garlanded all around with every flower that grows. But having seen this I began to feel wonder, and gaze around, lest haply any mortal be stealing close upon me. But when I saw the whole spot tranquil, I crept nearer the tomb, and at the edge of the pile I discern a fresh-cropped lock of hair.[2] And the instant I hapless discovered it, an accustomed fancy strikes upon my soul, that I was looking on this a memorial of Orestes, the dearest of mankind, and raising it in my hands, I speak not words of ill omen, but for joy have mine eyes filled instantly with tears.[3] And now, too, equally as then, I

[1] The same epithet is applied to the madness of Ajax:

"Ἐγώ σφ' ἀπείργω, δυσφόρους ἐπ' ὄμμασι
Γνώμας βαλοῦσα, τῆς ἀνηκέστου χαρᾶς."—v. 51.

[2] Schaefer conjectured πυρᾷ. Retain the genitive and join it with ὁρῶ, *a summo tumulo conspicio cincinnum*, according to the Greek fashion of measurement, not from the spectator to the object seen, but the reverse. See also v. 882.—Herm.

[3] Brunck translates this, *vocem quidem compressi*, evidently considering οὐ δυσφημῶ as equivalent to εὐφημῶ in its second sense. But Potter, with greater reason gives it thus:

"And from mine eyes gushed tears: account not these
Omens of ill, for they were tears of joy."

Chrysothemis, with the natural anxiety of a Greek bringing good tidings, explains away a circumstance which might change their nature, even before she states what that circumstance was. But that it was considered a general of ill omen, we learn from Homer, Od. B. XX.—TR. Apuleius Met. p. 107, ed. Elm.: "ut lacrymæ sæpicule de gaudio prodeunt, ita et in illo nimio pavore risum nequivi continere."—B.

am sure that this ornament could come from none bu
For to whom is this a natural duty, save at least to th
me? And I did it not, this I well know, nor agai
thou. For how shouldst thou, to whom at least it is n
mitted with impunity to quit this roof even to [worsh
gods? But of my mother, too, neither is the spirit w
act thus, nor had she done it unobserved: no, these m
respect are from Orestes. Come, my dear sister, take c
To the same persons the selfsame genius is not always
But ours was ere now detestable, yet haply the pres
will be the confirmation of many good things.

EL. Alas! how do I long since pity thee for thy i
tion!

CHR. But what is it? do I not speak this to thy del

EL. Thou knowest neither whither on earth nor whi
thought thou art hurried.

CHR. But how know I not that at least which I saw

EL. He is dead, miserable woman; and all protec
thee from him is vanished; look not to him at least.

CHR. Unhappy me! from whom of men hast thou
this?

EL. From one who was near at hand when he peris

CHR. And where is this man? amazement comes o

EL. Within, acceptable, and not displeasing to my

CHR. Unhappy me! and from whom among me
have been the many funeral offerings at my father's to

EL. I am most led to believe that some one place
there as memorials of the deceased Orestes.

CHR. Ah ill-fortuned! while with joy I bringing suc
was hastening, not knowing, I am sure, in what woe
plunged![1] But now, when I have come, I find the pre
existing evils, and fresh ones also.

EL. Thus it is with thee; but if thou wilt be persu
me, thou shalt lighten the weight of thy present afflicti

CHR. What, shall I ever raise the dead?

EL. That at least is not what I said, for I was not
senseless.

CHR. What then dost thou require, to which I can
myself.

[1] Ἀρα est *ergo*, quod hic in media oratione cum dolore additum.
ad Aj. 1005.

hat thou take heart to execute what I shall advise.
Nay, if there be any profit in it at least, I will not re-
om me.
Observe, without trouble, be sure, nothing is success-

I do observe. I will lend aid in all whereunto I have
h.
Hear then now, in what way I have planned to effect
ou too art surely aware that present countenance of
there is none to us, but Hades has taken and deprived
em, and we are left alone.[1] I at least, while I heard
brother was flourishing in life, maintained hopes that
d one day come as avenger of my father's murder;[2]
, since he is no more, I therefore turn to thee, that
thy sister thou wilt not be reluctant to slay the per-
of our father's murder, Ægisthus. For I must con-
ght from thee any longer. Since how long wilt thou
slothful? with a view to what farther rational hope?
it cause to sigh being deprived of the possessing of
s wealth, and cause to sorrow, so long a time growing
edded and unbetrothed. And do not any longer hope
will ever obtain these things. For Ægisthus is not
ident a man as ever to suffer thy progeny or mine
; up, an evident annoyance to himself.[3] But if thou
ed by my counsels, first thou wilt reap the praise of
m thy father in the grave, and also from thy brother,
a as thou wast born, thou wilt be called hereafter
l wilt gain thyself a worthy marriage. For every
ont to have regard to what is virtuous. But in the
t least seest thou not what high renown thou wilt at-
thyself and to me by being persuaded by me? For

ann here defends the first person dual against Elmsley and
is found once only in Homer, Il. Ψ. 485, where Elmsley pro-
ead *περιδώμεσθ'*, once besides this place in Sophocles, at Phil.
re also Hermann has retained the dual:
va, Ægistho, non etiam matri, necem parare Electram."—H.
ωρ is properly the exactor of retribution.
III. 40. *Μάλιστα δὲ οἱ μὴ ξὺν προφάσει τινὰ κακῶς ποιοῦντες*
ται καὶ διόλλυνται, τὸν κίνδυνον ὑφορώμενοι τοῦ ὑπολειπομένου
'Non putem respexisse Sophoclem versum paræmiacum *νήπιος*
κτείνας παῖδας καταλείποι, ut Schaefero videbatur in Melet.
23."—Herm.

who of townsmen or strangers beholding us will not welcome us with applauses such as these? "Behold, friends, these two sisters, that saved their father's house, that of their lives unsparing, took the lead in slaying their foes who once were high in station; these ought we to love, these ought all to venerate, these all to honor, both at the festivals and in the states' popular assemblies, in reward of their courage."[1] Thus, be sure, will every man proclaim of us, that glory shall fail us not, alive or dead. But, my beloved, be persuaded, join in toiling for thy father's sake, in laboring for thy brother's, respite me from misery, respite thyself, being assured of this, that "basely to live is base for the noble born."

Ch. In words like these precaution is a help both to the speaker and hearer.

Chr. Yet before she spake, ladies, had she chanced to be other than perverse of thought, she had preserved that caution, even as she doth not preserve it. For whither possibly turning thine eyes, art thou at once arming thyself with such daring, and callest on me to support thee? Seest thou not? thou wert born a woman, and no man, and art in power less strong than thine opponents. But to them is destiny daily propitious, while to us it is retrograde, and comes to nought.[2] Who then, plotting to ensnare such a man, shall be let off unpained by calamity? Beware lest faring badly we work ourselves weightier evils, if any one shall hear these words.

[1] "Notwithstanding the decent reservedness of female manners in ancient Greece, the virgins were not only allowed to be present at certain religious solemnities, but their attendance was necessary: they formed a distinguished part in the sacred processions, and were led by some virgin of the highest rank."—Potter. In Spain, where the strictness of female confinement outdoes even that of ancient Greece, the same license is allowed on the festivals of particular saints.

[2] The dæmon, which in Socrates supplied the office of common sense, was considered by the ancients as a being of an intermediate order between God and man; being synonymous with the genii (perhaps originally with the giants), and therefore sprung from earth (γῆ) previously to the creation of man; they were supposed to control by their influence the fortunes of the human race, each of which had his particular guardian power, who knew (Δαήμων) all his actions, and furthered or prevented his purposes. From this probably was modified the Rosicrucian system.—Tr. These remarks are misapplied. No allusion to guardian genii is intended, and δαίμων, as almost every where in the Tragedians, means fortune.—B.

it neither profits nor assists us aught, having gained an orable fame, to perish with infamy; for 'tis not death that nost hateful, but when one longing to die then have not ver to obtain it. But I conjure thee, ere we perish utterly complete destruction, and desolate our race, repress thy pas-n. And what has been said I will preserve for thee, undi-lged as ineffectual; but do thou thyself at least after so long ime take thought, since thou hast no power to submit to thy periors.[1]

CH. Be persuaded. There exists not to man a profit more sirable to gain than forethought and wisdom of mind.

EL. Thou hast said nothing unlooked for; nay, I well knew ou wouldst reject what I proposed. But by me alone and ngle-handed must this deed be done; for positively I will not ave it unassayed at least.

CHR. Alas! would thou had been such in spirit when our ther fell; for thou wouldst have accomplished all.

EL. Nay, I was naturally at least such, but at that time of aker judgment.

CHR. Practice to continue such in mind throughout life.

EL. As not purposing to co-operate with me thou advisest ius.

CHR. Yes, for it is likely that one who takes in hand to ork ill will fare ill.

EL. I envy thee thy prudence, but abhor thy cowardice.

CHR. I fain must hear you, even when thou shalt commend ie.[2]

EL. But think not from me at least thou shalt ever meet ith this.

CHR. Nay, future time is long enough to decide on this.

EL. Away, for there is in thee no help.

CHR. There is, but thou hast not docility to learn it.

EL. Go and disclose all this to thy mother.

[1] Ἀλλ' ἐννοεῖν χρὴ τοῦτο μὲν, γυναῖχ' ὅτι
Ἐφυμεν, ὡς πρὸς ἄνδρας οὐ μαχουμένα·
Ἔπειτα δ' οὕνεκ' ἀρχόμεσθ' ἐκ κρεισσόνων.—Ant. v. 61.

[2] Schol. ἔσται καιρὸς, ὅτε με εὐφημήσεις. Potter makes the sentence eak off abruptly, which seems contrary to the practice of the Greek ets, the connection being nowhere afterward resumed. Hermann nslates it thus: "Oportebit me audire te etiam laudantem mores meos." onk, "Sustinebo te audire, etiamsi mutas orationem et probas mores eos."

CHR. Nay, I hate thee not with so great hatred.

EL. Well, then, think at least to what infamy thou art leading me.[1]

CHR. Not infamy, but forethought for thyself.

EL. What! must I then follow thine idea of justice?

CHR. Yes; for when thou art in thy right mind, then shalt thou lead me.

EL. Truly 'tis hard, that one who speaks so well should err.

CHR. Thou hast rightly stated the evil in which thou art implicated.

EL. But how? do I not seem to thee to say this with justice?

CHR. Yet there are cases where justice causes injury.

EL. By these rules I choose not to live.

CHR. Yet if thou shalt so act, thou wilt commend me.[2]

EL. Yet will I do it at all events, no ways frightened by thee.

CHR. And is this certain, and wilt thou not re-deliberate?

EL. No, for nothing is more detestable than base deliberation.

CHR. Methinks thou givest not a thought to aught I say.

EL. Long since, and not lately, hath this been resolved on by me.

CHR. Then I will be gone, for neither canst thou endure to approve of my words, nor I of thy conduct.

EL. But go in; for think not I shall ever follow thee, not even if thou chancedst to be very desirous, since even the pursuit of shadows is the part of great folly.

CHR. But if haply thou seemest to thyself to possess any

[1] But Hermann, "Referuntur hæc ad præcedentia ut plena oratio sit, ἀλλ' οὖν ἐπίστω γ' ἐχθαίρουσα, οἱ μ' ἀτιμίας ἄγεις: *at sane te scias me odisse pro eo gradu contemtus, ad quem usque usque me despicis.*" Brunck's explanation he terms all but unintelligible.—TR. Brunck seems right. Electra complains that her sister, by not aiding in her plans of revenging her father's death, exposed her to the disgrace of seeming backward in such a cause.—B.

[2] That is, "Having made the attempt you intend, in the hour of punishment (or failure) you will too late commend my prudence in declining to aid you." That this meaning must be given to the sentence is evident from Electra's answer. See also v. 1056.

show your sense thus; for when now thou shalt have
y foot into troubles, thou wilt approve of my words.
. Why, beholding the birds of air, most feeling, busied
oviding support for both those from whom they have
g, and those from whom they have derived benefit, do
ot equally practice this?[1] But no, by Jove's lightning
ieavenly Themis, long will they not be unpunished.[2] O
r of mankind that piercest earth, echo for me downward
ientable cry to the Atridæ beneath, fraught with joyless
ace: that now their domestic affairs are distempered, and
as concerns their children, a discordant strife no longer
:s them to meet in affectionate intercourse; but abandon-
lone, sad Electra is agitated, ever sighing for a father, like
all-sorrowing nightingale, now utterly careless of death,
ready to quit the light, when she has destroyed the twin
'. Who ever so noble could have arisen?[3] No one of
: state, in adversity, is willing nameless to debase its high
wn, my child, my child, even as thou hast adopted a vile
of utter misery, warring down the dishonorable, to reap
benefits in one word, the reputation of being both wise
the best of children.[4] I pray thou mayest live in might

lluding to the filial affection of the stork, and that bird only, as is
nt from the Birds of Aristophanes:

> Ἀλλ ἔστιν ἡμῖν τοῖσιν ὄρνισιν νόμος
> παλαιὸς, ἐν τοῖς τῶν πελαργῶν κύρβεσιν·
> ἐπῆν ὁ πατὴρ ὁ πελαργὸς ἐκπετησίμους
> πάντας ποιήσῃ τοὺς πελαργιδεῖς τρέφων,
> δεῖ τοὺς νεοττοὺς τὸν πατέρα πάλιν τρέφειν.
>
> Avv. v. 1353.

rest of the feathered race are represented as killing their parents,
h circumstance indeed brings the parricide to cloudcuckooburgh.

Quod Monkio placet, hoc dici scilicet *at punientur liberi qui hoc offi-
negligunt*, id quum propter gravem illam Jovis et Themidis obtesta-
m, quæ frigida foret in tali sententia, non est verisimile, tum etiam
er δαρόν, quod nisi ad Œgisthum et Clytemnestram spectaret, plane
supervacaneum."—Herm.

Camerarius sic vertit. *In taline fortuna florere queat ulla paternæ
tatis conscia?* Pari fere sensu Johnsonus: *Quis bonis prognatus
vere sustineat?* Mihi versus enthusiastice a Choro proferri videtur,
animitatem Electræ miranti: *Quis unquam adeo generosa extitit.*"—
rave. "When shall such hero live again?"—Giaour.—Tr. "De-
to her father."—Liddell, s. v. ἔυπατρις.—B.

*Ita tu quoque illætabile commune fatum prætulisti, scelus armans,
plicem ferres laudem, simulque et sapiens et optima filia diceretur.*

and opulence as much superior to thy foes as now thou dwellest beneath their hands; since I have found thee not indeed moving in a prosperous station, but observing the most excellent of those laws which flourish the highest, by thy piety to Jove.

Or. Have we, ladies, been rightly informed, and are we rightly journeying whither we desire?

Ch. But what dost thou inquire of us, and with what wish art thou here?

Or. Long since am I asking for Ægisthus, where he dwells.

Ch. Nay, then, both rightly art thou come, and thy informant is blameless.

Or. Who of you then would announce to those within the wished-for presence of our common feet.[1]

Ch. She will, if at least it befits the nearest relative to herald this.

Or. Go, lady, within, and signify that certain men from Phocis are in quest of Ægisthus.

El. Ah unhappy me! surely they can never be bringing evident proofs of the report which we have heard?

Or. I know not the rumor thou hintest at, but the aged Strophius bade me bring tidings concerning Orestes.

El. But what is it, stranger? How fear steals upon me!

Or. Bringing them in a narrow urn, we, as thou seest, convey the poor remains of him dead.

El. Unhappy me! this then is that now certain: it seems, I see my sorrow manifested.

Or. If at all thou weepest for Orestes' ill, know that this vase incloses his remains.

El. O stranger, give it me now, if truly this vessel enshrines him, to hold in my hands, that I may weep and lament myself and my whole race at once together with these ashes.

Or. Bring it forward and give it her, whoever she is; for not as in enmity at least to him she requests this, but being either some friend or by birth akin.

Armare enim quum dicitur Electra scelus, id patet idem esse ac provocare ad dimicationem, cujus incertus est eventus, unde mortem illa præoptâsse dicitur."—Herm.

[1] See v. 1358, upon which Franklin has the following note: "The expression in the original is remarkable, ἡδιστον ἔχων ποσὶν ὑπηρέτημα, dulcissimum habens pedum ministerium; not unlike that of the prophet Isaiah: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings!'"

El. O monument of him among mankind dearest to me,[1] relic of the living Orestes, with hopes how changed from those wherewith I once sent thee forth, do I receive thee back! For now I bear thee in my hands, a nothing; but from thy home, my boy, I sent thee blooming forth. How would I that had quitted life, ere with these hands having stolen, I dismissed thee to a foreign land, and rescued thee from murder, that thou on that day hadst lain a corpse, and shared a common portion of his tomb with thy father! But now, far from thine home, and in a foreign land an exile, miserable hast thou perished, away from thy sister; nor with affectionate hands have I prepared the bath for thee,[2] nor from the all-consuming pyre borne away, as fitting, the hapless burden. No, but by stranger hands thou, hapless, cared for, art come a little freight in a little urn. Woe is me unhappy for my nurture of yore, unprofitable! wherein I oft engaged for thee with pleasing toil! for never wert thou dearer to thy mother than to me; nor were they within, but I, thy nurse, yes, I as a sister was ever accosted by thee. But now hath all this vanished in a single day with thee, no more; yes, all hast thou with thee swept, and like a hurricane art passed away. My father is departed, I with thee am dead—thyself art dead and gone;

[1] Aulus Gellius, 7, 5, relates of Polus, a distinguished Athenian actor, already mentioned in a note at the beginning of the Œdipus Tyrannus, that not long before the acting of this play he had lost a much-loved and only son. Having to perform in the character of Electra, he brought his son's urn and ashes from their sepulchre on the stage, and thus turned a counterfeit into a real passion.—Herm.

[2] "The custom of washing the bodies of the dead is very ancient. This office was always performed by the nearest relations: Socrates, as we are informed by Plato, washed himself before his execution, probably to prevent its being done by strangers: Alcestis likewise, in Euripides, after she had determined to die for her husband, washes herself. The Romans adopted this custom from the Greeks; and we find the mother of Euryalus making the same complaint as Electra,

"——————— Nec te tua funera mater
Produxi, pressive oculos, aut vulnera lavi.
Virg. Æn. IX."—Franklin.—Tr.

Cf. Tibullus, I. 3, 3. "Me tenet ignotis ægrum Phæacia terris. Abstineas avidas mors modo nigra manus. Abstineas, mors atra, precor; non hic mihi mater, Quæ legat in mœstos ossa perusta sinus. Non soror, Assyrios cineri quæ dedat odores, Et fleat effusis ante sepulchra comis." See also Lucan. vii. 739.—B.

but our foes laugh; and our unmothered[1] mother is frantic with delight; on whom thou oftentimes wouldst send me word in secret that thou wert on the point thyself to come an avenger. But this thine and my luckless destiny hath wrested from us, which hath sent thee to me thus, in place of a form most dear, ashes and unavailing shadow. Ah me, ah me! O piteous corpse! alas! alas! O best beloved, brought on thy way most dreadful, ah me! me! how hast thou undone me, indeed undone me, mine own brother! Wherefore admit thou me into this thy mansion, me a nothing, to a nothing, that with thee in the grave I may henceforward dwell; for as, when thou wert on earth, with thee I shared an equal fortune, so now in death I long not to fail of [sharing] thy tomb; for I see not that the dead are pained.[2]

Ch. Thou art begotten of a mortal father, Electra, reflect; and mortal is Orestes, wherefore sigh not too deeply, for to all to suffer this is owing.

Or. Alas! alas! what shall I say! whither, at a loss for words, shall I betake me![3] For control my tongue can I no longer.

El. But what grief didst thou feel? wherefore happens it thou sayest this?

[1] The general analogy of language, and the use of similar words by the best authors (as of "unfathered, unkinged," by Shakespeare, and "unchilded," in a sense corresponding to that of the Greek word here, by Bishop Hall), will, it is hoped, excuse this expression, though the translator is not prepared to adduce any passage in its support. To those who think this too great a liberty, the translation of Savage in his first poem, "O mother, yet no mother!" will be an acceptable refuge from Franklin's or Potter's.

[2] Brunck translates this "*mortuos enim dolore conflictari non video.*" Franklin, "the dead are free from sorrows." Potter,

"———— The dead are free
From all the various woes of mortal life."

The two latter did not, it appears, consider it as any thing more than a general sentiment. The translator is rather inclined to suppose it a reproach, though "clerkly couched," to the shade of Agamemnon, the ebullition of despair at the neglect of all her prayers and the frustration of all her hopes.—Tr. With the preceding words compare Antig. 897, sqq.—B.

[3] "'Αμηχανῶν. Malim sic, ut sit participium, vulgo *ἀμηχάνων* ab *ἀμήχανος*."—Musgrave. Which Brunck confirms (see his note) on authority. "Bene, mea sententia, modo ne pravam interpunctionem adjecisset. Nam, ut recte monet Monkius, ποῖ λόγων jungenda sunt, qui tamen addere debebat ad eumdem genitivum etiam participium ἁμηχάνων referendum esse."—Herm.

Or. Is this of thine the illustrious form of Electra?

El. This is that person, and in most woeful plight.

Or. Then woe is me for this sad mischance.

El. Wherefore, stranger, can it be, that thou thus sighest over me?

Or. O form, in disgraceful and unholy sort impaired!

El. It can be none else but me, surely, O stranger, that thou deplorest.

Or. Alas for thy marriageless and ill-fated life!

El. For what possible reason, stranger, canst thou thus gazing on me be mourning?

Or. How truly nothing had I known of my miseries!

El. In what that has been spoken hast thou discerned this?

Or. Beholding thee conspicuous for thy many griefs.

El. And yet thou seest at least but few of mine ills.

Or. And how could there ever exist more hateful than these to look on?

El. For that I am an inmate with the assassins.

Or. With whose? Whence this evil thou didst mention?

El. My father's. Nay, more, to them perforce I slave.

Or. Why, who of mankind impels thee forward to this necessity?[1]

El. My mother she is called; but with a mother hath nought in common.

Or. Perpetrating what? with violence, or with penury of living?

El. With violence, with penury, with every ill.

Or. And is there none at hand who will aid thee, and prevent her?

El. None indeed; for him I had, hast thou brought hither in ashes.

Or. Ah hapless! how long since beholding do I pity thee!

El. Know that of mankind thou alone hast compassionated me now at last.

Or. Yes, for I alone come in pain for thy woes.

[1] Hermann somewhat differently: "*ἀνάγκη τῇδε* non est dativus, idem significans quod *εἰς ἀνάγκην τήνδε*, sed ablativus: *Quis te mortalium hac serviendi necessitate cogit?* Quod exquisitius dictum pro, *quis tibi hanc necessitatem imponit?* Ἀνάγκη προτρέπει idem est quod *ἀναγκάζει*: et quum *ταῦτα* dicere deberet, pronomen ad nomen *ἀνάγκη* accommodavit, ut solent."—Tr. Hermann is right. Translate: "what man rules thee under this slave's lot?"—B.

El. Thou surely art not come from some quarter akin to me?

Or. I would tell thee, if the presence of these be friendly.

El. It is friendly, so that thou wilt speak before the trusty.

Or. Give up this urn now, that thou mayest learn the whole.

El. Nay truly, by the gods, deal not thus with me, stranger.

Or. Be persuaded as I say, and then never wilt thou err.

El. Not, by thy beard[1] I pray thee, bereave me not of what I hold most dear.

Or. I can not consent to let thee.

El. Ah me unhappy for thee, Orestes, if I am to be deprived of thy tomb!

Or. Speak auspiciously, for not with reason dost thou mourn.

El. How mourn I not with reason my dead brother?

Or. It suits thee not with these words to accost him.[2]

El. Am I thus unworthy of the dead?

Or. Unworthy of no one. But this is not thy part.

El. At least, if this that I bear is the body of Orestes.

Or. It is not Orestes', except in tale at least worked up.

El. But where is the tomb of him unhappy?

Or. It is not; for the living has no tomb.

El. How hast thou said, young man?

Or. Nought that I say is falsehood.

El. What, lives the man?

Or. If at least I am alive.

El. How, art thou he?

Or. Having inspected this my father's seal,[3] ascertain if I speak truth.

[1] "By thy beard." This was a frequent adjuration among the ancients, as the beard was an object of great care, and the loss of it esteemed a great disgrace, as in the case of David's messengers to Hanun. In the Arabian Nights there is a proclamation in which the loss of the beard is a threatened penalty for failing to expound certain difficulties.

[2] Potter translates this, "Thy state it suits not thus to speak." Brunck, "*Non te decet ista loqui.*" But the word προσφωνεν seems to require that its preposition be more fully marked, besides that it makes the discovery more gradual, which is clearly Orestes' aim.

[3] "What this mark was, has greatly puzzled the commentators. The

El. O day most welcome!

Or. Most welcome, I join to witness.

El. O voice, art thou come?

Or. No more inquire elsewhere.

El. Hold I thee in my hands?

Or. So mayest thou ever henceforth hold me.[1]

El. O dearest women, O my countrywomen, you see Orestes here, in artifice deceased, but now by artifice preserved.

Ch. We see, my child, and at thy fortune the tear of gladness steals from mine eyes.

El. O offspring, offspring of persons to me most dear, at length art thou come! thou hast found, thou hast come, thou hast looked on those thou didst desire.

Or. We are here; but tarry, keeping silence.

El. But wherefore this?

Or. Better be silent, lest one from within hear us.

El. But no, by the ever virgin Diana, this will I never deign, to dread the useless load of women that ever abides within.[2]

Or. Yet see now at least how even in women warlike daring exists: thou surely having experienced this, knowest it full well.

El. Alas! alas! thou hast introduced unclouded a calamity never to be remedied, never to be forgotten, such as was ours.[3]

Or. I know this also; but when occasion shall prompt, then must we call to mind these deeds.

El. All times,[4] all times were to me fitting as they passed

scholiasts, whose conjectures are generally whimsical, will needs have it to be some remains of the ivory shoulder (vid. Pind. Olymp. I.) of Pelops which was visible in all his descendants, as those of Cadmus were marked with a lance, and the Seleucidæ with an anchor. Camerarius, and after him Brumoy, call it a ring or seal, which indeed is the most natural interpretation of the Greek word *σφραγίς*: though it may be said, in support of the other opinion, that the natural or bodily mark was more certain, and therefore a better proof of identity in regard to the person of Orestes."—Franklin.

[1] Hermann, however, for ὡς reads ὡς.—Tr. And so Dind.—B.

[2] "Sensus est, *hanc quidem non dignam habebo quam metuam Clytemnestræ nimiam semper severitatem.*"—Herm. Let the reader choose.

[3] *ἀνέφελον ἐπέβαλες* are to be construed together; *λησόμενον* passively.

[4] Thus in Philoctetes, when Neoptolemus says he will sail on the first

to denounce with justice this; for scarcely now have I freedom of speech.

Or. I too agree with thee, wherefore keep this in mind.

El. By doing what?

Or. Where it is unseasonable, wish not to speak at length.

El. Who, then, when thou hast appeared, would thus change their words for silence, at least of any worth? since now I have beheld thee, unpromised, as unhoped for.

Or. Then didst thou behold me, when the gods urged me to return.[1]

El. Thou hast told me a joy yet higher than my former, if heaven hath impelled thee to our abodes: I count this a thing of heaven's sending.

Or. In part, I am reluctant to repress thy joy; in part, I fear thy being too much overcome by rapture.

El. O thou that thus hast deigned in length of time to show thyself with welcome approach to me, do not, I pray, having seen me thus deep in misery—

Or. What must I not do?

El. Rob me not of my joy at thy countenance, that I give it up.[2]

Or. Nay, I were enraged to see it even in others.[3]

El. Dost thou consent?

Or. How should I not?

El. My friends, I have heard the voice I never could have hoped to hear. I was cherishing a voiceless passion, wretched as I was, not even hearing the news with a shriek.[4] But now I have thee; and thou hast dawned upon me with most

favorable breeze, but that the wind is then adverse to them, Philoctetes replies,

ἀεὶ καλὸς πλοῦς ἔσθ' ὅταν φεύγῃς κακά.

[1] Hermann supposes some such verse as the following to have been lost from this place:

αὐτοὶ γεγῶτες τῆσδε τῆς ὁδοῦ βραβῆς.

[2] Construe ἡδονάν with ἀποστερήσῃς. "Græci, cum verba duo, diversos casus regentia, ad idem nomen æque referantur, ne nomen proprium aut pronomen minus suaviter repetatur, in utrovis regimine semel ponunt, altero omisso."—Pors. ad Med. 734. Hermann justly, therefore, wonders that Porson should have altered the accusative here into ἁδονᾶν. Of ἀποστερεῖν with a double accus. see Matt. Gr. Gr. § 412.

[3] That is, "Were I to see any other attempting to rob thee of that joy."

[4] This beautifully expresses the depth of Electra's misery at the tidings of her brother's death; for as Malcolm observes to Macduff,

aspect, which I never could have forgotten even in
ry.

R. This overflow of words dismiss, and tell me neither how
ed is my mother, nor how Ægisthus drains the riches of
father's house,[1] and part he wastes, and part he idly
nders; for this thy tale would obstruct the timely occa-
; but what will suit me best at the present season, instruct,
re showing, or concealing ourselves, we may by this our
ney quell our insulting foes. But so [beware] that thy
her shall not find thee out by thy cheerful countenance, as
nter the palace, but, as for the calamity falsely announced,
nt; for when we shall have succeeded, then will be our
to rejoice, and freely laugh.[2]

L. But, O my brother, since thus it pleases thee, so shall
pleasure also be; since the joys I have received, I have so,
ving them from thee, and not mine own. And not by
ing thee even a little would I choose myself to obtain a
t advantage; for thus I were not duly obedient to our
ent good genius. But thou knowest all from hence; how
uldst thou not? hearing that Ægisthus is not within, but
mother is at home, whom never dread thou, that she shall
my countenance glowing with a smile; for both mine an-
t hatred hath sunk deep into me,[3] and since I have looked
thee I shall never cease shedding tears of joy. For how

"————The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

ce Sophocles with the same idea makes Jocasta in Œdipus, and the
n in Antigone, quit the stage in silence; upon which latter occasion
Chorus says, on being asked by the messenger what Eurydice's sor-
may mean,

"I know not, but a silence so reserved
Imports some dread event: such are my thoughts;
A clamorous sorrow wastes itself in sound."

mann understands the passage very differently: "Neque dubitari
st, quin *ἀνανδον οὐδὲ σὺν βοᾷ κλύουσα* ad vocem hanc referendum
uam obticuisse mortuo Oreste acceperat Electra. . . . . Facile con-
s *ἀς ἔσχον ὀργάν*, vel *ἄν* . . . . Id non cum *ὀργάν* sed cum *αὐδάν*
ungi deberet, hac constructione *ἂν ἀνανδον οὐδὲ σὺν βοᾷ κλύουσα*
ν αὐδάν."

Homer mentions the seduction of Clytemnestra, and luxurious indo-
e of Ægisthus, at large in his Odyssey, B. III.

Exactly the old saw: "Let them laugh that win."—B.

Literally, "hath melted like wax into me."

how should I cease, who in a single journey have beheld thee both dead and alive? Yes, thou hast dealt unexpectedly with me; so that were my father to come to me alive, no longer should I account it a prodigy, but believe I saw him. When then in such a way thou comest to me, lead thou, as thou art minded; since I alone had not failed of two things, for either I had nobly delivered myself, or nobly perished.

Or. I recommend thee to be silent, since I hear some one of those within proceeding as on his way out.

El. Enter ye, strangers, especially as bringing what none might reject from his house, nor be glad to receive within it.[1]

Att. O utterly senseless and blasted in understanding! What, have ye not longer any care for your life? or have ye no inborn prudence in you, that, although no longer on the verge, but in the very midst of the greatest dangers, ye know it not? But had not I chanced long since to be watching at this portal, your schemes had been within the house before your persons; but now I have exerted precaution against this. And now having bid adieu to protracted converse, and this insatiate clamor of delight, get ye privately within, since to delay is in such cases harm, but the crisis requires one to have done with it.[2]

Or. How then are matters from thence with me if I enter?

Att. Well; for it chances that no one knows thee.

Or. Thou hast reported, I suppose, that I am dead?

Att. Know now, that, here a man, thou art one of those in Hades.[3]

[1] This speech of Electra, as several of those she afterward addresses to Ægisthus, is craftily ambiguous, in obedience to Orestes' instructions at v. 1296.

[2] Brunck translates this, "*urget autem occasio rei gerendæ;*" and Johnson, "*tempus autem ipsum jam instat exsequendi;*" but as the verb ἀπαλλάσσομαι occurs just above, there seems no reason to alter its sense immediately afterward. Of course the expression may be considered as relating either to their "ridding themselves of the business by executing it," or to their bidding a temporary adieu to each other: on these the reader must decide for himself.—Tr. I think the phrase I have adopted the most literal, and also the most correct to the sense. The same thing is expressed in v. 21: ὡς ἐνταῦθ' ἵνα Οὐκ ἔστ' ἔτ' ὀκνεῖν καιρὸς, ἀλλ' ἔργων ἀκμή.—B.

[3] I have some doubts whether greater stress should not be laid upon ἐνθάδε, and the words construed thus: μάνθαν' εἰς ὢν ἀνὴρ τῶν ἐν

Or. Are they then glad at this? or what are their sentiments?

Att. When all these things are finished, I would tell thee; but as things now go all is well with them, even what is not well.[1]

El. Who is this, my brother? tell me, by the gods.

Or. Knowest thou not?

El. At least I bring him not to mind.

Or. Knowest thou not into whose hands thou once didst deliver me?

El. To whom? How sayest thou?

Or. By whose hands I was privately conveyed to the Phocian's land, by thy forethought.

El. What? is this he, whom once alone of many I found faithful at the time of my father's murder?[2]

Or. This is he; question me with no more words.

El. O dearest light! O sole preserver of Agamemnon's house, how hast thou come? what, art thou he who saved him and me from many a woe? O dearest hands! O thou that hast the most welcome service of the feet![3] How thus long present to me didst thou elude, nor disclose thyself to me, but didst destroy me in words, bearing deeds most pleasant to me? Hail, my father, for a father I seem to behold; O hail! But know that thee of all men I most abhorred, most loved, in a single day.

Att. Methinks it is enough; since for the tale[4] that intervenes, many a night and day as long revolves, which shall explain all this clearly to thee, Electra. But I advise you at least that stand here, that now is the season for action; now Clytemnestra is alone; now there is not a man within; but if ye shall delay, bethink you that ye will have to battle with both these and other foes, more crafty and more numerous than these.

Ἄιδου ἐνθάδε, "know, that thou art an inhabitant of Hades, *as far as those here are a whit the wiser*," *i. e.*, you're dead, for all they know.—B.

[1] *i. e.* the conduct of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus.

[2]
" Faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only he."

[3] See note on v. 1104.

[4] Cf. " Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act 2, sc. 4:
" Please you I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned."—B.

Or. No more of lengthened discourse to us, O Pylades, dot this work admit of, but with all speed to haste within, havin saluted the paternal abodes of the deities, as many as dwell i his vestibule.[1]

El. O King Apollo, favorably hear them, and with them me, who many a time indeed with suppliant hand, and such store as I possessed, have stood before thee. But now, Lycæan Apollo, with such as I have, I beg, I fall before thee, I implore thee; be thou a willing abettor to us in these designs, and show mankind what reward, the price of impiety, the gods bestow.

Ch. Behold where Mars spreads forth, breathing the blood of sad strife. Even now are entering beneath the palace roof the hounds that follow after evil villainies, from whom is no escape;[2] wherefore not much longer will the presage of my soul continue in suspense. For the stealthy-footed avenger of the dead is brought within the house, to the dwelling of his father teeming with ancient wealth, having upon his hands blood newly shed;[3] and the son of Maia[4] Mercury conducts him, in darkness burying his guile, to the very boundary, nor longer tarries.

El. O ladies, most beloved, the men will forthwith accomplish the deed; but wait it in silence.

[1] Thus Philoctetes, by the desire of Neoptolemus, salutes the tutelary guardians of his dreary abode when on the point of quitting Lemnos.

[2] Hermann understands this of Orestes and Pylades.

[3] Hermann has dissipated the clouds of the grammarians respecting *αἷμα* in the sense of sword, by showing that the metre requires *νεοσφαγητον*, from *κένω*. Cf. Eu. El. 1172. The verse is a double dochmaic.

[4] "Mercury was the god of fraud and treachery, and called *δόλιος*, or the deceiver; to him therefore were attributed all secret schemes and expeditions, good or bad. The propriety of Mercury's peculiar assistance in this place may likewise be accounted for from his relation to Myrtilus, who was slain by Pelops."—Franklin. To which he might have added the personal slight that Mercury had received from Ægisthus. See Homer, Od. 1:

> "Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
> Sincere from royal blood, and faith profaned;
> To warn the wretch that young Orestes, grown
> To manly years, should reassert the throne:
> Yet impotent of mind, and uncontroll'd,
> He plunged into the gulf which heaven foretold."
>
> Pope's Trans. l. 49.

ow then? What do they now?
e is preparing a cauldron for the burial, but they are
lose by her.
ıd wherefore hast thou hurried out?
watch that Ægisthus may not escape us on return-
ı.
nestra from within.] Oh! oh! alas! alas! Oh dwell-
tute of friends, but full of the destroyers!
me one shrieks within. Hear ye not, my friends?[1]
ınhappy heard what was not fit to be heard, so that I

Inhappy me! Ægisthus, where canst thou be?
ark! again some one cries aloud.
Iy son, my son, pity her that bore thee.
ıt not by thee was he pitied, nor the father that be-

city, O race ill-fated! now destiny day after day
ɔe, wastes thee!
ıh me, I am stricken!
rike, if thou hast strength, a double stroke.
Woe is me again and again!
ould it were likewise woe to Ægisthus.
ıe curses are fulfilled; they that lie beneath the earth
for the long since dead are secretly shedding the co-
aming blood of those that slew them. And now in-
are here, and their gory hand is dripping with the
ice to Mars; yet can I not speak![2]

r puts these words into the mouth of one of the women that
e Chorus; because (says he) Electra would never have said
ries out,' as she knew it must be Clytemnestra. The reader
s choice in regard to this alteration. I have left it as it stands
nal, being a matter of no great consequence." Thus Frank-
r he nor the French critic seeming aware that τις in this pas-
re implies ignorance of the person, than it does in many pas-
istophanes; for instance, in the Ranæ, vv. 552, 601, 628, or
Luke, c. viii. v. 46.
nn reads ψέγειν, putting these lines into the mouth of the
l the following half verse, which he gives to Electra thus:
ὶς κυρεῖ δέ; but to understand these words, οὐδ' ἔχω ψέγειν,
der of Clytemnestra, would suit neither the character of the
the time. Hermann has therefore referred them to Ἄρεος,
he puts a comma, and compares Il. Δ. 539.—Tr. I have fol-
lorf.—B.

El. Orestes, how is it?

Or. For what is within the palace, well, if well Apollo hath predicted.

El. Is the wretched woman dead?

Or. No longer fear that thy mother's spirit will ever insult thee.

Ch. Have done, for I plainly perceive Ægisthus.

El. Youths, will ye not retire hastily?

Or. Perhaps ye discern the man [coming] toward us?[1]

El. He from the suburb advances rejoicing.

Ch. Go through the opposite doorway with all possible speed:[2] now, having well-disposed of all before, so [do] this again in turn.[3]

Or. Courage; we will effect it.

El. Hasten now, whither thou purposest.

Or. Well, then, I am gone.

El. The rest should be my care.

Ch. It would be useful to whisper a few words at least as mildly as possible to this man in his ear, that headlong he may rush into the covert strife of vengeance.

Ægisthus. Who of you knows where the Phocian strangers can be, who, they say, bring us news that Orestes has lost his life amid the wrecks of the chariots? Thee, yes, thee, even thee I question, in time past so audacious, since I think thou hast most care for it, and best knowest so as to tell me.

El. I do know it; for how should I not? for else had I been stranger to a casualty of dearest import of all to me.

Æg. Where then may be the strangers? instruct me.

El. Within; for a friendly hostess have they encountered.[4]

Æg. What, and reported they of his death as certain?

[1] Orestes, *εἰσορᾶτε ποῦ τὸν ἄνδρ'*; and then Electra, *ἐφ' ἡμῖν, κ. τ. λ.* So Hermann, who excepts the verb from the interrogation thus: "Ye see the man: where?"

[2] "Est *ἀντίθυρον* locus in ædibus interior oppositus foribus. V. Lucian Alexandro 16; Hermsterh. App. Anim. p. 15."—Hermann.

[3] *θῆσθε* is to be understood.—Herm.

[4] There is an intentional ambiguity in all Electra's language here: *κατήννσαν*, upon which depends the genitive, has a double meaning of the preposition *κατά*: *confecerunt* [*viam vel rem*] *κατά*.—Herm.

El. Nay, but they have also shown it to sight, not in words nly.

Æg. And is it for us to ascertain it as evident also?

El. It is indeed at hand, and a most unenviable specta-e.

Æg. Verily thou hast bidden me rejoice much, not in thy onted manner.

El. Joy thou, if such as this is joy to thee.'

Æg. I bid you to keep silence, and to throw open the .tes for all Mycenæ and Argos to behold,[1] that if any among em was heretofore buoyed up with empty hopes of this an, now seeing him dead he may receive my curb, nor to s cost beget him after-wisdom, meeting with me his chas-ser.

El. And now is my part fulfilled, for at length I have got ıe sense to suit my betters.

Æg. O Jove, I behold a sight that hath not fallen without ne ill-will of the gods; but if Nemesis attend, I recall my ords.[2] Remove all covering from mine eyes, that my kin-lred, look you, may meet with lamentation from me too.

Or. Do thou thyself lift it: this is not my part, but thine, oth to look on this, and accost it as a friend.

Æg. Nay, thou advisest well, and I will obey; but do thou, haply Clytemnestra be within, call her.

Or. She is close by thee, look not elsewhere.

Æg. Ah me! what do I behold?

Or. Whom fearest thou? whom knowest thou not?

[1] It was a common practice among the Greeks to set the corpse out to ew. See Adam's Roman Antiquities on the word *depositus*, where he serves that this custom was probably derived from that of exposing sick rsons before the doors of their houses, that the passers-by might sug-st any medicine they had known to be of service in such cases, as men-ned by Herodotus, b. i. 197. "Ægisthus, imagining that these Pho-ın strangers had brought the dead body of Orestes, expected to find it d at the entrance of the house, ad limen, such being the general usage antiquity."—Potter.

[2] See note on v. 792. Potter remarks on the peculiar indecency of ıich Ægisthus was here guilty (and in which he checks himself), he ing a near relation to Orestes. But Hermann retains in the former line e old reading *οὐ*, and compares Æsch. Agam. 913, with this meaning: *ecidit ille via et insidia deorum, si fas est hoc dicere.* Sentit enim ipse pudentur se hanc mortem justitiæ deorum adscribere; unde addit, *si c nefas est indictum volo.*"

Æg. Into what men's surrounding trammels can I wretched have fallen?

Or. What, perceivest thou not long ago, that thou parleyest with the living just as dead?

Æg. Ah me! I comprehend thy words; for it can not be but this that speaketh to me must be Orestes.

Or. Ay, and though so good a prophet, wert thou deceived thus long![1]

Æg. Then wretched I am undone: but permit me to say, though but a little.

El. Let him speak no farther, in heaven's name, my brother, nor lengthen out his words. For what profit should he among mortals involved in evils, that is about to die, gain by time? No, slay him with utmost speed; and having slain, expose him to buriers, such as 'tis reason he should have, unseen of us.[2] Since this could be the only atonement to me of my former wrongs.

Or. Thou must go speedily within; for the strife is not now of words, but for thy life.

Æg. Why takest thou me in-doors? how, if this deed be honorable, needs it darkness, and why art not thou ready with thine hand to slay me?

Or. Order not, but go thither, where thou slewest my father, that on that very spot thou mayest die.

Æg. What! is it absolutely doomed that this roof witness both the present and future ills of the Pelopidæ?

Or. Thine at all events. I am in this a capital soothsayer to thee.

Æg. But no paternal art is this thou hast vaunted.

Or. Thou answerest much, while thy departure is retarded; but begone.

Æg. Lead the way.

Or. Thou must go first.

Æg. Is it that I escape thee not?

Or. Nay, lest thou die then with pleasure:[3] it is my duty

[1] Orestes means that Ægisthus, who could now foresee his fate so clearly, might have anticipated it long ago.

[2] Potter observes, on the authority of Pausanias, that Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, being held unworthy of a tomb in the same place in which Agamemnon lay, were buried just outside the city walls.

[3] Compare this sentiment of Orestes with that of Hamlet, where he

this bitter to thee; but good were it that this vengeere immediate on all, at least, whoever wishes to transhe laws, to slay them. For then were not villainy ınt.

O seed of Atreus, how much having suffered hast thou worked out thy way to freedom,[1] brought to comple- the present attempt!

s to kill his uncle while praying. We must hope, for the sake of hors, that they considered both their heroes as madmen.
" come by freedom."

ANTIGONE.

CREON, having cast out Polynices (who had fallen in single combat his brother) without burial, Antigone, his sister, despite the proc tion of the king, buries him herself. She is at length discovered b guards, and, despite the intercession of Hæmon, is ordered to b tombed alive: Creon's cruelty is visited by the death of his son wife, as Tiresias has predicted, and his repentamce and wish to Antigone come too late.—B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIGONE.	MESSENGERS.
ISMENE.	HÆMON.
CHORUS.	TIRESIAS.
CREON.	EURYDICE.

ANTIGONE. O kindred form of my own sister Ism knowest thou what[2] of the ills which spring from Œdip what not—doth Jove yet accomplish to us in life? for t is nothing, either wretched or ruinous,[3] or base and degra

[1] The curses of Œdipus have now been fulfilled: Polynices and cles have fallen by each other's hands, and the army of the Argive been routed before the walls of Thebes. Antigone is not forgetful request of Polynices at their last interview, and determines, in spite edict to the contrary, to bestow the rights of sepulture on her unl brother. As the play mainly turns on this circumstance, it is necess bear in mind how much importance the ancients attached to the bur the dead. The constancy of Antigone's resolution will thus be expl the violence of her sisterly affection justified, and even the merit generous conduct enhanced.—TR. "Ismene, dear in very sisterh Donaldson, who has a somewhat ingenious note upon the periphrase Ἰσμήνης. He compares the English "poll" in "polling," "catch- etc.—B.

[2] I have rendered this passage literally, but the intervening inter tion ὁποῖον οὐχὶ causes much difficulty. If we read ὅτι, the constru will be simpler.—B.

[3] The reader must choose between ἄγης ἄτερ (the common, but rently corrupt reading), ἀγὴς ἄτερ=*unenviable*, of Coray, which W

which I have not beheld in your evils and mine. And now again, what is this proclamation which they say the ruler has just propounded to all the people of the city? Knowest thou? and hast thou heard aught? or do the injuries of enemies advancing against friends escape thee?

ISMENE. To me indeed, Antigone, no tidings of friends, either sweet or sorrowful, have come from the time that we two were bereft of two brothers, dying on the same day by a twin slaughter; and since the army of the Argives has disappeared during this night, I know nothing farther, whether I fare better or am more afflicted.

ANT. I knew it well; and therefore have I brought thee[1] without the gates of the courts, that you might hear alone.

ISM. But what is it? for you appear stirred at some tidings.[2]

ANT. For has not Creon distinguished one of our brothers with burial rites, but deprived the other of this honor? Eteocles, indeed, as they say,[3] acting upon the rights of justice and law, he has intombed beneath the earth, honorable to the gods below; but the corpse of Polynices, which wretchedly fell, they say it has been proclaimed to the citizens that no one shall inclose in the tomb, nor wail over, but leave it unlamented and unburied,[4] a sweet store for birds greedily eyeing

follows; *ἄτης ἔχον*, of Porson; or *ἄτην ἄγον*, of Donaldson. The common reading is thus explained by Hermann: *οὐδὲν τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν οὐκ ἀγειν̀ὸν ὄπωπα οὐτ' ὄπωπα* (this being the leading part of the sentence) *ἄτης ἄτερ, οὐδ' ἔστιν ὁποῖον οὐκ αἰχρὸν οὐδ' ἄτιμον ὄπωπα.* An Attic audience must have had little relish for plain speaking, who could bear a sentence that might be negative or affirmative at pleasure!—B.

[1] On *ἐξέπεμπον*, see Donaldson.—B.

[2] I am again indebted to Donaldson, who has clearly shown that *καλχαίνουσα* is intransitive, and that *ἔπος* refers to what Antigone had to communicate. This is confirmed by the preceding words of Antigone, to which the answer now seems a natural one.—B.

[3] There is much difficulty about this passage. Hermann would read *χρῃσθεὶς* in the sense "rogatus justa," alluding to the request of Eteocles to Creon. See Scholia. Donaldson reads *προσθείς*. The explanations of the common reading are quite unsatisfactory.—B.

[4] This was the judgment which God denounced against Jehoiakim, king of Judah: "They shall not lament for him, saying, Ah, my brother! or, Ah, sister! they shall not lament for him, saying, Ah, lord! or, Ah, his glory! He shall be buried with the burial of an ass," etc.—Jer. xxii. 18, 19. The customs and manners of the Greeks were originally drawn from the Eastern nations, which accounts for the similitude so observable in

the delight of the banquet. Such things they say that the good Creon has proclaimed to you and me, for I say even me, and that he is coming hither to herald them clearly forth to those who do not know them, and to bid them consider the matter not as a thing of nought, but whosoever shall do one of those things, that a death by the stoning of the people is decreed him in the city. Thus rests this case to you, and you will quickly show whether you have been born of generous spirit, or degenerate from the good.

Ism. But what, oh wretched woman! if these things are in this state, what could I avail, loosing or binding?[1]

Ant. Consider if thou wilt labor along with me, and assist me in the work.

Ism. In what sort of hazard? Where possibly are you in thought?

Ant. If you will raise up along with this hand the dead body.

Ism. For do you design to bury him, a thing forbidden by the state?

Ant. Yes, him who is at all events my brother; and yours, though you wish it not;[2] for I will not be caught betraying him.

Ism. Oh daring woman! when Creon has forbidden?

Ant. But he has no business to put a barrier betwixt me and mine.[3]

Ism. Ah me! consider, oh sister! how our father perished in odium and infamy, having, upon his self-detected guilt, himself torn out both his eyes with self-destroying hand; then his mother and wife, a double title, mars her life by the suspended cords; and third, the two wretched brothers, slaying themselves on the same day, wrought their mutual death each

Sophocles, and other heathen writers, with some parts of Holy Writ.—Franklin.

[1] Donaldson rejects Boëck's view, and renders it generally, "by doing or undoing." But see Wunder's note.—B.

[2] That is, "Though you, an unnatural sister, would disown him;" or it may be, more simply, "I will bury him, though you do not wish it."

[3] This dialogue between Antigone and Ismene exceedingly resembles that between the sisters in the tragedy of Electra, by the same author. The sentiments and the characters entirely correspond. Antigone and Electra are generous and bold; Ismene and Chrysothemis selfish and pitiful.

by a brother's hand. And now we two, being left alone, consider by how much the worst of all we shall perish, if, in violation of the law, we transgress the decree or power of superiors. But it behooves us, indeed, to reflect, in the first place, that we are by nature women, so as not able to contend against men; and then, since we are ruled by those most powerful, to submit to these things, and things still more painful than these. I then, indeed, asking those below the earth to forgive me, since I am constrained to this, will obey those who walk in office;[1] for to attempt those things beyond our power implies no wisdom.

ANT. Neither will I request you, nor though you now wish to do it, should you act along with me, at least with my good-will. But be[2] of such a character as seems good to you; but I will bury him: it were glorious to me, doing this, to die. I beloved will lie with him—with him I love, having audaciously done what is holy;[3] since the time is longer which it behooves me to please those below than those here; for there I shall ever lie. But if it seems good to you, do you hold in dishonor those things which are honored of the gods.

ISM. I indeed do not hold them in dishonor; but to act against the will of the citizens I am by nature incapable.

ANT. You indeed may make this pretext, but I will go to raise a tomb for my dearest brother.

ISM. Woe is me! for you unhappy! how exceedingly I fear for you![4]

ANT. Fear not for me; direct aright your own fate.

ISM. But do not then, at any rate, previously disclose this deed to any one, but conceal it in secret, and in like manner will I conceal it.

[1] This is a principle of conduct with a great many people besides Ismene, though they may not always be quite so candid as the young lady in confessing it.

[2] Brunck has here made a mistake in deriving *ἴσθι* from *ἴσημι* scio, instead of *εἰμί* sum.

[3] "Wickedly" were perhaps a better word, did it not make the expression rather too contradictory. Antigone confesses her violation of the law, but justifies the means by the end. This is what is implied in *ὅσια πανουργήσασα*, to which we have something similar in the phrase of 'a pious fraud."

[4] *Οἴμοι ταλαίνης dicit hoc sensu, Hei mihi propter tuam audaciam.*—Herm.

ANT. Ah me! speak it out. You will be much more hateful silent, if you do not proclaim these things to all.

ISM. You have a warm spirit in a chilling enterprise.

ANT. But I know that I please those whom it most befits me to please.

ISM. Ay, that is if you shall be able; but you long for things impossible.

ANT. Therefore when I have not power I shall cease.

ISM. But it is not fitting to pursue at all what is impossible.

ANT. If you will speak thus, you will be hated indeed by me, and will justly be hated, in addition, by him that is dead. But suffer me and my rash counsels to endure this danger; for I shall not suffer any thing so great, so as not to die gloriously.

ISM. But, if it thus seem good to you, go; and know this, that you go indeed unwise, but to your friends in truth a friend.

CHORUS. Beam of the sun,[1] that hath shone the fairest light of all before to seven-gated Thebes, thou hast at length gleamed forth, oh eye of golden day! coming above the channels of Dirce's streams, having driven a hasty onward fugitive with keener-urged rein the chief of the silver shield,[2] who came from Argos with all his panoply—whom,[3] shrilly clamoring against our land, uproused by a doubtful contest, Polynices, like an eagle hovered over the earth covered with the wing of white snow, with many a shield, and with plumed helms. And having taken his stand above our palaces, ravening all around with bloody spears the outlets of the seven gates, he departed

[1] Musgrave suggests that the poetry of this beautiful passage will be heightened by supposing the Chorus to deliver their address to the sun immediately after his rise. The probability of it is confirmed by the splendor and abruptness of the apostrophe, and still more by the moment being marked when the rays of the luminary begin to stream over the fountains of Dirce.—TR. But see Donaldson.—B.

[2] Adrastus, the king of Argos, and leader of the vanquished army on this occasion.

[3] The explanation of this passage is due to Mr. Jelf, in his Greek Grammar. He takes *ὃν ὀξέα κλζάων* together, treating *ὀξέα* adverbially. The advantage of this is, that we need not alter *Πόλυνείκης* to the genitive, as Wunder and others have done. The only awkwardness is in the *hyperbaton*. *Κλάζειν* is used in the same sense in Æsch. Ag. 48, *μέγαν ἐκ θυμοῦ κλάζοντες Ἄρη, Τρόπον αἰγυπιῶν*.—B.

that he had gorged his jaws with our blood, and pitchy
had seized the coronet of our towers: such a martial
was raised in his rear by the dragon his match, as
not be overcome.[1] For Jove beyond measure hates the
of a haughty tongue; and seeing them rushing on in a
r stream, with the clangor of gold, and in the pride of
,[2] he dashes down with brandished flame, him, who was
y hastening to shout forth the strain of victory on the
ts of the battlements.[3] And the bearer of the fire[4] fell
ed with rebound on earth, he who then raging with
spirit, blew upon us with the blasts of most hateful

And in one quarter a different fortune indeed pre-
but mighty Mars leading the right wing[5] and thickening
y, directed other evils against others. For seven lead-
arshaled against seven gates, equal against equal foes,
Jove, the god of trophies,[6] their all-brazen arms, except
ursed two who sprung from one father and one mother,

te: *talis circa tergum* (aquilæ) *intendebatur Martis strepitus, hos-*
coni (Thebanis) *tractatu difficilis*, minime, ut Brunckius accepit,
abilis.—Erf. Hoc dicit: *tantus a tergo concitatus est strepitus*
insuperabilis propter adversarium draconem.—Herm.—Tr. I
nslated according to Donaldson's view of the construction: τοῖος
Ἀρ. ἀ. νῶτα [τοῦ αἰεοῦ] ἀντ. δράκ. δυσχ. ἐτάθη. Since the pursu-
t had proved a match (ἀντίπαλος) for the conquered Argives, so
ırsuit was δυσχείρωμα, a thing hard to be overcome.—B.

) readings here are so uncertain, that I have preferred not attempt-
alteration. Donaldson's idea of joining χρυσοῦ with ῥεύματι, and
καναχῇ θ' ὑπερόπλους ("in a swollen torrent of gold advancing,
ud in the rattle of armor," is his translation), seems more plausible
e other elucidations hitherto attempted.—B.

ıould prefer "at the very edge of the battlements," *i. e.*, as soon
ad set his foot upon them.—B.

)aneus, who threatened to give Thebes to the flames, and who was
down by a thunderbolt while he attempted to scale the walls.
ıre magnificent descriptions of his fate in the Seven Chiefs against
of Æschylus, and of that most beautiful of plays, the Phœnissæ
pides.

;ιόσειρος, literally the right trace horse. The Greek chariots were
)y four horses abreast, two harnessed to the pole and two in traces.
turn in the race-course was usually to the left (v. Il. 23, 335), the
st horse was generally placed farthest to the right. Hermann has
:e justly observed: "Sic appellavit Martem Sophocles, ut impetu-
lextri equi more, significaret. Pariter Æschylus, quum fortem et
ı vellet indicare, σειραφόρον κριθῶντα πῶλον dixit Agam. 1651, 2."
"Jove that turns the battle."

having raised against themselves their equally victorious spears, both shared the lot of a mutual death. But since high-renowned Victory hath come with joys to compensate Thebe, the mistress of many a car, now indeed let us forget these wars,[1] and let us approach all the temples of the gods with dances that last through the livelong night; and let Bacchus, shaker of the Theban land, begin the revelry. But [cease], for Creon, son of Menœceus, the new king of this land, comes hither, upon these new casualties of heaven, revolving doubtless some anxious thought, since he hath announced this assembled conference of senators, sending for them by common proclamation.

CREON. Ye men, the gods have again established the safety of the city, after having shaken it with many a wave; but I have sent for you by messengers to come apart from all, both knowing well that you ever reverenced the might of the throne of Laïus, and again, when Œdipus directed the state, and when he perished, that ye remained with constant spirits toward his sons. Since, therefore, they have perished on the same day by a mutual death, striking and stricken in suicidal blood-guiltiness, I hold all the power and the throne by affinity of race with the dead. But it is impossible to ascertain the soul, and spirit, and judgment of every man, before he shall be seen tried by office,[2] and the administration of the laws. For whosoever, ruling a whole state, applies not to the best counsels, but from some fear restrains his tongue, appears to me, both now and formerly, to be the basest of men; and whosoever esteems his friend more than his country, him I hold in no account. For I—let Jupiter, who beholds all things, know it—would neither be silent, seeing ruin in place of safety coming upon the citizens, nor would I ever make a man who was hostile to my country a friend to myself, knowing this, that it is our country which preserves us, and that,

[1] I am not sure but the construction of this passage proposed by Erfurdt is better than Brunck's: "τῶν νῦν non videtur ad πολέμων pertinere: nam et languidum foret, nec dicitur ἐκθέσθαι λησμοσύνην, sed θέσθαι. Quare jungenda censeo verba sic: ἐκ πολέμων, post bellum, θέσθε λησμοσύναν τῶν νῦν, obliviscamini præsentia, *i.e.* funera fratrum."

[2] Ἀρχὴ ἀνδρα δείξει, from which Creon borrows his maxim, was an old proverbial saying, attributed originally to Bias of Prienc, one of the seven sages of Greece.

sailing in her unfoundered, we make friends.[1] By such laws as these I will exalt this city, and now I have proclaimed to the citizens things akin to these concerning the sons of Œdipus. Eteocles indeed, who fell fighting for this city, bearing the palm in every thing with his spear, I have commanded them both to enshroud in the tomb, and to consecrate to him all the honors that fall to the lot of the gallant dead below. But him again, the brother of this man, I mean Polynices, who, on his return from exile, wished to consume utterly with flames the country of his fathers, and gods of that country, and wished to glut himself with kindred blood, and having enslaved the citizens, to lead them away—him it has been proclaimed to this city, that neither any one shall lay with rites in the tomb, nor wail over him, but leave him unburied, and behold his body devoured and mangled by birds and dogs. Such is my will; and never from me at least shall the wicked have honor in preference to the just; but whosoever displays good will to this city, shall, both in life and death, be equally honored by me.

Ch. The same things please me as please thee,[2] Creon, son of Menœceus, concerning the one who was an enemy, and the other, who was a friend to the city; but it resides[3] in you to use any law, both concerning the dead, and concerning us, as many as live.[4]

Cr. See that ye be now guardians of the edict.[5]

[1] Creon, though an absolute monarch, dreaded the unpopularity of his sacrilegious edict. He therefore endeavors, by a great many plausible expressions of patriotism and integrity, to do away with unfavorable impressions in the minds of the citizens, and to extort from their fear an approbation of his conduct.

[2] Σοί non ad ἀρέσκει, sed ad τὰ αὐτά refertur, subaudito alio pronomine μέ. Constructio est, ἀρέσκει με τά αὐτά σοι.—Brunck.

[3] Dindorf reads παντί που πάρεστί σοι, which Wunder follows. Donaldson πανταχοῦ πάρεστί σοι.—B.

[4] The Chorus are as complying and servile as Creon could desire. Later in the play they rather change their tone; but it is a pity that they, whose office it was to deliver the lessons of morality and virtue, should have at all been represented out of their natural character. It has been suggested by some that the poet meant to gratify his countrymen by placing their enemies, the Thebans, in the contemptible light of slaves. If this reason be true, we can only regret that he was induced, by such an unworthy motive, to deform one of his finest productions by a disagreeable inconsistency.

[5] πῶς ἂν for ὡς ἂν is the emendation of Dindorf.

CH. Impose this on some younger one to bear.

CR. But there are watchers of the corpse, at least, prepared.

CH. What farther than this in truth would you yet enjoin?[1]

CR. Not to give way to those that disobey this mandate.

CH. There is no one so foolish as to desire to die.

CR. And in truth this at least is the reward; but gain has oft, by means of hope, destroyed men.

MESSENGER.[2] O king, I will not indeed say that I come panting with speed, having lifted up a nimble foot, for I had many haltings of thought, wheeling myself round in the way with the view of returning, and my mind holding a dialogue with me, said many things. "Wretch, why goest thou where coming you shall suffer punishment? Yet, wretch, do you stop? And if Creon shall learn these things from some other man, how in truth shall you not smart for it?" Revolving such thoughts, I made out my journey tardy with delay,[3] and thus a short way is made long. In the end, however, the resolution prevailed to come hither; and to you, though I say nothing agreeable, I will nevertheless speak, for I come clinging fast to the expectation that I shall suffer nothing else except what is fated.[4]

[1] Hermann defends ἄλλῳ, rendering it "cur ergo etiam alii hoc mandatum cupias?" "Nempe," respondit ille, "ne quis negligi imperia mea sinat," according to the old scholiast.—B.

[2] This Ἄγγελος or Φύλαξ (for editors disagree about his designation) is a very prating and impertinent sort of person. Few tyrants would have contented themselves with saying ὡς λάλημα δῆλον ἐκπεφυκὸς εἶ, but would have been much more likely to have chopped off his head for his pains.—TR. I can not help thinking that Mitchell, Donaldson, and others have much exaggerated the comic powers of this messenger-guard. Donaldson's paraphrase (for translation is out of the question) introduces so many modern conceits, that Sophocles is utterly forgotten.—B.

[3] Dindorf and others adopt the reading σχλῇ ταχύς, a frigid antithesis, condemned by Wunder.—B.

[4] Some commentators, especially Mitchell, find something very witty in this "touch of fatalism, coming from such a presence." Supposing it were so, there would be nothing very remarkable or entertaining in the guard talking like every one else in every extant Greek drama! But the fact is, τὸ μόρσιμον simply means "death," expressed by an euphemism, for that the witty (si Diis placet!) guard had made up his mind to the worst is evident from vs. 228. Cf. Homer Il. xv. 613; xxii. 13. Pindar Ol. II. 18. Æsch. Suppl. 47; Sept. c. Th. 263.—B.

Cr. But what is it from which you feel this faint-heartedness?[1]

Mess. I wish first to tell what regards myself; for I neither did the deed, nor did I see who was the perpetrator, nor ought I justly to fall into any mischief.

Cr. You feel your way carefully, at all events, and fence it all round; but you seem about to signify some news.

Mess. For dangers in good truth create much fear.

Cr. Will you never speak, then, and then take yourself off?

Mess. And now, indeed, I tell you. Some one has gone, having just buried the dead body, and having sprinkled the dry dust over the skin, and having performed the proper rites.

Cr. What say you? what mortal dared this?

Mess. I know not; for there was neither stroke of axe, nor sught cast up by the spade, but the earth was firm and the soil unbroken, nor tracked by ruts of wheels, but the worker was one who left no trace.[2] And when the first watchman of the day discovers it to us, painful wonder was felt by all. For he indeed had disappeared, yet not inclosed in a tomb, but a slight covering of dust was over him, as if bestowed by some one avoiding the pollution;[3] and there appeared no marks of a wild beast or dog coming and tearing him. Then revilings were uttered against each other, watchman charging his fellow, and it would have ended in blows, nor was there any one to prevent them; for each individual was the perpetrator, and no one was convicted, but put in the plea of ignorance.[4] And we

[1] Cf. Œd. Tyr. 319: τί δ' ἐστιν; ὡς ἄθυμος εἰσελήλυθας.—B.

[2] The messenger wishes to clear himself by insinuating that it was not any mortal power that had performed these operations. The Chorus, when he concludes, expresses the same opinion; but Creon was not to be so easily deceived.

[3] The person who passed a dead body without bestowing a handful of dust on it, was held by the ancient superstition to be (ἐναγής) polluted. Archytas, in the well-known ode of Horace, enjoins the mariner to observe the pious rite:

Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa, licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

[4] This is Donaldson's explanation, taking φεύγειν in its legal sense, of being defendant. Dindorf and Wunder read ἀλλ' ἔφευγε πᾶς τὸ μή, scil. ἐξειργασμένος εἶναι.—B.

were ready to lift masses of red-hot iron in our hands,[1] and to pass through fire, and to appeal to the gods by oath that we neither did it, nor were conscious to any one who devised or executed the deed. In the end, when there was nothing gained by our inquiries, some one speaks, who made us all bend our heads to earth through fear; for we knew not how to object, nor how doing it we should prosper; and his words were, that the deed should be reported to you, and not concealed. This proposal prevailed; and the lot seizes on me, unhappy, to gain this prize; and I am present, I know, unwilling and unwelcome, for no one loves the bearer of evil tidings.

Ch. My mind, O king, is from long since deliberating whether this deed be wrought by heaven.

Cr. Cease! before you fill me with anger, lest you be discovered at the same time a fool and a dotard; for you say what is intolerable, saying that the gods have provident care concerning this corpse. Whether, highly honoring him as a benefactor, have they buried him who came to set on fire their pillared temples, and to destroy the consecrated gifts, their land and laws? or do you see the gods honoring the wicked? It is not so; but the citizens bearing these things ill, even formerly murmured against me, secretly shaking the head, nor did they stoop the mane, as they ought, beneath the yoke, so as to submit to me. I well know that these men, corrupted by bribes from them, have done this. For no such evil institution as money has arisen to men. It lays waste cities;[2] it drives away men from their homes; it seduces and perverts the honest inclinations of mortals to turn to base actions; and it has taught men to learn villainies, and to know the impiety of every deed. But as many as for hire have done this, have in time wrought out their fate, so as to suffer punishment; and if Jove still has reverence from me,[3] know this well, and under an oath I say it to you, if you do not,

[1] This is an early allusion to the use of the ordeals, afterward so prevalent in Europe during the Dark Ages. There are many miraculous escapes from both fire and water detailed in the monkish histories of our own country.

[2] "Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus.—Hor. III. 16.

[3] The scholiast explains this, *εἰ τιμῶ καὶ σέβω τὸν Δία, καὶ μὴ ἐπιορκῶ αὐτόν.*

liscovering him who with his own hand made the tomb, pro-
luce him to my eyes, death alone shall not suffice for you, be-
ore that, hung up alive, ye make manifest this insult, in order
hat, knowing whence gain is to be drawn, you may for the fu-
ure seize it, and may learn that it is not fitting to wish to make
rofit from every thing; for by unjust gains you will see more
uined than preserved.

MESS. Will you grant me to say something, or, turning, shall
thus depart?

CR. Do you not know even now how disagreeably you
peak?

MESS. Are you pained in the ears or in the mind?

CR. Why? do you explore my grief where it lies?

MESS. He who did it pains thy mind, and I thine ears.

CR. Alas me! how plainly you are by nature a babbler.[1]

MESS. I, at all events, am not the man who did this deed.

CR. Yes, and that for money too betraying your life.

MESS. Alas! it is hard that to whom at least there are sus-
picions, his suspicions should be false.

CR. Talk big now about suspicion; but if ye do not show
o me those who did this, ye will confess that wicked gains
vork ruin.

MESS. But may he by all means indeed be discovered; but
e he taken or not, for fortune will decide this, it is not likely
ou shall see me coming hither again. And now, preserved
eyond my expectation and opinion, I owe many thanks to
he gods.[2]

CHORUS. Many are the mighty[3] things, and nought is
nore mighty than man. He even sails beyond the sea, when
vhitened into foam with the wintry south wind's blasts, pass-
ng amid[4] the billows that roar around; and the supreme of

[1] I see no reason for changing λάλημα to ἄλημα. The former word is
omewhat like the κρουνοχυτρολήραιος of Aristoph. Eq. 89.—B.

[2] Mitchell observes, "The Phylax retires, it is to be presumed, amid
nuch laughter on the part of the audience." If so, their risible powers
nust have been below the standard of the New Cut. An audience so
asily excited to risibility would be invaluable to many a modern farce-
vriter.—B.

[3] Thus Donaldson. A late translator has "awful!"—B.

[4] This seems the easiest way of translating ὑπὸ, which is used of the
essel cleaving its way through the waves, so as to be partly hidden be-
eath them.—B.

divinities immortal, undecaying Earth, he furrows, his plows circling[1] from year to year, turning up her soil with the offspring of the steed.[2] And ensnaring the brood of light-minded birds,[3] he bears them away as his prey, and the tribes of the monsters of the wild, and the marine race of the deep in the inwoven meshes of his nets, he, all-inventive man; and he masters by his devices the tenant of the fields, the mountain-ranging beast, and he will bring under[4] the neck-encircling yoke, the shaggy-maned horse, and the untamable mountain bull. And he hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom,[5] and the customs of civic law, and

[1] Although *ἱλλομένων* may refer to the *βουστροφηδὸν* movement in plowing, I still have strong suspicion that we should read *ἀρότων*, or, as others accent it, *ἀροτῶν*, "as seed-times return year by year." So Hesiod, *ἔργ.* 448. Gaisf. *ἢ τ' ἀροτοῖό τε σῆμα φέρει, καὶ χείματος ὥρην Δεικνύει ὀμβρηροῦ.* Soph. Trach. 69, *τὸν παρελθόντ' ἄροτον*, and 825, *δωδέκατος ἄροτος.* See also Comm. on Virgil, Ecl. I. 70, "Post aliquot ...aristas." That the verb may be rightly thus used is easily seen from the interpretations given by some of the ancients to the celebrated passage of Plato's Timæus, p. 530, E. Læm. cf. Ruhnk. on Tim. Lex., p. 69 sqq., and more particularly Simplicius on Arist. de Cœl. F. 125.—B. The sense will thus correspond to the Homeric *περιτελλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν*, Il. II. 551, VIII. 404.—B.

[2] I can not resist giving my readers this sentence from the translation of Adams: "He traverses the hoary main in stormy winds, by the rattling tumors of swollen sails, and pierces the supreme incorruptible land of the immortal gods, year after year returning to plow it with horse-kind."—P. 189.

[3] *κουφονόων.* Libri omnes *κουφονέων*, mendose.—Brunck. In spite of this authoritative judgment, we are inclined to think the "libri omnes" are correct. Wakefield approves of *κουφονέων* in his notes to Lucretius, VI. 743, and renders it "celeriter navigantium," a meaning much more applicable to the passage and consistent with the general spirit of the Chorus. An epithet indicative of the speed of the birds, heightens the difficulty which man's power has to overcome; and we find in the other instances that the poet has made a most judicious choice of expressions with a view to this effect.—Tr. The gloss of the schol. *κούφως καὶ ταχέως φερομένων*, evidently can not belong but to *κουφονέων*, which Wunder has not perceived.—B.

[4] I have translated *ὑπάξεται*, but the conjecture of Franz, *ὀχμάξεται*, is well supported by Donaldson, though I do not see the necessity for reading *ζυγῶν*.—B.

[5] I have followed Hesychius in the explanation of *ἠνεμόεν*, as simply meaning *ὑψηλόν μετέωρον.* Brunck has it, "Sublimium rerum scientiam," which he copies from the *περὶ τῶν μετεώρων φιλοσοφίαν* of the scholiast. Erfurdt and Hermann understand it as expressive of the speed

to avoid the cold and stormy arrows of uncomfortable frosts. Finding a way through every thing without a resource, he comes upon nothing in respect to the future.[1] Of the grave alone he shall not introduce escape; but yet he hath devised remedies against baffling disease. Having beyond belief a certain inventive skill of art, he at one time advances to evil and at another time to good. Observing[2] the laws of the land, and the plighted justice of heaven, he is high in the state; but an outcast from the state is he, with whomsoever that which is not honorable resides by reason of audacity; neither may he dwell with me, nor have sentiments like mine, who acts thus—

I am in doubt at this strange prodigy! How knowing her shall I deny this to be the maiden Antigone? O wretched woman, and sprung from a wretched father, Œdipus, what at all means this? Sure they do not lead you, at least, disobeying the mandates of the king, and having seized you in the frantic attempt?

Mess. This is she that have wrought the deed. Her we found employed in the burial—but where is Creon?

Ch. Returning from his palace; he is passing out to meet the opportunity.

Cr. What is it? What chance thus coinciding has happened?[3]

Mess. O king, nothing is to be disavowed by mortals, for later opinion gives the lie to the judgment; since I would confidently have maintained, that I would have been slow of ever returning hither, on account of your threats,[4] in whose storm I was formerly endangered. But, for the joy which is without and beyond the hopes resembles in magnitude no other pleasure, I come, though pledged to the contrary by oaths,

of thought; but Benedict disagrees with them for the following reason: "Sensus sublimes docendo quidem instillari possunt humanæ menti, non autem cogitationum celeritas, quæ major sive minor ex indole cujusque naturali dependet."

[1] This is Donaldson's interpretation: "with plans for all things, planless in nothing, meets he the future!"—B.

[2] γεραίων is the ingenious conjecture of Musgrave, approved by Donaldson. Wunder's περαίνων is absurd.—B.

[3] Donaldson, "what hap holds sortance with my coming forth?"—B.

[4] ταῖς σαῖς ἀπειλαῖς, propter minas tuas. Vide ad Œd. Col. 1280.—Musgrave.

bringing this virgin, who was detected adorning the tomb. The lot here was not shaken, but this is my prize,[1] none other's. And now, O king, taking her as you please, yourself question and convict her; but I freed am justly entitled to get rid of these evils.

CR. In what way do you bring her? whence taking her?

MESS. She was burying the man: you know all.

CR. Do you both understand and correctly deliver what you tell?

MESS. Having at least seen her in the act of burying the dead body which you interdicted. Do I relate these things clearly and plainly?

CR. And how was she seen and found taken in the act?

MESS. The circumstances were of this nature: For when we came, threatened with those dreadful torments by you, having swept away all the dust which covered the corpse, and having well stripped the clammy body, we took our seat to the windward of the top of the hill, having avoided the stench from the body least it should reach us,[2] each keenly rousing his fellow with bitter reproaches if any one should be sparing of this toil. These things continued for so long a time, until the brilliant orb of the sun took its place in the middle of the firmament, and the heat was burning, and then suddenly a storm having raised a whirlwind from the ground, a heaven-sent pest, fills the plain, watering all the tresses of the woodlands; and the mighty air was filled; and having closed our eyes we endured the heaven-sent plague. And this having departed in length of time, the maiden is seen in view, and she is wailing forth the bitter note of the plaintive bird, like when it beholds the bed of its empty nest deprived of its young. Thus also she, when she beholds the dead body bare, burst forth into strains of grief, and baneful curses did she imprecate on those who wrought the deed, and straightway she brings the dry dust in her hands, and from the well-fashioned brazen urn high-raised aloft with thrice-poured libations she crowns the dead. And we seeing it rushed

[1] All lucky and unexpected gain was ascribed to the kindness of the god Hermes; and the word *ἕρμαιον* refers to this attribute, and is derived from his name.

[2] Constructio est: *πεφευγότες ὀσμὴν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ, μὴ βάλοι*, fugientes odorem ejus, ne nos feriret.—Musgrave.

mediately seized her, not in the least appalled;
accused her both of the former and the present do-
id denial of none of them was attempted. But this
at least is at the same time pleasing and painful;
scape from evils myself is most pleasing, but to bring
into misfortune is painful. But it appertains to me
ire to consider all these things less important than my
fety.

You, you bending your head to the ground, do you
or do you deny having done this?

I both confess I did it, and I do not deny that I did

You may take yourself off where you please,[1] free from
avy charge. But do you tell me not at length, but
did you know the proclamation forbidding this?[2]

I knew it. And why should I not? for it was plain.
And have you dared then to transgress these laws?

For it was not Jove who heralded these commands,[3]
stice, that dwells with the gods below the earth, who
hed these laws among men; nor did I think your proc-
ns had so much power so as being a mortal to trans-
ie unwritten and immovable laws of the gods.[4] For
v, at least, or of yesterday, but eternally they live, and
knows from what time they had their being. I was

ressing the Messenger.

ressing Antigone.

speech of Antigone contains a fine expression of high-toned
nd virtuous resolution. Nothing can surpass the sublimity with
ie alludes to the power of principle, and eternity of duration in
of heaven; and the touching manner in which she consoles
or her untimely doom, is the noblest picture of devoted heroism
ng over nature and the weakness of woman.—Tr. This passage
frequently quoted and applied by other authors: thus Philostra-
vita Apollon. N. 38, *πρὸς γὰρ τὰ Νέρωνος κηρύγματα δὶ ὧν φιλοσοφίαν, ἔστιν ἡμῖν τὸ τοῦ Σοφοκλέους ἰαμβεῖον, "οὐ γὰρ Ζεὺς ἦν ὁ κηρύξας τάδε," οὐδὲ Μοῦσαι, καὶ Ἀπόλλων λόγιος.*
as sprung from the gods, cf. Œd. Tyr. 867; Plato Legg. I. 1;
os, p. 46. Dion Chrys. Or. i. p. 56. Cicero Tusc. Q. ii. 13, on
φοι νόμοι, cf. Aristot. Rhet. I. 10 and 13.—B.

may either refer, as I have taken it, to Creon, or to Antigone
"so as being a mortal I should venture to transgress these
There is this objection, however, to the latter mode, that *ὑπερ-*
does not so properly mean violare, as superare, vincere. Vide
t. Obs. 117.

not going through fear of the spirit of any man to pay the penalty of their violation to the gods. For I knew I must die (and why not?), even though you had not proclaimed it, and if I die before my day I account it gain; for whosoever lives like me in many sorrows, how does not he by death obtain advantage?[1] Thus to me, at least, to meet with this fate, the sorrow is nothing; but if I had suffered him who was born of my mother to lie in death an unburied corpse, in that case I would have sorrowed: in this I sorrow not. But if I seem to you now to happen to do what is foolish, I merely incur the imputation of folly from a fool.

Ch. The spirit of the daughter shows itself stern from a stern father, and she knows not to yield to misfortune.

Cr. But know in truth that too stern spirits bend the most; and you will most frequently see the hardest steel, forged in the fire till brittle, shivered and broken; and I have known high-mettled horses disciplined by a small bit; for it is not right for him to have proud thoughts whosoever is the slave of others. She indeed then first learned to be guilty of insolence, transgressing the ordained laws; and this, when she had done it, is the second insult, to glory in such deeds, and to laugh having done them. In sooth, then, I am no man, but she a man, if this victory shall accrue to her without hurt. But whether she be sprung from my sister, or one more near of blood than all beneath the protection of our household god,[2] she and her sister shall not escape the most wretched fate; for I charge her equally with having planned the measures respecting this burial. And summon her; for just now I saw her within raving, not possessed of her senses; and the mind of those who unjustly devise any thing in the dark, is wont to be prematurely detected in its fraud.[3] I indeed at least

[1] Τοῦ ζῆν δε λυπρῶς κρεῖσσόν ἐστι κατθανεῖν. Eurip. Troad. v. 632.

[2] The meaning of the phrase τοῦ παντὸς Ζηνὸς Ἑρκείου can only be expressed, as the reader will easily perceive, by a periphrasis. The altar of Hercæan Jove stood in the court of every house; and he was worshiped, as his name imports, in the light of its guardian and defender. —Tr. But surely Ζηνὸς ἑρκείου means nothing more than "our whole house," as "penates" would be used in Latin.—B.

[3] κλοπεύς. Conjungo cum πρόσθεν ᾐρῆσθαι, ut constructio sit: ὁ δὲ θυμὸς τῶν ἐν σκότῳ μηδὲν ὀρθῶς τεχνωμένων, φιλεῖ πρόσθεν κλοπεὺς ᾐρῆσθαι. "Mens autem eorum, qui in tenebris pravi aliquid moliuntur, solet prius malefica convinci, *i. e.*, maleficii convinci."—Musgrave. "Mens

ıen any one, discovered in guilt, may then wish to gloss

Do you wish any thing more than taking me to put
leath?
I indeed wish nothing more. Having this I have

Why in truth do you delay? since to me none of
ords are pleasing, nor may they ever be pleasing; and
manner also, to you mine are naturally displeasing.
t whence could I have gained a glory of higher renown
r laying my own brother in the tomb? It would be
ıt this was approved of by all these, did not fear seal
ɔngues. But regal power is fortunate in many other
and in this, that it is allowed to say and to do what it

You alone of these Cadmeans view it in this light.
. These also view it in the same light, but for you they
ıe lips.
And are not you ashamed if you have sentiments dif-
rom theirs?
. No, for it is nothing shameful to revere those who
from the same womb.
Was not he also your brother who fell on the opposite

. He was my brother from one mother and the same
ι

How then do you award an honor that is impious to

. The dead below the earth will not testify this.

qui aliquid sceleris clam moliuntur, quum alioqui sit illius occul-
olet tamen prius deprehendi."—H. Stephanus. This latter ex-
n is obscurum per obscurius with a vengeance.
e was. The original is, 'He was my brother by the same father,
:he same mother.' The Greek writers, though generally concise,
etimes very prolix, as in the passage before us, where the senti-
kes up a whole line in the original, and is better expressed in
vo words of the translation."—Franklin. This notable person,
: had not the taste to perceive the elegance of the original, may
mself as happy as he pleases with his two monosyllables. After
the presumption to think himself qualified to improve upon Sopho-
: can not help suggesting that he might have devised something
ıore sublime than the subject of his self-congratulatory comment,
ɜted *he was.*

Cr. He will, if you honor him equally with the impious.

Ant. For not in aught a slave, but my brother he fell.

Cr. Laying waste at least this land, but the other resisting in its defense.

Ant. Still the grave at least desires equal laws.

Cr. But not the good to obtain an equal share with the bad.

Ant. Who knows if these things are held holy below?

Cr. Never at all is the enemy, not even in death, a friend.[1]

Ant. I have been formed by nature not to join in hatred, but to join in love.

Cr. Going now below, if you must love, love them; but while I live, a woman shall not rule.

Ch. And in truth before the gates here comes Ismene, letting fall the tears of a sister's love, and the cloud on her brow bedewing her beauteous face, mars the glow of her cheek.

Cr. But you, who in my house, like a viper, stealing on without my notice, sucked my blood, and I was not aware that I nursed two fiends and traitors to subvert my throne, come, tell me, do you too confess that you shared in this burial, or do you deny the knowledge of it?

Ismene. I did the deed, if she also says so, and I participate in and bear the blame.[2]

Ant. But justice will not permit you to do this, since you neither were willing, nor did I make you my partner.

Ism. But in your evils I am not ashamed to make myself a fellow-voyager of your sufferings.

Ant. Whose deed it is, Hades and those below the earth are conscious; but I do not love a friend that loves with words.

[1] Euripides, following a much more natural and amiable sentiment than this expressed by Creon, makes Polynices with his last breath speak kindly of his brother:

Φίλος γὰρ ἐχθρὸς ἐγένετ', ἀλλ' ὅμως φίλος.—Phœnissæ, 1445.

[2] Ismene, whose conduct and sentiments we have always hitherto found disgusting, continues to appear here in a still more unfavorable light. She would fain take the seeming credit of generosity, and yet at the very first moment she insinuates her innocence, or at least extorts from Antigone, by her saving clause, an acknowledgment to this effect.

ι. Do not, sister, deprive me of the honor of dying with and of paying the rites to the dead.
ντ. Do not you die along with me, nor make yours what lid not touch. I will suffice to die.
ι. And what life is dear to me bereft of you?
ντ. Ask Creon; for you court him.
ι. Why do you pain me with this, being yourself nothing ited by it?
ντ. Yet I am grieved, in truth, though I deride you.
ι. In what else could I now benefit you?
ντ. Preserve yourself: I do not grudge your escape.
ι. Woe is me unhappy! And do I fail to share your

ντ. For you indeed choose to live, but I to die.
ι. But not at least without my warning being addressed.
ντ. You seemed wise indeed to some, but I to others.[1]
ι. And, in truth, the guilt is equal to us.
ντ. Be confident; you indeed live, but my soul has long died, so as to aid the dead.
ι. I say, as to these two virgins, that the one has just ared mad, and the other from the time she was first

ι. For never, O king, does the mind which may have ially sprung remain the same to those in misfortune, but anged.
ι. To you, at any rate, it did, when you chose to work with the evil.
ι. For how is life to be endured by me alone without

ι. But do not say *her*, for she is no longer.
ι. But will you kill the bride of your own son?
ι. For the furrows of other women may be plowed.
ι. Not so, at least, as troth was plighted 'twixt him and

ι. I hate bad wives for my sons.
ι. O dearest Hæmon, how your father disallows thee![2]

prefer taking τοῖς μὲν, τοῖς δὲ of persons, not things, not with λόγοις stood.—B.
his verse is by Boëck, Wunder, and others, rightly assigned to An-
ι. But Schlegel, p. 105, and Bulwer, Athens, V. 4, 7, prefer giving smene.—B.

Cr. You at least give me too much trouble, both you and the marriage you talk of.

Ism. What! will you deprive your own son of her?

Cr. The grave was destined to put a stop to this marriage.

Ism. 'Tis destined, as it seems, that she shall die.

Cr. Even as thou thinkest, so I.[1] Make no more delay,[2] but conduct her, ye slaves, within; and from this time it is fitting that these women should not be left at liberty, for even the bold fly, when they already see the close of life near.

Ch.[3] Blessed are they to whom there is a life that tastes not of misfortune: for to whomsoever their house shall have been shaken by heaven, nought of mischief is wanting, lurking through the fullness of their race; like as when beneath the sea-traversing malignant Thracian blasts a billow runs over the marine darkness, it stirs up from the deep the black and storm-tossed shingle, and the wave-lashed shores moan with the roar. I see the ancient sufferings of the house of Labdacus following on the sufferings of the dead; nor does one generation quit the race,[4] but some one of the gods keeps felling it, nor has it a moment's release. For now what light was spread above the last root in the house of Œdipus, again the death-ful dust[5] of the infernal powers sweeps it away, and phrensy of words, and the mad fury of the mind. O Jove! what daring pride of mortals can control thy power, which neither the sleep which leads the universe to old age[6] ever seizes, nor the unwearied months of the gods? Through unwasting time, enthroned in might, thou dwellest in the glittering blaze of heaven! For the future, and the instant, and the past, this

[1] So Wunder: "Ut tibi quidem videtur a me decretum esse, ita mihi videtur."—B.

[2] Τρόμος is governed by ποιεῖτε or ἄγετε, or some such word understood. Musgrave very well remarks that there is no more fitting occasion for an ellipsis than when the haste of an angry man is to be painted.

[3] This Chorus is enriched with some of the most sublime imagery and conception to be met with in any poet. The lines, in particular, which celebrate the power of Jupiter are grand beyond expression.

[4] "Atone for, or pay the reckoning of the race."

[5] See Donaldson.—B.

[6] In Liddell's Lexicon, the conjecture of Reimer, παντάγηρως, "never growing old," is approved. It certainly seems simpler than the παγκρατὴς of Donaldson.—B.

law will suffice: nothing comes to the life of mortals far removed at least from calamity.[1] For much-deceitful hope is a gratification to many, and to many the beguilements of light-minded love; but ruin advances on man, all-ignorant, before that he touch his foot with the warm fire. In wisdom hath an illustrious saying been by some one set forth: That evil on a time appears good to him whose mind the god hurries on to judgment, and that he lives for a brief space apart from its visitation.

But here is Hæmon, the youngest by birth of your children. Does he come, lamenting the fate of his betrothed bride Antigone, grieving at being defrauded of the nuptials?

Cr. We shall soon know better than prophets. O my son! having then heard the ratified decree against your bride, do you come, raging against your father? or are we, in whatever way acting, dear to you?

Hæmon. Father, I am thine; and you, having good counsels for me, which I will follow, direct me aright. For no marriage will justly be considered greater with me than you, while guiding me well.

Cr. For thus, O my son, it is fitting to feel in your breast that every thing takes its place behind the judgment of a father; for on account of this men pray that begetting children, they may have them obedient in their house, in order that they may both repay an enemy with evil,[2] and honor a friend equally with their father. But whosoever begets useless children, what would you say that he did else than engender toils to himself, and much laughter to his enemies? Do not you now, my son, for the sake of a woman, ever drive away your senses by pleasure, knowing that this is a chilling embrace, a bad wife, the partner of your bed at home. For what worse ulcer could there be than a false friend? But, spurning her as an enemy, suffer this virgin to marry some one in the shades. For since I have clearly

[1] This is very corrupt. Donaldson would read, *νόμος δ' ἀνδρὸς ἀλσαν.* "*Θνατῶν βιότῳ πάμπολις εἰσιν ἄτα*; "In all the life of mortals mischief in every state her franchise claims."—B.

[2] There is a strong resemblance in this to the sentiments, not to say the language of the Psalmist: "Like as arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are young children: happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate."—Ps. cxxvii. 5, 6.

discovered her alone of all the city acting with disobedience, I will not prove myself false to my country, but will put her to death. Let her, therefore, invoke Jove, the god of kindred; for if I rear those who are my natural kin disorderly, much more shall I thus rear those who are not connected with me: for whosoever is a good man in his own family, will also be shown to be just in the state; but whosoever acts with violence in transgressing the laws, or thinks to command those in power, it is impossible that he should meet with praise from me. But whom the city may appoint, him it is proper to obey in small things or in great, just or unjust;[1] and this man I am confident would rule well, and would be willing to be well ruled, and in the tempest of the spear would remain at his post a just and brave companion in arms. There is no greater bane than anarchy: it destroys cities, lays houses low, and in the combat with the spear scatters to the rout;[2] but discipline preserves the most of those who are under rule. There must thus be aid given to those that govern, and we must by no means yield to a woman; for it were better, if necessary, to be vanquished by a man, and we would not be called inferior to women.

Ch. To us indeed, if we are not misled by old age, you seem to speak wisely concerning what you speak.

Hæ. Father, the gods implant wisdom in man, the highest of all possessions as many as exist. But I should neither be able nor know to express that you do not say these things aright. For another indeed it might be proper.[3] For your interest, then, I have been accustomed to consider every thing that any one says or does, or has to blame; for your eye terrifies a common citizen from using those words which

[1] On this modest idea of sovereignty cf. Æsch. Choeph. 78, *δίκαια καὶ μὴ δίκαια, μὴ πρέποντ' ἀρχαῖς βίου, βίᾳ φερομένων αἰνέσαι, πικρὸν φρενῶν στύγος κρατούσῃ.*—Seneca Med. 195. "Æquum atque iniquum regis imperium feras."—Plaut. Amphit. I. 1, 19.—B.

[2] *καταῤῥ. τροπὰς, i. e., κατ. ὥστε τροπὰς εἶναι.* See Wunder.—B.

[3] Such is the interpretation of Heath: "Fieri quidem id possit ab alio (qui filius non sit tuus) et quidem non indecore." Hæmon delicately insinuates that the conduct of his father is objectionable, but will not allow himself, from filial respect, to give vent to unbecoming censure. Brunck's translation bears about as much relation to the original as it does to sense and intelligibility: "Est tamen ut alius etiam vera dicere queat."

ould not be pleased to hear; but I, in the shade, can
hem, in what way the city mourns for this virgin; how
ıe most undeservedly of all women, perishes by the most
ıed death, after most glorious deeds; she who did not
her own brother, having fallen in the slaughter unburied,
destroyed by ravening dogs, nor by any bird. Is not
orthy of gaining golden honor? Such a hidden report
its way on in silence. To me, father, there is no pos-
ı more honorable than your prosperity; for what is a
r ornament of glory to children than a father flourish-
ɔr what to a father than his children? Do not now
his one disposition of mind only in yourself, that what
ıy, and nothing else, is right; for whosoever thinks that
nself alone has wisdom, or a tongue, or a soul, such as
ıer, these men, when laid open, have been seen to be
. But it is no disgrace to a man, even though he be
o learn many things, and not to strive too much against
. You see by the channels of winter streams how as
trees as yield preserve their boughs, but those that re-
rish with the very root. And in like manner, whoever
ing a ship, having drawn firm the sail-rope, gives no
he upsetting her, navigates for the future with benches
upside down. But yield from your anger,[1] and grant
ıge. For if there is any judgment with me too, though
ıger man, I say that it is far the best for a man to be
ure full of knowledge; but if not, for it is not wont to
ı in this way, it is also honorable to learn from those that
well.[2]

O king! it is meet, if he speak to the purpose, that you
learn from him; and you, Hæmon, again from your
; for it has been well spoken on both sides.

Shall we, of such an age, be taught wisdom by one of
ne of life?

ndorf strangely retains *θυμῷ*.—B.

ere is a passage very similar to this in Hesiod, which the readers
totle will remember quoted in the first book of the Ethics:

Κεῖνος μὲν παν̓άριστος, ὃς αὐτὸς πάντα νοήσει
Φρασσάμενος τά κ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἐς τέλος ἤσιν ἀμείνω·
Ἐσθλὸς δ' αὖ κἀκεῖνος, ὃς εὖ εἰπόντι πίθηται.
Ὃς δέ κε μήτ' αὐτὸς νοέῃ, μήτ' ἄλλου ἀκούων
Ἐν θυμῷ βάλληται, ὁδ' αὖτ' ἀχρήϊος ἀνήρ.

Hesiod. Ἔργ. 290.

Hæ. Nothing which is not just; but if I am a young man, it is not fitting to retard years more than works.

Cr. For it is a good work to pay regard to those who are guilty of disobedience?

Hæ. No, nor would I desire you to observe reverence toward the bad.

Cr. For has not she been seized with such a disease?

Hæ. The people that dwell together in this city of Thebe deny it.

Cr. Shall the city dictate to me what it is proper for me to ordain?

Hæ. Do you see how you have spoken this like a very young man?

Cr. For does it become any other one than me to rule this land?

Hæ. Nay, that is not the state which is dependent on one man.

Cr. Is not the state deemed the possession of its ruler?

Hæ. No doubt: in an uninhabited land at least you might rule alone.

Cr. He, as it appears, fights in alliance with a woman.

Hæ. If you are a woman; for my care is for you.

Cr. Oh, utterly basest of wretches! quarreling with your father!

Hæ. For I see you committing the sin of injustice.

Cr. Do I sin in paying reverence to my own dominion?

Hæ. You do not pay reverence when trampling under foot at least the honors of the gods.

Cr. Oh, accursed disposition, and enslaved to a woman!

Hæ. You will not, at all events, ever find me the slave of what is base.

Cr. All your speech at least is for her.

Hæ. And for you too, and for me, and for the gods below the earth.

Cr. It may not be that you should ever now marry her in life.

Hæ. She then will die, and, dying, will destroy some one.[1]

[1] Creon evidently supposes that Hæmon threatens his life, mistaking what is an ambiguous intimation of his purpose of destroying himself.—Tr. The Covent Garden adapter well rendered it, "She'll die—perchance not only she."—B.

Cr. Do you also, threatening, thus advance in audacity?

Hæ. And what threat is it to argue against foolish opinions?

Cr. To your cost you shall school me, being yourself void of understanding.

Hæ. If you were not my father, I would have said that you were simple.

Cr. Being the slave of a woman, do not revile me.[1]

Hæ. Do you wish to speak, and speaking, to hear nothing in return?

Cr. Can this be true? but know, by Olympus, that you shall not with impunity insult me with your upbraidings. Bring the hateful thing, that she may immediately die in the presence of her bridegroom, near him, and in his sight.

Hæ. Never, near me at least, think it not, shall she perish; and you shall no longer, beholding it with your eyes, see my face, wherefore thou mayest be mad in company with such friends as are willing [to abide it].

Ch. The man, O king! has departed abruptly in anger; and the mind, when pained at his years, is dreadful.

Cr. Let him do what he pleases; let him, going, feel prouder thoughts than become a mortal; but he shall not release these virgins from their fate.

Ch. For do you intend to kill both of them?

Cr. Not her at least who did not touch the body, for you certainly suggest this well.

Ch. And by what sort of death do you meditate to destroy her?

Cr. Conducting her where the way is untrodden by morals, I will bury her alive in the cavern of the rock,[2] only setting forth so much food as will suffice for expiation,[3] in order

[1] Κωτίλλω generally means *adulor*, but here it is necessarily taken in an opposite sense. This mode of using the same word in a directly contrary signification is not uncommon. Ὄνειδος is a marked instance of it: ἡβαις κάλλιστον ὀνειδος. Eur. Phœn. 821.

[2] "In arcam inclusos tradunt non dissimili genere pœnæ Danaën: Lycni liberos (Lycophr. 239), Comatam (Theocrit. vii. 78), denique Sodem poetam (Athen. xiv. cap. 4)."—Musgrave.

[3] It is singular that in all cases of this live-burial, either ancient or modern, we find the custom prevail of leaving a certain quantity of food with the victim. In Greece it was held impious to suffer any one to die of famine, and this was a kind of juggling way of satisfying the con-

that all the city may avoid the pollution. There, imploring Pluto, whom alone of gods she reveres, she will obtain a respite from death, or will know at least then that it is lost trouble to pay reverence to those in the shades.

CHORUS. O Love! unconquerable in the fight. Love! who lightest on wealth,[1] who makest thy couch in the soft cheeks[2] of the youthful damsel, and roamest beyond the sea, and mid the rural cots, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor of men the creatures of a day;[3] but he that feels thee is that instant maddened. Thou for their ruin seducest the minds of the just to injustice; thou hast stirred up this strife of kindred men, and desire revealed from the eyes[4] of the beauteous bride wins the victory, desire that holds its seat[5] beside the mighty laws in rule; for the goddess Venus wantons unconquerable among all. But now already I too am borne without the pale of laws, beholding this spectacle; and I am no longer able to restrain the fountains of tears, when I here see Antigone passing on her way to the chamber where all repose.

science that the pollution was avoided. In modern times the practice seems to have been continued with the cruel object of prolonging the torments of such a horrible existence.—TR. For Oriental illustrations, see Lane, Arabian Nights, vol. iii. p. 102, note 35.—B.

[1] Donaldson, partly after Reisig, would take *κτήμασι*, according to Plato's dictum, that men are the *κτήματα* of the gods, and that the poet means that Love, by his attacks, enslaves men at once, rendering them *κτήματα*.—B.

[2] ——————Chiæ
Pulchris excubat in genis.—Horace.

[3] We may safely put in contrast with this Chorus, though highly beautiful, the following lines on the same subject from one of the first of modern poets:

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto iii. 2.

[4] 1 Cf. Eurip. Hipp. 525. Ἔρως Ἔρως, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων Στάζεις πόθον. Achilles Tatius vi. p. 375, *ἐπειδὴ εἰς τὰ ὄμματα τῶν καλῶν τὸ κάλλος κάθηται, ῥέον ἐκεῖθεν ἐπὶ τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς τῶν ὁρώντων*.—B.

[5] But see Donaldson. Whence the translator got "in *heaven's* rule," I can not tell.—B.

Ant. Behold me, ye citizens of my father-land, advancing on this last journey, and beholding the light of the sun for the last time and never again; but Hades, whose chamber receives all, conducts me, living, to the shore of Acheron, neither blessed with the lot of wedlock,[1] nor hath the bridal lay yet hymned me, but I shall be the bride of Acheron.

Ch. Nay, but renowned and enjoying praise you descend to this recess of the dead, neither struck by wasting disease, nor having received the award of the sword; but in freedom and in life you alone of mortals shall descend to Hades.

Ant. I have heard that, by a most mournful fate, perished, on the promontory of Sipylus, the Phrygian stranger,[2] daughter of Tantalus. Her, like the clinging ivy, did the shoots of rock subdue; and her, dissolving away in showers, as the legends of mortals tell, the snow never leaves; and from her eyes, that ever flow with tears, she bedews the cliffs. Most like her, the god lulls me to sleep.

Ch. But she was a goddess, and of heavenly birth; and we are mortals, and of mortals born. And yet to you a perishable creature, it is high fame to meet with a fate like the peers of the gods.

Ant. Woe is me! I am derided. Why, by the gods of my fathers, do you insult me, not yet dead, but still beheld in sight? O my country! O my countrymen, of rich estate! O ye fountains of Dirce, and grove of Thebe, the renowned for the car! I take you withal jointly to witness, how unlamented by my friends, and by what laws I go to the sepulchral dungeon of my untimely tomb. O, woe is me! who am neither a dweller among men nor shades, the living nor the dead.

[1] Antigone, in these beautiful and swan-like dirges, more than once expresses her regret for never having experienced the marriage joys. There is nothing indelicate, except to the eye of false refinement, in this candid declaration of natural feeling. We find an equally pure illustration of the same sentiment in the case of Jephtha s daughter, who went "and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains." Her example was even admired; for "it was a custom in Israel, that the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephtha the Gileadite four days in a year."—Judges xi.

[2] Niobe, who was changed into stone for having bragged Latona with her children. Agathias, an old quaint fool, has the following lines on this hard punishment:

Ὁ τύμβος οὗτος ἐνδον οὐκ ἔχει νέκυν,
Ὁ νεκρὸς οὗτος ἔκτος οὐκ ἔχει τάφον.

Ch. Having advanced to the extreme of audacity, thou hast violently dashed, my child, against the lofty throne of justice. Thou payest some penalty of thy father.

Ant. Thou hast touched on a thought most painful to me, the thrice-renowned griefs of my father, and the fate of all our race, the illustrious children of Labdacus. Woe! for the curses that attended my mother's bed, the incestuous connection of my wretched mother with my father, from which I, unhappy, formerly sprung! and now accurst, unblessed by nuptials, I go to sojourn with my parents. O my brother! having met with an ill-fated marriage,[1] dying, thou hast destroyed me, yet in life.

Ch. To act reverently is an act of piety; but power, to whomsoever power is intrusted, must not in any way be transgressed. Thy self-willed temper has destroyed thee.

Ant. Unwept, and friendless, and unwedded, I, wretched, am conducted on this destined way. It is no longer allowed me, unhappy, to look on this luminary's sacred eye; and no friend mourns mine unwept doom.

Cr. Know ye not that no one would cease from dirges and wailings before death, if it were of avail to utter them? Will ye not lead her as quickly as possible, having inclosed her, as I directed, in the caverned tomb, leave her by herself alone, whether it is fated she shall die or lead a life entombed in such a dwelling. For we are free from pollution as respects this virgin, but, at all events, she shall be deprived of abode above.

Ant. O tomb! O bridal chamber! O excavated, ever-guarded dwelling! where I go to mine own, of whom now perished Proserpine has received the greatest number among the dead, and of whom I descend the last, and by a fate far the most wretched, before having fulfilled my term of life! Departing, however, I strongly cherish in my hope that I shall come dear to my father, and dear to thee, my mother, and dear to thee, O brother dear; since I, with my own hand, washed you when dead, and decked you out, and poured the libations over your tomb: and now, Polynices, having buried your

[1] Polynices wedded the daughter of Adrastus, king of Argos; and being, from this powerful alliance, induced to undertake the expedition against Thebes, he met with his own death, and entailed a still more wretched fate on his sister.

dy, I gain such a reward. And yet, in the opinion of those
ıo have just sentiments, I honored you aright. For nei-
ır, though I had been the mother of children, nor though
· husband dying, had mouldered away, would I have under-
:en this toil against the will of the citizens. On account of
at law do I say this? There would have been another hus-
ıd for me if the first died, and if I lost my child there would
ve been another from another man! but my father and my
ther being laid in the grave, it is impossible a brother should
ır be born to me.[1] On the principle of such a law, having
ferred you, my brother, to all other considerations, I seemed
Creon to commit a sin, and to dare what was dreadful.
ıd now, seizing me by force, he thus leads me away, having
ver enjoyed the nuptial bed, nor heard the nuptial lay, nor
ving gained the lot of marriage, nor of rearing my children;
t thus I, an unhappy woman, deserted by my friends, go,
ıile alive, to the cavern of the dead. Having transgressed
what justice of the gods? what need is there for me, a mis-
able wretch, to look any longer to the gods? What ally can
invoke, since at least by observing piety I have obtained the
ward of impiety? But if these things are good among the
ds, suffering, we may be made conscious of our error; but
my enemies be guilty, may they not suffer more evils than
ıey unjustly inflict on me.

Ch. The same blasts of the same storms of the soul still
ɔssess her.

Cr. Tears, therefore, shall arise upon those who conduct
er, for their slowness.

Ant. Woe is me! this command has come close upon
eath.

Cr. I give you no hope to console you that these things
ıall not be consummated in this way.

[1] There is a story in Herodotus, of this very principle having been acted
ɔon. The whole family of Intaphernes being condemned to death, his
ife prevailed on Darius, by her lamentations, to grant her the life of one
her kindred. She chose to save her brother, and gave the same reasons
Antigone for neglecting her husband and children. The two ladies may
ason very subtilely on the point, but the principle they go upon is ev-
ently false. The original institution that "a man should leave his fa-
er and his mother, and should cleave unto his wife," is no less agree-
le to nature than to reason and revelation. The example of Alcestis
ill always be more admired than that of the wife of Intaphernes.

Ant. O native city of the land of Thebe, and gods of my father's race, I am hurried along, and have no more respite. Behold, ye rulers of Thebes, the last remaining of the royal race, what deeds I suffer at the hands of what men for having revered religion.

Ch. The form of Danae,[1] too, endured to change the light of heaven; in dungeons secured with brass, and concealed in a sepulchral chamber, she was bound. And yet she was honored in her race, my child, my child, and cherished the seed of Jove, that flowed in golden shower. But the power of fate is a marvelous one. Neither tempest, nor war, nor tower, nor black sea-beaten ships, escape its control. To that yoke, too, was bowed the keen-wrathed son of Dryas,[2] king of the Edonians, being prisoned by Bacchus for his virulent temper in the bonds of rock; and thus he distills the dreadful venom of madness, ever bursting up afresh. He knew, when too late, that[3] it was a god he had glanced at in his phrensy with reviling words. For he would have put a stop to the inspired maids and the Bacchic flame; and he chafed the Muses, the lovers of song. By the Cyanean deeps of the double sea, the shores of the Bosphorus, and the Thracian Salmydessus (where Mars dwells near their cities), saw the accursed wound, inflicted with blindness, on the two sons of Phineus, by a fell stepmother,[4] a darkening wound, imprinted on the wretched balls of their eyes, with bloody hands, by the spear, and the points of the shuttle; and pining away in misery, they wept the wretched sufferings of their mother, who bore the children of an ill-fated marriage. But she owned the seed of the sons of Erectheus,[5] of ancient lineage; and in far distant caves was

[1] The Chorus, in this wild and beautiful strain, console Antigone with the enumeration of other fates as wretched as her own. It has been well enough observed that the examples they quote of Danae and Lycurgus are not compared to her in their crimes, but their sufferings.

[2] The son of Dryas was Lycurgus, who, having routed the Bacchanalians from his territory, was punished by their god with some severe doom, here described as imprisonment, but variously related by various authors.

[3] Donaldson reads κεῖνος ἐπέγνω δὲ δύαις.—B.

[4] Idaia, who barbarously put out the eyes of Plexippus and Pandion, the sons of Phineus, by his first wife Cleopatra.

[5] Her mother Orithyia was the daughter of Erectheus, and wife of Boreas. It was on this claim of kindred that the Athenians, in obedience to the oracle, asked the aid of their son-in-law Boreas during the Persian invasion.

nursed, amid the storms of her father, a daughter of Boreas,[1] rivaling the steed in swiftness, as she bounded over the lofty mountains, child of heaven; but even over her, my daughter, the eternal Fates prevailed.

TIRESIAS. Ye princes of Thebes, we come on this common way, two seeing by one, for the journey of the blind is made by a guide.

CR. But what new event, O aged Tiresias, has happened?

TIR. I will teach you, and do you obey the prophet.

CR. I was not formerly wont to depart from your advice.

TIR. Wherefore you direct aright the helm of this state.

CR. I testify the advantages I have experienced.

TIR. Consider that you now again stand on the very edge of fate.

CR. What is it? How I shudder at your words!

TIR. You shall know, hearing the signs of my art. For, sitting down on my ancient augural seat, where was my station for all augury, I hear an unknown sound of birds, beating the air with ill-omened and unwonted fury, and I perceived that they were tearing each other with bloody talons; for the clashing of their wings gave clear indication. Being alarmed, I straightway essayed the divination by fire on the blazing altars; and from the sacrifice the flame burst not forth, but on the ashes a clammy vapor kept oozing from the thighs, and burned up, and sputtered, and the entrails were scattered in air, and the thighs,[2] melting away, fell out from the involving caul. Such expiring[3] omens of mysterious rites I learned from this boy; for he is a guide to me, and I to others. And the city is afflicted with this from your determination; for our altars, and all our hearths, are full of birds and dogs, feeding on the body of the wretched son of Œdipus; and the gods no longer accept from us the sacri-

[1] Βορεάς, άδος, a patronymic appellation for a nymph descended from Boreas.

[2] The thighs were the part of the sacrifice appropriated to the gods, because, says Eustathius, they are useful to men for walking and generation. It is clear enough that the thighs are considerably useful in these important functions, but why for this reason they should be peculiarly acceptable to the gods is by no means so obvious.

[3] Φθίνουτ', evanescentia. Mali ominis erat in ignispiciis quicquid debile et evanidum erat.—Musgrave.

ficial prayer, nor the flame of the thighs; nor does bird send forth the notes of propitious omen, being gorged with the fat of human gore. These things, therefore, my son, consider; for it is common to all men to err; but when one may err, he is no longer an unwise nor an infatuated man, who, having fallen into evil, is cured, nor remains immovable. Obstinacy incurs the imputation of folly. War not with the fallen, nor wound the dead. What prowess is it to slay the slain? Being well-disposed toward you, I advise you well; and it is most pleasing to learn from a good adviser, if his advice bring advantage.

Cr. Old man, ye all, like archers at a mark, discharge your shafts at me; and I am not unacquainted with the arts of prophets, by the race of whom I have long since been made the subject of barter and traffic. Pursue your gain, make your purchase, if you choose, of the amber of Sardis and the gold of India; but him ye shall never inclose in the tomb; not even though the eagles of Jove, seizing him as their prey, should bear him to the throne of the god; not even thus, dreading the pollution, would I permit his burial. For I well know that no mortal is able to pollute the gods. But, O aged Tiresias, even those men who are clever in many things meet with disgraceful falls, when, for the sake of gain, they plead speciously a base argument.

Tir. Ha! does any man know, does he consider—

Cr. What is the matter? What trite saying is this?

Tir. By how much wisdom is the best of possessions?

Cr. By so much, methinks, as folly is the greatest bane.

Tir. You, however, are by nature full of this malady.

Cr. I do not wish to bandy reproach with a prophet.

Tir. And yet you do, saying that I prophesy what is false.

Cr. For all the race of prophets are lovers of gain.

Tir. But that of kings loves base gain.

Cr. Do you know that you address what you say to your rulers?

Tir. I know it; for, having preserved by my means this city, you sway it.

Cr. You are a skillful prophet, but given to injustice.

Tir. You will force me to utter the secrets that lie unmoved in my breast.

Cr. Move them, only do not speak for gain.

Tir. For thus do I already seem to have spoken, as far as regards your part?

Cr. Know that you shall not sell my resolution.

Tir. But do you too know well that you shall not any longer see to their end many courses of the sun in rival speed, before that yourself repay one sprung from your own bowels, dead, a recompense for the dead, in return for having sent one who was in upper air below the earth, and dishonorably made a living being to dwell in the tomb, and for having, on the other hand, detained here one debarred from intercourse with the infernal deities, and deprived of funeral obsequies an unhallowed corpse; in which things neither any concern appertains to you, nor to the gods above. But these things are done with violent injustice by you; for this, the Furies of Hades, and of the gods, avenging with penal consequence, lie in ambush for you, that you may be enthralled by the same misfortunes. See if, induced by money, I prophesy this; for the lapse of no long time shall exhibit the mourning of men and women in your palace; and all the states shall be stirred up together in enmity,[1] the mangled bodies of whose citizens or dogs have polluted, or wild beasts, or some winged bird, bearing an unhallowed stench to the altars of the city. Such unerring arrows, since you pain me, I have discharged, like an archer, in anger from my soul, and their warm smart you shall not escape. But do you, boy, conduct me home, that he may vent his passion upon younger men, and may know to nurse a more temperate tongue, and feelings better than the mind he now bears.

Ch. The man, O king, has departed, having predicted dreadful events; and I know, from the time that I changed this hair into white from black, that he never once declared to the city what was false.

Cr. I also have known it, and I am disturbed in my thoughts; but to yield were cowardly; and there is danger that, by resisting, I afflict my mind with calamity.

Ch. There is need, O Creon, son of Menœceus, of prudent counsel.

[1] Those states that had joined in the expedition, and whose dead were all left unburied. Their being stirred up in enmity is a prophetic allusion to the expedition of the Epigoni, who conquered Thebes to revenge the misfortunes of their fathers before its walls.

Cr. What, in truth, is it requisite to do? Tell me, and I will obey.

Ch. Going, release the virgin from her subterraneous abode, and prepare a tomb for the body that lies exposed.

Cr. And do you approve of this, and think I ought to yield?

Ch. Ay, and as quickly too, O king, as possible, for the swift-footed vengeance of Heaven cuts short those who are of wicked minds.

Cr. Ah me! it is with difficulty indeed, but still I am changed from my purpose to do it. We must not maintain an unequal combat with necessity.

Ch. Going, now, do these things; do not intrust them to others.

Cr. Thus, as I am, I will go. But ye attendants, both present and absent, taking axes in your hands, rush to the conspicuous spot; and since my opinion has been converted in this way, as I myself bound her, so, being present, I will set her at liberty; for I fear lest it be not best, preserving the established laws, to close life.

Chorus. O thou, who art hailed by many a name,[1] glory of the Theban nymph, and son of deeply-thundering Jove, who swayest renowned Italia, and president o'er the rites of Ceres, in the vales of Eleusis, open to all! O Bacchus, who dwellest in Thebe, the mother city of the Bacchanals, by the flowing streams of Ismenus, and the fields where the teeth of the fell dragon were sown; thee, the smoke beheld as it burst into flame above the double-crested rock,[2] where roam

[1] Bacchus was rich in names, chiefly derived from his attributes. They were Lyæus, Lenæus, Bassareus, Bromius, Euius, Eleleus, Dithyrambus, and fifty others.

[2] *στέροψ—λιγνύς*, lucidus, vel candens, fulgidus vapor. — Musgrave. This smoke or flame, or both, which denoted the presence or approach of the god on the summits of Parnassus, is frequently celebrated by the poets:

ἰὼ λαμποῦσα πέτρα πυρὸς
δικόρυφον σέλας, ὑπὲρ ἄκρων
Βακχεῖων. Eurip. Phœnissæ, 237.

——— *ἔνθα πῦρ πηδᾷ θεοῦ*
Βακχεῖων. Eurip. Ion. 1125.—Tr.

On the light which was supposed to shine at the approach of a god, see Virg. Æn. I. 406; II. 590. Ovid. Fast. I. 94.—B.

the Corycian nymphs,[1] the votaries of Bacchus, and the fount of Castalia flows; and thee the ivy-crowned steeps of the Nysian mountains,[2] and the green shore, with its many clusters, triumphant send along,[3] amid the immortal words, that hymn thy "Evoe!" to reign the guardian of the streets of Thebe, whom you honor highest of all cities, along with your mother that perished by the thunder. And now, since the city with all its people is enthralled by a violent disease, come with healing steps, over the slopes of Parnassus, or the resounding gulf of the sea.[4] O leader of the choir of flame-breathing stars,[5] director of the voices that sound by night, youthful god, son of Jove, reveal thyself along with thy ministering Moenads, the Naxian maids, who maddening through this livelong night, celebrate thee with the dance, thee their lord Iacchus.

MESSENGER. Ye inhabitants of the abodes of Cadmus and Amphion, it is impossible that I should ever praise or blame the life of man in whatever condition it may be; for Fortune always raises, and Fortune casts down the prosperous and the unprosperous, and no one is prescient of what is decreed for mortals. For Creon once, as appeared to me, was enviable, having preserved this land of Cadmus from the enemy, and receiving the complete dominion of the country, he directed it, happily flourishing with a noble race of children; and now all is gone. For when a person loses the pleasures of life, I do not consider him to live, but look upon him as the living dead. Let him have great wealth, if you choose, in his house, and live with the outward splendor of a king; but if joy be wanting to these, I would not purchase the rest with the shadow of smoke compared with the real pleasures.

[1] So called from the Cyprian grotto, their consecrated abode at the foot of Mount Parnassus.

[2] There were various mountains of this name. Nysa, in Eubœa, is supposed to be the one alluded to here.

[3] "triumphant lead." Such is the force of *πέμπειν*, when speaking of a god led in procession. Æsch. Eum. 12, *πέμπουσι δ' αὐτὸν καὶ σεβίζουσιν μέγα.* Sedulius Paschal. 18, uses a semi-barbarous word, "pompare:" "Grandisonis *pompare* modis." With the whole description compare Aristoph. Thesmoph. 988, sqq.; Ran. 325, sqq.—B.

[4] Crossing from Eubœa to Bœotia.

[5] Some take these words literally, others regard them as figurative of the torches borne by the Bacchanals.

Ch. What burden of sorrow on our princes is this again, that you come to tell?

Mess. They are dead; and the living are guilty of their death.

Ch. And who was the slayer? and who is the slain? Speak.

Mess. Hæmon has perished, and by a suicidal hand he is dyed with blood.

Ch. Whether by his father's hand, or his own?[1]

Mess. Himself, by his own hand, being angry with his father on account of the murder.

Ch. O prophet! how correctly have you declared this prediction!

Mess. As these things being so, you may deliberate on the rest.

Ch. And in truth I see near at hand the wretched Eurydice, wife of Creon; and having neither heard of her son, or by chance, she is passing from the palace.

Eurydice. O all ye citizens, I heard the rumor, at least, as I was going out in order that I might repair to the temple of the goddess Pallas, her suppliant in prayer; and I chance to be undoing the bars of the fastened gate, and the voice of domestic affliction strikes my ears. Moved by terror, I fall prostrate in the arms of my attendants and faint away. But whatever was the tale, repeat it; for not untried by misfortune, I shall hear it.

Mess. I, my dear mistress, being present, will tell it, and I will not omit a word of the truth. For why should I alleviate that to you in which I should afterward be detected of falsehood? The truth is always right. I followed your husband an attendant on foot to the extremity of the plain, where still lay the unpitied body of Polynices, mangled by dogs; and him, indeed, having implored the goddess that is

[1] The ignorance of fat-brained commentators has led them to make a row about this question being put by the Chorus, after the Messenger had announced the death of Hæmon by his own hand. The scholiast, simple soul, will have it that the Chorus, in their agitation, heard no more than the words, "Hæmon has perished." Musgrave and Heath blunder in an equally pitiable manner. Any one who had read ten lines of Greek poetry ought to have known that the dying by a kindred hand was considered and spoken of as suicide.—Tr. Cf. Liddell, s. v.—B.

placed in the highways,[1] and Pluto to have a gracious will, we bathed with holy lavations, and having consumed what remained of the body, with fresh-plucked boughs, and piled up a lofty barrow of his native soil, we again repair to the rocky cavern, the bridal chamber of the grave's betrothed. And some one hears at a distance the voice of loud lament beside that unconsecrated chamber, and hastening he tells it to our master, Creon; but round him, as he approached nearer, there float the indistinct notes of wretched wailing, and shrieking, he utters these mournful words: "O unhappy me! am I then a true prophet? Do I now advance on the most ill-fated way of all that I have gone before? The voice of my son greets[2] me. Go with speed, ye attendants, nearer, and standing by the tomb, ascertain, having penetrated the cleft made by drawing away the stone close to the mouth, whether I hear the voice of Hæmon, or am deceived by the gods." On the command of our desponding master we examined the place, and we see in the extremity of the tomb the virgin, hanging by the neck, suspended in the woven noose of her linen robe, and the youth lying beside her, with his arms around her waist, deploring the destruction of his bride below the earth, and the deeds of his father, and his ill-starred nuptials. But Creon, when he sees him, having uttered a dismal groan, goes in toward him, and in the loud tone of grief calls on him: "O wretched man, what sort of deed have you done? What mind had you? In what circumstance of calamity are you ruined? Come forth, my son, suppliant I beseech you." But his son, glaring on him with savage eyes, spitting on his face,[3] and replying nothing, draws his double-edged sword;[4] but his father rushing away in flight, he missed him; then the ill-fated man, enraged with himself, immediately stretching

[1] Trivia, Hecate, or Proserpine.

[2] *σαίνει.* There is some difficulty in this word. Perhaps if we consider the provincialism by which "greeting" is used for "weeping," the word will appear less inapposite than otherwise.—B.

[3] I prefer "spurning him with his glance." Bulwer adheres to the other interpretation.—B.

[4] Aristotle very justly finds fault with this incident. There is something horrible and unnatural in the attempt of a son to slay his own father; and since he fails to execute his purpose, there is no tragical effect produced. The spectator ought not to be shocked unnecessarily.

out[1] the sword, drove it to the middle in his side, and still in possession of his senses, with his enfeebled arm he embraces the virgin,[2] and gasping, he casts a swift gush of gory drops on her pallid cheek. And dead by the dead the hapless youth lies, having obtained his nuptial rites in the mansions of Pluto, a proof to the world of rashness, how it attaches to man the greatest of his ills.

Ch. What can you conjecture this to mean? The woman has some time since disappeared before uttering word, good or bad.[3]

Mess. I myself am also astonished; but I live in the hope that, hearing the calamities of her son, she does not deign to make her lamentations public, but within, beneath the roof of the palace, will appoint her maids to mourn a domestic sorrow; for she is not devoid of judgment, so as to commit what is improper.

Ch. I know not; for to me, at least, a deep silence seems to portend something grievous, and an excess of clamorous grief to be without consequence.

Mess. But going within the palace, we will inform ourselves whether she secretly conceals in her enraged heart any unlawful purpose; for your suggestion is good, and there is something grievous in too deep silence.

Ch. And in truth here comes the king himself, having a memorable token in his hand,[4] if we may lawfully so say—no

[1] *ἐπενταθείς*, pro *ἐπεντεινάμενος*. Sic, ut erat, ensem intentans.—Musgrave.

[2] This description of the two ill-fated lovers, the dying and the dead, contains the very essence of poetry and tragic beauty. A finer subject for a picture can not well be imagined.

[3] There is something very striking and fearful in the moody silence of deep passion and despair.

——————*δέδοιχ' ὅπως*
μὴ 'κ τῆς σιωπῆς τῆσδ' ἀναρρήξει κακά.—Œdip. Tyran. 1074.

A few lines below, the Chorus also expresses this same feeling of apprehension from the same cause.

[4] Creon, it would appear from this, comes in, carrying the dead body of Hæmon. Shaksepeare, in a similar way, introduces Lear with Cordelia in his arms. This incident is well calculated for stage effect; but the Goths who have mangled Lear for representation, have now left out the scene of "that fair dead daughter."—Tr. Macready, however, has shown his wonted judgment by its restoration. In the present scene, Vandenhoff's action and declamation merited the highest commendation.—B.

calamity from a foreign source, but he himself its guilty author.

[*Enter* CREON, *leaning upon the body of his son, borne on a litter.*]

CR. Alas! the irreparable and deadly errors of a perverted mind! O ye, who look on the kindred slayers and the slain! Oh me! for the infatuation of my counsels! O my son! my son! in your youth by an untimely fate [woe, woe, woe, woe!], thou hast died, thou hast departed by mine, not thy rashness!

CH. Ah me! how you seem too late to perceive justice!

CR. Ah me! I wretched gain it by experience; and on my head the god then dashed with heavy impulse, and drove me on to furious ways; having, alas! overturned to be trampled beneath foot my former joy. Alas! alas! O the toils of mortals! hapless toils!

MESSENGER. O master, how, both having the possessing, you bear these evils in your hands, and you seem coming soon about to behold other evils in your palace.

CR. And what, after these calamities, is there still more calamitous?

MESS. Your wife is dead, the full mother of this corpse, in an unhappy fate by wounds just fresh inflicted.

CR. O port of the grave, that no expiation may soothe, why, why do you destroy me? O thou that hast conveyed to me the evil tidings of sorrow, what a tale dost thou tell? Alas! alas! thou hast a second time dispatched a dead man. What, O man, dost thou say? What new intelligence dost thou deliver? Woe, woe, woe, woe! that the death of my wife by murder is added to the destruction of my son?

MESS. You may behold it; for the body is no longer in the inner recesses.

[*By a movement of the ἐκκύκλημα the scene opens and discovers the body of* EURYDICE, *surrounded by her attendants.*]

CR. Woe is me! this other succeeding evil I wretched behold. What then, what fate yet awaits me? I, an unhappy wretch, am already bearing in my arms my son, and I see opposite that other dead body. Alas! alas, O wretched mother! Alas, my son!

MESS. She, in keen anger, falling down beside the altar, closes her darkening eyes, having first, indeed, bewailed the

illustrious bed of Megareus, who formerly died, and again of him before us; and last, having imprecated a baneful fortune on you, the murderer of your children.

Cr. Woe, woe, woe, woe! I am fluttered with fear. Why does not some one wound me through with a two-edged sword? A wretched man am I, alas! alas! and in a wretched fate am I involved.

Mess. As being guilty at least of both the one fate and the other, you were denounced by her as she died.

Cr. But in what way did she depart from life in the slaughter?

Mess. Having with her own hand piqrced herself below the liver, when she heard the deeply-mournful sufferings of her son.

Cr. Woe is me; this guilt will never apply to any other but me; for I, a miserable wretch, I have slain thee; I say the truth. O ye attendants, conduct me, with all speed conduct me without; me, who am no more than nothingness.

Ch. You bid what profits, if there be any aught that profits in misfortunes; for present evils, when shortest are best.

Cr. Let it come, let it come, let the last of my fates appear, bringing most happily to me the close of my days: let it come, let it come, so that I may never behold another day.

Mess. Those things are future; of these things present command what we ought to do; for others are a care to those whom it behooves to have this care.

Cr. But I prayed for those things I desire.

Mess. Pray now for nothing; since there is no escape to mortals from predestined calamity.

[Creon *is led off.*]

Cr. Lead away now without this shadow of a man, who, O my son, unwillingly slew thee, and thee, too, my wife. O wretched man that I am! I neither know whither nor to whom I should look; for every thing misguided, both in my hands and over my head, has an intolerable fate made to burst upon me.

Ch. To be wise is the first part of happiness; and it behooves us not to be guilty of irreverence in those things at least that concern the gods; for the haughty words of the vaunting, paying the penalty of severe affliction, have taught wisdom to old age.

TRACHINIÆ.

HERCULES having excited the jealous fears of Deianira by bringing home the captive Iole as a new partner of his bed, she sent him as a love-charm a garment dipped in the blood which fell from the death-wound with which the Centaur Nessus had been stricken by Hercules. The poison took a fatal effect, and Hercules, perishing in agony, was placed on a funeral pile on Mount Œta, where he was to receive his immortality, and rest from suffering. Deianira, in despair, slew herself.—B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEIANIRA.	LICHAS.
ATTENDANT.	NURSE.
HYLLUS.	OLD MAN.
CHORUS.	HERCULES.
MESSENGER.	

DEIANIRA. There is an ancient saying, renowned among men, that you can not fully judge of the life of mortals, whether it has been good or bad to an individual before his death.[1] But I, even before I come to the realms of Pluto, know that I have led my life in misfortune and calamity; I, who indeed, while dwelling in the palace of my father Œneus, in Pleuron,[2] felt the greatest horror of nuptials of all the Ætolian maids. For my suitor was a river, I mean the Acheloüs, who, in three forms, sought me of my father: now coming in full shape a bull:[3] at another time, a speckled wreathed snake; and at a

[1] This sentiment is common enough; but the way in which it is here talked of, as famous and proverbial, shows us that Sophocles had in view the speech of Solon to Crœsus. If he meant to make Deianira quote Solon, he is guilty of a very gross anachronism.—TR. See Hermann.—B.

[2] Pleuron was the capital of Ætolia, and is reported to have been a city of great splendor in the early ages of Greece.

[3] This seems to have been the common way, in ancient times, of representing rivers. Homer has frequent allusions to it; and Horace applies the epithet "tauriformis" to the Aufidus, at a time when such superstí-

third, in the body of a man with the head of a bull; and from his thick, shaggy beard, the streams of liquid founts kept flowing. I, wretched, having received such a suitor, always prayed to die before I should ever approach his bed. And in late time indeed, but to my joy, came the illustrious son of Jove and Alcmena, who engaging with this monster in the strife of battle, delivers me. The manner of their fray I am not able to describe; for I know it not; but whosoever sat undismayed during the spectacle, he could tell it.[1] For I sat confounded with terror, lest my beauty might, on a time, work my bane. But Jove, the arbiter of conflicts, disposed the issue well, if in truth it be well; for being united his awarded bride to Hercules, I ever sustain fear succeeding fear in boding cares for him, since night brings, and night in turn removes some toil. And I indeed have borne him children, whom, like a husbandman that hath a field far distant, he hath once only looked on in the seed-time, and once again in the harvest. Such a life sends from home and to home the hero, always paying service to some one;[2] and now, when he has reached the goal of these labors, here in truth I feel most alarmed. For since the time that he slew the mighty Iphitus,[3] we indeed, changing our abode, dwell here in Trachis, with a stranger host;[4] but where he has gone, no one knows; but he has departed, leaving bitter pangs to me on his account; and I am almost sure that he has met with some mishap. For he remains for no small space of time, but already for ten months, in addition to

tions had rather gone by. There are various accounts given of the origin and meaning of this fanciful custom; but that which supposes it to have some reference to the overflowing of the Nile, when the sun enters the Bull, though far-fetched, is perhaps the least absurd.

[1] A spirited description of the combat is given by the Chorus in this play, v. 500–530.

[2] Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, was the great task-master of Hercules. The Fates had decreed that the one of them who was born first should have the other for his slave. Juno, the implacable step-mother of Hercules, took advantage of her power as the goddess of childbirth to give Eurystheus the important start. Virgil alludes to this circumstance, Æn. viii. v. 291.

> ——— ut duros mille labores
> Rege sub Eurystheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,
> Pertulerit.

[3] The murder of Iphitus is related in this play, v. 270–275.

[4] Ceyx, the king of Trachis.

other five, without sending any tidings; and there must be some dreadful misfortune. Of this purport he left me, at his departure, a writing, which I often pray to the gods to have received unaccompanied by calamity.

ATTENDANT. My mistress, Deianira, I have already seen you bewailing the departure of Hercules with many weeping laments; and now if it be right to admonish the free-born with the opinions of a slave, it behooves even me this much to suggest. How, indeed, do you abound with so many children, yet do not send some one in search of your husband, and especially Hyllus, whom it becomes to show if he bears any regard for his father's prosperity? But here he himself, near at hand, is bounding toward the house with vigorous step; so that, if I seem to you to give seasonable advice, it is in your power to avail yourself of the presence of the youth and of my words.

DEI. O child, O my son, even from the ignobly-born noble words proceed; for this woman, indeed, is a slave, but she has spoken no slavish speech.

HYLLUS. Of what import? Tell me, mother, if it may be told.

DEI. That it brings reproach on you, your father having been so long abroad, not to make inquiry where he is.

HYL. But I know, if at least one may believe reports.

DEI. And where on earth do you hear, my child, that he is situated?

HYL. They say that for the by-past year he has labored through its long period in bondage to a Lydian woman.[1]

DEI. One may therefore hear every thing if he submitted to this.[2]

HYL. But he is released from this at least, as I learn.

DEI. Where now, then, living or dead, is he reported to be?

HYL. They say that he leads, or is still on the point of leading, an expedition against the land of Eubœa and the city of Eurytus.

[1] Omphale.

[2] Quæri potest, cur tantopere Deianira indignetur Omphalæ Herculem servire qui antea per tot annos Eurystheo servilem operam præstiterat. Mihi videntur duæ hujus indignationis causæ fuisse, prima, quod fœminæ, altera vero quod Lydæ, *i. e.*, barbaræ, in servitutem addictus fuerat.—Musgrave.

DEI. Know you, then, my son, how he left to me unerring predictions concerning this land?

HYL. Of what kind, mother? for I am ignorant of the tale.

DEI. That he is either about to bring his life to its close, or having accomplished this labor, for the future to spend the remainder of his days in a tranquil existence. Will you not, then, my son, go to aid him, depending on this crisis, since we are either preserved, if he preserve his life, or at the same time depart and fall if your father perish?[1]

HYL. But I go, oh mother! and if I had known the annunciation of these oracles, even formerly I would have been present. But the usual fortune of my father does not permit us to feel foreboding fear, nor to be overmuch dismayed.[2] But now, since I do know them, I will in no respect fail to learn the whole truth concerning these matters.

DEI. Go now, my son; for even he that is late in doing well, yet, when he learns his duty, procures gain.

CHORUS. Whom spangled[3] night, as she dies away, brings forth, and again lulls to sleep, the sun,[4] the blazing sun, I implore to tell me of Alcmena's son, where, where at all he dwells, oh thou that beamest with refulgent splendors, whether on some ocean isthmus, or resting on either continent;[5] tell me, oh thou, who in sight surpassest! For I learn that Deianira, for whom rivals strove, ever with longing thoughts, like some wretched bird, refuses to lull to rest the regret of

[1] See Hermann and Wunder.—B.

[2] The clauses *νῦν δ' ὁ ξυνήθης* and *νῦν δ', ὡς ξυνίημ'* have been transposed by Brunck, who reads *ἀλλ' ὁ ξυνήθης*, the corruption arising from the similarity in the line just above. Wunder agrees in transposing the passage, but Hermann would throw out the second clause altogether. Brunck appears to be nearest the truth.—B.

[3] Cf. Æsch. Prom. 24, *ἡ ποικιλείμων νυξ*. Apul. de Deo Socr., p. 44, ed. Elm. "pictis noctibus."—B.

[4] *Ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ δὴ πᾶσαν ἐπὶ χθόνα καὶ κατὰ πόντον*
αἰθέρος ἐκ δίης καταδέρκεαι ἀκτίνεσσι,
νημερτέως μοι ἐνισπε, φίλον τέκος εἴ που ὀπωπας.
Homer. Hymn. in Cer. v. 69.

[5] It is rather absurd to suppose that Hercules could be on the two continents at the same moment. Musgrave, after reprehending the inaccuracy of the expression, makes a very good-natured excuse for it in these words: "Sed nimis severi sumus, nec tanta loquendi subtilitas a poëta exigenda."

her tearless[1] eyes; but cherishing a terror ever present to her mind, on account of the journey of her lord, pines away on her widowed couch of care,[2] in expectation of an evil and wretched doom. For as one may behold many billows urged by the blasts of the unwearied north or south advancing, and speeding in succession over the wide ocean—thus life's many cares nurse the infancy and rear the manhood of the Theban hero, like waves on the Cretan main; but some god ever preserves him in safety from the mansions of Pluto. On account of which reprehending you, I will suggest what is pleasing indeed, but opposite to your thoughts. For I say that you ought not to cast away good hopes, since he that reigns supreme, the son of Saturn, hath not allotted all things to mortals devoid of calamity; but sorrow and joy return in course to all, like the devolving paths of the Bear. For neither does spangled night remain to mortals, nor the fates, nor wealth; but in a moment they are gone; and to the same mortal succeed joy and the loss of joy. Wherefore I bid you, my queen, in hope ever to retain these reflections; since who hath seen Jove thus devoid of care for his children?

Dei. Having learned, as may be conjectured, my sufferings, you are present; but how I pine in spirit, may you never learn by experience. Now you are ignorant of its woe; for youth is pastured in such vales of its own;[3] and neither does the heat of heaven, nor showers, nor any gale disturb it; but it builds up with pleasures a life of ease, until one be called a wife instead of a virgin, and receive her share of anxiety in the hours of night, either fearing for her husband or her children. Then might any woman perceive, considering her own condition, by what evils I am weighed down. Many sufferings indeed then have I lamented; but one such as I have never before [lamented] will I immediately disclose. For when the royal Hercules departed on his last journey from

[1] See Hermann, *εἰνάζειν τὸν πόθον τῶν βλεφάρων, ὥστε γίγνεσθαι ἀντὶ ἀδάκρυτα.*—B.

[2] Ovid, Epist. i. 7, "Non ego deserto jacuissem frigida lecto: Nec quererer tardos ire relicta dies. Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris? Res est solliciti plena timoris amor." ix. 35, "Ipsa domo vidua votis operata pudicis Torqueor, infesto ne vir ab hoste cadat."—B.

[3] *χώροισιν ἀυτοῦ.* Hermann would read *χώροις ἵν' ἀυτοῦ*; Wunder, *χώροις ἵν' ἀναίνοντος οὐ θάλπος θεοῦ*, a bold and masterly conjecture, well deserving to be adopted.—B.

home, then he leaves in the palace an ancient tablet, inscribed with mandates, which before, though going forth to many combats, he never had the heart to disclose to me; but he went, as about to achieve some feat, and not to fall. But now, as though he were no more, he told me that it was fitting I should take my marriage portion, and told me what share of paternal property he awarded to be divided to his children; having appointed that, when he should be gone a year and three months from the country, it was either fated he should die in this time, or, escaping the close of its period, should live for the future in a life free from pain. Such things, he said, were decreed for consummation by the gods concerning the labors of Hercules, as the ancient beech-tree at Dodona had formerly announced by the lips of the twin doves.[1] And the certainty of these predictions coincides with the present time, so that it is necessary they should be accomplished. Thus, my friends, while sweetly slumbering, I start from repose, agitated with terror, lest it be fated that I should remain bereft of the best of all men.

CH. Speak now words of good omen, since I see some messenger advancing, crowned with garlands on account of his tidings.[2]

MESSENGER. Deianira, my queen, I, first of messengers, will release you from your apprehensions; for, know that the son of Alcmena is living, and is victorious, and, the battle over, is bringing its first-fruits to the gods of his country.

DEI. What words are these, old man, that you have spoken to me?

MESS. That quickly to thy palace shall come thy much-desired lord, returning with his triumphant powers.

DEI. And from what citizen or stranger did you learn the tidings you tell?

MESS. The herald Lichas, his attendant, is proclaiming these things to numbers in the ox-grazing field. Hearing them from him, I rushed away, in order that, having first

[1] Those who wish for an account of the miraculous doves of Dodona may consult Herodotus, lib. ii. 55, where they will find an explanation scarcely less absurd than the original fable. Eustathius and the scholiast both offer their conjectures on the point, without considering it at all requisite to be within the verge of probability.

[2] *Cf.* Œd. Tyr. 82 sq.—B.

related them to you, I might gain something at your hands, and acquire favor.[1]

Del. But how, if well he speed, is he himself absent?

Mess. Because, O lady, he encounters some difficulty; for all the Melian people, standing round him in a circle, is questioning him; nor is it in his power to advance farther. Each wishing to learn fully the welcome news, will not let him go till he have heard to his satisfaction. Thus he, unwilling, is present with the willing; but you will soon see him appear.

Del. O Jove! who presidest over the uncultured[2] mead of Æta, thou hast bestowed on us, though late, the joy. Raise your acclaim, ye maids, both ye within the house, and ye without the court, since we now enjoy the eye of happy rumor beaming unexpectedly upon me.

Ch. Burst forth through the palaces, with the shouts of joy around your hearths, whoever of you is a bridegroom,[3] and let the mingled shouts of the youths ascend to Apollo, our champion, the Lord of the graceful quiver; and at the same time celebrate, ye virgins, Pæan, Pæan; and loudly celebrate his sister Diana Ortygia, the huntress of the stag, the goddess with her double torch,[4] and her attendant nymphs. I am transported; nor will I disclaim the flute, oh sovereign of my soul! Lo! the thyrsus rouses me up; lo! it inspires me, now hurrying my steps into the rivalry of the Bacchic votaries.[5] Io! Io! Pæan! Behold, behold, dear mistress, you may now see these things clearly before your face.

[1] The messenger is at all events abundantly candid in confessing his scurvy motive.

[2] Uncultured, in consequence of its being set apart and consecrated to the god. The epithet *ἄτομον* may also be translated "undevastated," which bears in a similar way a reference to its sanctity, as being spared, on that account, by the enemy, in their hostile incursions.—Tr. Cf. Eurip. Hipp. 73, *ἐξ ἀκηράτου λειμῶνος*.—B.

[3] I am little satisfied with Dindorf's readings or punctuation, but have followed them closely, for the convenience of the scholar, who can alter according to taste.—B.

[4] Diana was represented in the ancient mysteries as bearing a torch in each hand. The epithet *ἀμφίπυρον* is generally supposed to have a reference to these insignia; but it may also be taken as descriptive of the splendor and brightness of the goddess, in her character of Luna.

[5] *Βακχίαν ἁμίλλαν* noto usu accusativi additum est, *convertens me ad æmulandum Bacchas*,—Herm.

DEI. I see, dear women; nor has the watchfulness of my eyes deceived me so as not to see this band: and I bid the herald hail, though late appearing, if the tidings he brings be of joy.

LICHAS. But well indeed have we come, and well, oh lady, are we hailed according to the merit of our actions,[1] for it needs must that a man who prospers should gain good words.

DEI. O dearest of men, tell me first, what I most desire, if I shall embrace Hercules alive?

LI. I left him both in strength and life, blooming in health, and not oppressed with disease.

DEI. Where? in a native or a foreign soil? Speak.

LI. There is a certain promontory of Eubœa, where he is marking out altars, and sacrificing the fruits of his victories to Cenæan[2] Jove.

DEI. In performance of a vow? or on the injunction of some oracle?

LI. A vow—when he took the country of these women you see before you, the devastated prey of his spear.

DEI. But who, by the gods, are these? and whose are they? for they are the objects of pity, if their misfortunes do not deceive me.[3]

LI. These, when he destroyed the city of Eurytus, he selected a chosen possession for himself and the gods.

DEI. Was it against this city that he was gone this vast and countless number of days.

LI. No; but for the principal part of the time he was detained in Lydia, as he himself says, not free, but sold. But there ought not, oh lady, to be any displeasure at a circumstance of which Jove may appear to have been the cause. For he, as he owns himself, being sold to Omphale, a barbarian, completed a year in her service; and he was thus stung by having this disgrace attached to him, that, laying

[1] Verba *κατ' ἔργου κτῆσιν* ambigua sunt. Nam aut significant *κατὰ τὸ ἔργον, ὃ κέκτεσαι, pro nuncio accepto*, aut *κατὰ τὸ ἔργον, ὃ κεκτήμεθα* quæ est expugnatio Æchaliæ.—Herm.

[2] The name is derived from Cenæum, a promontory of Eubœa, which was consecrated to this god.

[3] Dignæ enim sunt miseratione, si de calamitatibus earum recte judico —Schaefer.

n oath on himself, he swore that he would yet enslave, along ith his wife and children, the man who brought this suf-ring home to him. Nor did he belie his word; but when e was purified,[1] taking a foreign host, he goes to the city of urytus; for he accused him alone of mortals of being the uthor of this evil; who, when he came a guest to his house, eing of old his friend, had much reviled him with words, nd much with the malignity of his mind, saying that though he bore in his hands the inevitable arrows, he was inferior to his children in the trial of archery; and he says that he, a slave, ought to be treated with blows by a freeman; and when he was heated with wine at the banquet, he drove him out. Being enraged at this treatment, when Iphitus[2] afterward came to the Tyrinthian hill, following the traces of some mares that had left his pastures, then, while he had his eye turned in one way, and his mind in another, he hurled him down from the summit of the towering steep.[3] But Jove, the Olympian king, father of all, being enraged on account of this deed, sent him thence in slavery, nor brooked that he should slay Iphitus, alone of men, by guile. For had he openly assailed him, Jove would have forgiven him for justly vanquishing his opponent; for the gods do not love injustice. But they who wantonly boasted with reviling tongue, are all the inhabitants of the shades, and their city is captive. But these virgins, whom you behold, having met with an unenviable life, from an high estate, come to you; for thus at least your husband enjoined, and I, being faithful to him, execute his command. And when he shall have offered the holy sacrifices to his father Jove for the capture of the city, expect him to come himself; for this, of all a long tale of happy tidings, is the sweetest word to hear.

Ch. Now, O queen, manifest joy accrues to you, both from what is present, and from what you have learned by this speech.

Del. And how should I not, when I hear of these pros-

[1] When he had made expiation for the murder of Iphitus, by completing his year of bondage.

[2] One of the four sons of Eurytus.

[3] This was a very blackguard piece of business on the part of Hercules. It argues bad taste in the poet to introduce a story which tends so much to destroy our favorable impressions of his hero.

perous fortunes of my husband, rejoice with all the just joy of my soul? There is strong necessity that my joy should keep pace with his success. Yet still fear dwells in those who consider things aright,[1] lest he, who is in prosperity, should at some moment stumble in his course. For a powerful sentiment of compassion, my friends, has entered my bosom as I look on these ill-starred virgins, wandering in the land of strangers, afar from their homes, and bereft of their fathers, who in former days, perchance, were the offspring of high-born chiefs, but who now lead the life of slaves. O Jove, averter of my ills, may I never at any time see thee thus advancing against my children, nor, if thou wilt do aught, while I at least am yet alive! Thus am I moved by fear, beholding these captives. O unhappy in thy lot, who of youthful virgins art thou? unmarried or a mother? Yet, by your appearance, you are unacquainted with all this, but art one of noble birth. Lichas, of whom of mortals is this stranger the daughter? Who was the mother that bore her? Who was the father that begot her? Declare it. For I on beholding her, have pitied her the most of these, inasmuch as she alone knows to feel for her situation.[2]

Li. What do I know? Why should you ask me? Perhaps the offspring of parents who there are not among the meanest.

Dei. Is she of the royal family? Some offspring of Eurytus.

Li. I know not; for I did not make any great inquiries.

Dei. Nor have you learned her name from some one of the companions of her way?

Li. By no means. I performed my task in silence.

Dei. But do you, unhappy maid, speak to me yourself; since it is a sort of misfortune not to know you, at least who you are.

Li. She will not now utter a word more than formerly,

[1] Τοῖσιν εὖ σκοπουμένοις recte vertit Brunckius: "Tamen inest his aliquis metus, si rem rite expendas." Quippe intelligitur prospera Herculis fortuna, neque, ut Hœpfnerus et Billerbekius sibi persuaserant, ad puellas adstantes pertinet.—Erfurdt.

[2] Quod prudentiæ specimen ediderit Iole, ex contextu non patet; liberaque adeo conjectura lectori relinquitur, utrum lachrymis præsentis mali sensum testata sit, an vultu sereno et placido animi magnitudinem ostenderit.—Musgrave.

she who has not yet spoken much or little,[1] but, ever deploring the weight of her calamity, the wretched maid keeps shedding tears from the time that she left her wind-swept[2] country. This circumstance is unfortunate indeed, for herself at least, but it deserves pardon.

Del. Let her therefore be indulged, and let her go within thus as is most agreeable to her, nor, in addition to her present evils, let her receive from me at least a double pain; for that which she already feels is enough. And now let us all go home, that you at least may hasten where you please, and I may put things within in proper order.

Mess. Here, at any rate, first wait for a little while, in order that you may learn apart from these, whom at least you conduct within; and of what you have heard nothing may be fully made acquainted, too, with all that is proper to know; for I have the full intelligence of these things.

Del. What is it? Why do you stay my steps?[3]

Mess. Standing still, listen: for neither did you formerly[4] hear my words in vain, nor do I think you shall now.

Del. Whether, in truth, shall I call those persons back again, or do you wish to speak to these virgins and to me?

Mess. To you and these there is no restrictions, but suffer the others to remain away.

Del. And in fact they are gone, and let your news be signified.

Mess. This man utters nothing of what he has just spoken according to the strictness of truth; but either now he is false, or formerly was present no true messenger.

[1] Exspectabat Deianira, responsuram esse Iolen. At illa tacet. Id videns Lichas dicit: *οὐτ' ἄρα οὐδὲν διοίσει γλῶσσαν ἐξ ἴσου τῷ γε πρόσθεν χρόνῳ: nihil ergo differet ab se ipsa loquendo* (*i. e.*, semper eadem erit, constanter servando silentio), *æque ut antea fecit.*—Herm.

[2] "Διήνεμον, *ventis perflatam, i. e.*, desertam ut bene interpretatur Scholiastes."—Musgrave. From this we must venture to dissent. The native city of Iole is mentioned, in another place, as "the lofty" Æchalia, which will sufficiently account for its being exposed to a little rough weather, without having recourse to the "interpretatio" of the scholiast, or Musgrave, his approving ally.

[3] But see Hermann and Wunder.—B.

[4] This messenger is the same officious person who came before to announce the arrival of Lichas.

DEI. What say you? Clearly deliver me all that you have in your mind; for, as to what you have spoken, ignorance possesses me.

MESS. I heard this man saying, while many witnesses were present, that, for the sake of this virgin, Hercules both destroyed Eurytus and lofty-towered Æchalia; and that Love alone of the gods had moved him to raise his spear in this war; not his adventures in Lydia, nor his service of toil with Omphale, nor the headlong death of Iphitus; [but love] which[1] he now setting aside, contradicts his former statement. But when he did not persuade the father to give up his daughter that he might enjoy her secret embraces, having devised some slight ground of complaint and quarrel, he leads an expedition against the country of this damsel, in which he said that Eurytus was lord of the throne; and he slays the king her father, and has sacked the city. And now he comes, O lady, as you see, sending her to this palace, not without design, nor as a slave; expect not this: nor is it likely, since he hath been inflamed with desire. It seemed therefore good to me, O queen, to disclose to you every thing which I have chanced to learn from the herald: and many in the middle of the Trachinian forum heard this at the same time equally with myself, so as to bring it home to him. But if I do not say what is agreeable, I am sorry; yet still I have spoken the truth.

DEI. Ah unhappy me! in what circumstances am I placed? What secret bane have I received under my roof? O wretched woman that I am! Is she then of an obscure name, as he that conducted her swore?

MESS. Surely is she most glorious both in appearance and birth,[2] being by birth the daughter of Eurytus, she was formerly called Iole, whose parents he could not tell, having, forsooth, made no inquiry.

CH. Let not all the wicked perish, but him whoever practices base fraud unworthy of his character.[3]

[1] ὃν, scil. τὸν ἔρωτα. Still, I can not help thinking that this verse should be placed immediately after v. 355. Perhaps something is wanting.—B.

[2] This verse is assigned by all modern editors to the Messenger, and not connected with Deianira's words.—B.

[3] The Chorus evidently utter this malediction to show their indignation

DEI. What, ye women, ought to be done? for I am driven out of my mind by this present intelligence.

CH. Go and interrogate the man, since he will quickly tell the truth, if you appear inclined to question him by force.

DEI. Well, I go; for you do not advise without judgment.

CH. But shall we remain? or what is it proper to do?

DEI. Remain; since this man, not summoned by my messengers, but of his own accord, is passing out of the house.

LI. What is it fitting, O lady, that I, returning, should say to Hercules? Inform me, since, as you see, I am going.

DEI. Do you, thus coming after so long a time, so quickly depart before we renew our conversation?

LI. If you wish to make any inquiry, I am present.

DEI. Do you deal in the honesty of truth?

LI. Great Jove be my witness, at least in whatever I know.

DEI. Who, in truth, is the woman whom you come conducting?

LI. A woman of Eubœa; but from whom she is sprung I can not tell.

MESS. Ho you, look this way: to whom do you think you speak?

LI. And you, for what purpose do you ask me this question?

MESS. Dare to answer, if you are wise, what I ask you.

LI. To Deianira the queen, daughter of Œneus, and wife of Hercules [if my sight deceive me not], and my mistress.

MESS. This was the very thing I sought to learn from you. Do you acknowledge that this is your mistress?

LI. Yes; for she is so with just right.

MESS. What then? What punishment do you consider yourself worthy to suffer if you be found untrue to her?

LI. How untrue? What wiles are you attempting?

MESS. None: you, however, are doing this in a very great degree.

LI. I go; and I was a fool to listen so long to you.

at the duplicity of Lichas, though they justly take the opportunity of having a slap at the master while they abuse the man.

MESS. Not at least before being shortly examined you shall make answer.

LI. Speak, if you wish, any thing; for you are not much inclined to silence.

MESS. Do you know the captive whom you have brought to this place?

LI. I say I do, but why do you inquire?

MESS. Did you not say that you were conducting Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, her whom you now look upon as unknown?

LI. Among what sort of men? who, and whence coming, will bear witness to you that present he heard these words from me?

MESS. Among many of the citizens. A great crowd in the middle of the Trachinian forum heard, full sure, these words from thy mouth.

LI. Very true: I said that I heard this at least; but it is not the same thing to state one's notion and to maintain an assertion positively.

MESS. What notion? Did not you, speaking under an oath, declare that you brought this damsel as a wife for Hercules?

LI. I talk of a wife! Tell me, my dear mistress, by the gods, who in the world is this stranger?

MESS. One who present heard you assert that all the city was subdued through love of this woman, and that the Lydian dame was not the cause of its destruction, but the love of Iole bursting forth.[1]

LI. Let this man, O queen, begone; for to babble with a madman is not the part of the wise.

DEI. Do not, by Jove, who rolls his thunders along Æta's lofty forest, falsify thy tale; for thou wilt not tell it to a woman of a base spirit, nor one who does not know the disposition of men, that it is not by nature formed to take pleasure always in the same things. Whoever indeed resists love, like a pugilist, hand to hand, is unwise. For love rules even the gods as he pleases, and myself indeed; and why not another, such, at any rate, as me? So that if I blame my husband,

[1] Musgrave proposes, in place of φανείς, to read σφαλείς, *frustratus*, which would be a decided improvement, were there any good authority for its adoption.

possessed by this disease, or this maiden, the cause of no dishonor nor evil to me, I am mad in the extreme. It is not so. But, if learning it from him, you feign this tale, you learn no good instruction; and if you thus teach yourself, when you wish to be good, you shall be proved to be bad. But speak the whole truth; since for a freeman to be called a liar is a disgraceful stain attaching to his character. Nor is it possible that you should escape detection; for there are many to whom you have spoken who will repeat your words to me. And if you fear indeed, you fear foolishly; since not to know it might give me pain; but as to know it, where is the harm? Has not Hercules, one husband, already married several other wives?[1] and no one of them has yet heard from me, at least, evil word or reproach; nor shall she, even though he be deeply imbued with her love, since I pitied her most of all when I looked on her, because her beauty has been the ruin of her life, and she, in her unhappy fate, has unwillingly brought to destruction and slavery her native land. But let these things speed on with a propitious gale; and I desire you to be deceitful to others, but never be guilty of falsehood to me.[2]

Ch. Obey this lady, recommending what is good; and you shall afterward not blame your compliance, and shall acquire my gratitude.

Li. But, O my dear mistress, since I perceive you, a mortal, have thoughts becoming a mortal, and are not void of judgment, I will tell you the whole truth, nor conceal aught. For the fact is so as he asserts. A vehement passion for this damsel once on a time thrilled through Hercules, and on her account was her native Æchalia, in wide destruction, laid low by the spear. And these circumstances, for it is proper to tell that which is in his favor, he neither bade me keep close, nor ever denied; but I myself, O queen, fearing lest I should pain your breast by these tidings, was guilty of this error, if in aught you deem it an error. And now, since you know all the story, both for his sake and your own equally, bear this

[1] Such were Megara, Auge, and Astydameia; not to mention the fifty virgins, whom, to crown his labors, he took to wife in one night.

[2] This curious sentiment may be compared with the sentiment of an Irish priest to his refractory son. "O Stephan, Stephan, how often have I told ye that telling a lie to me was quite different from telling a lie to any one else!" From a tale by Mrs. S. C. Hall in the "Amulet."—B.

woman with patience, and resolve to confirm the words which you have spoken concerning her. For he who bore the palm in every thing else by his valor, is altogether worsted by his love for this maid.

Dei. But thus both do I incline so as to do these things, and I will not bring on myself a voluntary malady, maintaining an unequal contest with the gods. But let us go within the palace, that you may both hear the answers which I charge you to bear, and take the gifts which it behooves us to prepare, in suitable return to his gifts; for it were not right that you, who came with such a great train, should return empty-handed.

Chorus. Venus ever bears off a certain mighty power of victory; and the loves of the gods indeed I pass over; nor do I sing how she beguiled the son of Saturn; nor Pluto, the king of night; nor Neptune the shaker of the earth. But to gain Deianira as a bride, certain well-practiced[1] suitors entered the lists respecting her hand,[2] and went through the strife of a battle, rife with blows and wrestling.[3] The one indeed was a mighty river, in the quadruped form of a bull with towering horns, Acheloüs from the Œniadæ; and the other came from Bacchic Thebes, lightly wielding his bending[4] bow, and shafts, and club, the son of Jove; who then, burning for her embrace, rushed[5] to the struggle. And the beauteous Venus,[6] alone present in the midst, sits umpire o'er the fray. Then was there the din of blows, and of the bow, and of the horns, of

[1] ἀμφίγνοι=ἀμφιδέξιοι, περιδέξιοι. Liddell, s. v. after Ellendt.—B.

[2] "Προ γάμων. Frigidissimum foret *ante nuptias*, nec πρὸ pro περὶ accipi sinit aut versus superior, aut Græcorum usus."—Musgrave. "Πρὸ γάμων est *pro potiundis nuptiis*."—Erfurdt.—Tr. I have followed Erfurdt.—B.

[3] Wunder has well seen that παγκόνιτα refers to the "lucta."—B.

[4] I have rendered παλίντονα "bending," as denoting it in its bent or unbent state indifferently. See a most satisfactory explanation of the double meaning of the word in Liddell and Scott's Lexicon.—B.

[5] ἀολλεῖς, usually of several persons, here καταχρηστικῶς ἐπὶ ἑνοῦν, Schol.—B.

[6] "Non intelligendum de Dea Paphia, quæ neque εὔλεκτρος dici solet, neque coram certamini interfuisse a mythologis traditur. Est igitur Κύπρις nihil aliud quam εὐνή, *connubium* sive *conjux*. Totum locum sic interpretor: *sola autem puella formosa in medio assidens certamini præerat: i. e.*, nullius βραβευτοῦ jussu, sed puellæ duntaxat amore incitati, in arenam descendebant."—Musgrave.

the bull mingled; then were there the locked intertwinings ladder-wise,[1] and deadly blows of the forehead, and groans[2] from both. And the soft and beauteous nymph sat on a conspicuous mound, awaiting him who should be her spouse [with all a mother's feelings I tell the tale[3]], and her eye that fired the contest, sorrowfully expected its issue; and away from her mother she straightway departed, like some young deserted heifer.

Del. While, my friends, the stranger in-doors is conversing with the captive virgins, as about to depart, I have, in the mean time, privily come without the gates to you, partly to bewail, along with you, the sufferings I endure; for I am of opinion that I have received this captive no longer a maiden, but a wife, as a mariner his freight, so I this merchandise to the ruin of my peace; and now we two, beneath one coverlet, await his embrace. Such a reward has Hercules, that was called my faithful and good husband, sent me for my housekeeping for so long a time. But I indeed do not know how to be angry with him, so oft afflicted with this disease; and yet again to dwell in the house along with her, sharing the same marriage, what woman could endure?[4] For I see her youth indeed advancing to ripeness, and mine decaying; from the former of which the eye is wont to cull flowers, but from the latter to turn away the steps. This therefore I dread, lest Hercules should be called indeed my spouse,[5] but be the husband of the younger wife. But enough; for it is not proper, as I said, for a woman possessed of prudence to give way to anger; but in what way I gain a release from my troubles,

[1] Hermann cleverly explains this species of wrestling, in which one turned his adversary from him, and mounted on his back, referring to Ovid. Met. ix. 51 sqq.—B.

[2] "Στόνος. Cicero hanc vocem in Quæst. Tusc. II. 23, illustrat: pugiles vero, ait, quum feriunt adversarium, in jactandis cæstibus *ingemiscunt*, non quod doleant animove succumbant, sed quod profundenda voce omne corpus intenditur venitque plaga vehementior. Idem faciunt athletæ."—Billerbeck.

[3] Or, "I tell the tale as her mother told it to me."—Tr. Wunder condemns this and the following three lines.—B.

[4] O quam cruentus feminas stimulat dolor,
Cum patuit una pellici et nuptæ domus.—Senec. Herc. Æt. 233.

[5] "πόσις conjux est connubio junctus, *ἀνήρ* is quo uxor fruitur."—Herm.—B.

that I will explain to you. I had a gift once on a time of old bestowed by an ancient Centaur, concealed in a brazen urn, which, while yet a girl, I took from the death-wound of the shaggy-bosomed Nessus, who, for hire, bore mortals in his arms over the deep flow of the river Evenus, neither plying with the speeding oar, nor with the sails of a bark. He, bearing me also on his shoulders, when first at my father's bidding I followed Hercules as a bride, as he reached the middle of the stream, touched me with lewd hands; but I screamed out; and the son of Jove immediately turning, sent from his hands a winged arrow; and through his chest, even into the lungs, it whizzed. And these were the words that the dying Centaur spoke: "Daughter of aged Œneus, such profit shall you derive, if you obey me, from this passage, because you are the last I bear across the river; for if you take with your hands the curdled gore from my wound, where the monstrous Hydra of Lerna has steeped the arrow with his black venom, this will prove to you a soothing charm over the mind of Hercules, so that he shall not, looking on any woman, feel more affection for her than for you." Revolving, my friends, this counsel in my mind (for in the house, after his death, it remained carefully shut up), I have steeped this garment, applying whatever he, while alive, commanded; and the task is completed. But may I neither know nor learn the deeds of evil daring—and those women who attempt them I hate; yet if we can anyhow get the better of this damsel by philtres and soothing charms essayed on Hercules, this plan has been well contrived, unless I appear to you to make a vain attempt; but if I do, it shall be desisted from.

Ch. But if there be any faith in the trial, you seem to us not to have determined amiss.

Dei. Thus at least my faith rests, so that it is accompanied, indeed, by my opinion of success; but I have never yet made acquaintance with the experiment.

Ch. But it is necessary to obtain the knowledge by doing the action; since, though you seem to have, you can not have the knowledge, without making the trial.

Dei. But we shall soon know, for I see the herald already without the gates, and he will quickly go. Only let our secret be faithfully preserved by you, for if you do even what is base in the dark, you shall never fall into shame.

Li. What is to be done? tell me, O daughter of Œneus, since we are already tardy by long delay.

Dei. But I have been preparing for this very thing, while you have been talking to these strangers within, that you bear for me this well-woven robe, a gift to that hero from my hand. And, presenting it, direct him that no one of mortals before him put it on his person, nor that ray of the sun behold it, nor sacred shrine, nor flame from the hearth, before that, standing conspicuous, he display it bright to the gods, on some day marked by the sacrifice of bulls. For thus I vowed, if I ever should see him safe at home, or hear of his return, that with full ritual observance I would deck him in this vest, and exhibit him to the gods, a new sacrificer in a new garment. And of this you shall bear to him a token, which he will easily recognize, when he casts his eye on this seal. But go; and first observe this rule, not to desire, being a messenger, to do more than you are required; and in the next place, act so that his favor toward you, uniting with mine, instead of single, may become double.

Li. But, if I faithfully exercise this art of Hermes, I will not be guilty of any failure in your trust, so as not bearing this vessel, to show it him in its present state, and to add faithfully the words which you have spoken.

Dei. You may now, if you choose, depart; for you also know of the affairs in the house, in what state they are.

Li. I both know, and I will report, that they are well.

Dei. And you know too, having seen my reception of the stranger, that I welcomed her in a friendly manner.

Li. So that my heart was amazed with joy.

Dei. What else indeed should you relate? for I fear lest you first tell my longing desire for him, before you know if the affection be mutual.

Chorus. O ye who dwell by the warm baths bordering on the station of the ships and the rocks; and ye by the cliffs of Æta, and the middle of the Melian lake, and the shore of the virgin with golden shaft, where the Pylian assemblies of the Greeks convene, the flute, with its beauteous notes, ere long returns to you, breathing forth no unpleasing melody, but such as may challenge the lyre of the divine muse. For the son of Jove and Alcmena, bearing the spoils of every virtue, hies him home; whom, absent from his country and afar over the sea,

we waited for all ignorant of his fate, through the full space of twelve long months. And his beloved spouse in misery, in saddest misery at heart, ever drenched with tears, kept pining away; but now hath Mars, being maddened by desire, brought to a close our day of sorrow. Let him come! let him come! let not the bark that bears him on with many an oar stop in its course, before that he effect his way to this city, having left the altar of the island where he is said to be sacrificing; whence let him hasten through the whole day, being wrapped in the robe deeply anointed with persuasion, according as the Centaur directed.

Dei. How I fear, O virgins, lest all that I have just done, be done by me beyond what is right.

Ch. O Deianira, daughter of Œneus, what has happened?

Dei. I know not; but I fear lest I shall quickly appear to have wrought a great evil from the persuasion of good hope.

Ch. Surely it can not be any thing about your gifts to Hercules?

Dei. Yes, most particularly; so that I would never advise any one to act with promptness in an uncertain event.

Ch. Tell us, if it may be told, from what circumstance your fears arise.

Dei. A circumstance has occurred, of such a nature that I shall describe an unexpected marvel, ye damsels, for you to hear.[1] For that, with which I was just anointing the sumptuous garment,[2] the white wool from the snowy fleece of the sheep, that has disappeared, consumed by none of those within, but corroded by itself, it wastes away and smoulders down the surface of the slab.[3] But that you may know the whole way in which this was done, I shall extend my narration to greater length. For of those charges with which the wild Centaur, while suffering in his side by the bitter barb, had tutored me, I let slip not one, but preserved them like an indelible writing on a brazen tablet. And thus it was commanded me, and I obeyed it, that I should preserve this drug unexposed to the

[1] On the construction see Wunder's clever note.—B.

[2] "Ἐνδυτῆρα πέπλον, i. e. χιτῶνα, *tunicam, vestem interiorem.* Hæ enim ἐνεδύοντο, superiores (χλαῖναι sc. χλαμύδες, et hujusmodi aliæ) περιεβάλγοντο."—Musgrave.—Tr. But see Hermann.—B.

[3] Or "smooth stone," where she had laid out the wool to dry.—Tr. *Hermann says* "gravel," but what becomes of ἄκρας?—B.

ire, and untouched by the warm sunbeam in those close recesses, until I should somehow apply it in fresh unction. And this I did: and now, when the operation was to be tried, I secretly, in-doors within the house, spread it on the garment with a lock of wool, having drawn it from the fleece of one of my own sheep; and folding up the gift, I placed it secure from the sun in a hollow chest, as you saw. But, going within, I see a sight that can not be described, and impossible for mortal to conceive. For I chance to throw the wool torn from the sheep, with which I was smearing the robe, into the blaze of mid-day, the rays of the sun; and as it became warm, it all melts into nothing, and wastes to dust on the ground, chiefly resembling, in appearance, the dust from the saw, should you chance to see it, in the cutting of wood. In this way it lay fallen; and from the ground where it was spread out, there boil up clots of foam, like as when the rich juice of mellow autumn is poured on the earth from the vine of Bacchus. So that I, wretched, do not know to what thoughts to turn: and I see that I have wrought a dreadful deed. For whence at all, and in return for what, should the dying Centaur do an act of kindness to me, for whom he perished? It can not be so: but wishing to destroy him who shot him, he beguiled me; of which I too late acquire the knowledge, when it is no longer of avail. For I alone, if I am not deceived in my mind, I, wretched woman, shall be the cause of his death. For I know that the arrow that gave the wound was fatal even to the divine Chiron,[1] and destroys every thing it touches; and how shall not the black venom of the gore, issuing from the wound of the Centaur, slay also Hercules? In my opinion, too sure it will. And yet I am determined, if he fall, that at the same moment[2] I too shall die along with him; for to live in evil report is not to be endured by a woman who prefers to every thing else a nature abhorrent of baseness.

Ch. It follows, of course, that there should be horror at dreadful deeds; but it is not right to judge of our expectations before the event.

Dei. In dishonorable designs there is no hope which may conciliate any confidence.

[1] This story is to be found in Ovid's Fasti, Book V. 379.

[2] Wunder's conjecture *ἀκμῇ* for *ὁρμῇ* seems probable.—B.

CH. But for those who fall into involuntary error, there is a softening of anger, which it is fitting you should meet.

DEI. Such comfort may he suggest, who does not share in the evil, but to whom there is at home no grief.[1]

CH. It were as well for you to suppress in silence the rest of your words, except you are going to disclose something to your son; for he is present who formerly went away in search of his father.

HYL.[2] O mother! how of three things I would choose one, either that you were dead, or that if you lived you were called the mother of some other son, or from some whence you might acquire better feelings than those you now possess.

DEI. What deed of mine, my son, excites this abhorrence?

HYL. Know that you have this day slain your husband, I mean my father.

DEI. Woe is me! what tale, my son, do you bear?

HYL. The tale of that which it is impossible can be undone; for who is able to uncreate that which has once appeared?

DEI. How say you, my son? From what mortal having gained this information, do you assert that I have done such a hateful deed?

HYL. I myself witnessed, with my eyes, the grievous sufferings of my father, and I did not hear it by report.

DEI. And where did you meet with him, and where present by his side?

HYL. If it is requisite you should know, it behooves me to tell you all. When he departed,[3] after having destroyed the renowned city of Eurytus, bearing with him the trophies and first-fruits of victory; there is a certain sea-washed shore of Eubœa, [called] the Cenæan promontory, where he consecrates to his father Jove altars and the foliage of a sacred grove: there I, with longing joy, first beheld him. And when he was about to offer up the sacrifice of many victims, there

[1] "Facile omnes, cum valemus, recta consilia ægrotis domus: Tu, si hic sis, aliter sentias."—Terent. Andr. II. i. 9.

[2] Hyllus has been away at Cenæum, and back again, during an hour's conversation between his mother and the Chorus. This is a violation of the unity of time with a vengeance.

[3] Recte hic ὁθ' pro ὅτε, non pro ὅθι, accipitur: *quum profectus est expugnata Œchalia, Cenæum est, ubi sacra fecit:* pro his: *quum profecta est, sacra fecit in Cenæo.*—Hermann.

e a herald from home, his servant Lichas, bearing your
the deadly garment, which he putting on as you directed,
s twelve bulls, of perfect shape, the first-fruits of his spoils;
he brought in all to the altar a mingled herd of a hundred
le. And at first indeed the wretched man, rejoicing in his
and ornaments, addressed his vows with a cheerful mind;
when the bloody flame blazed forth from the sacred offer-
and oily wood, sweat burst out on his skin, and the tunic
g to his body, closely glued, as if by some artificer's hand,
very limb; and convulsive wrenching of the bones suc-
ed. Then, as the envenomed gore of the accursed Hydra
upon him, he called on the unfortunate Lichas, him who
no share in your guilt, by what treachery he had brought
garment; and he, ill-starred wretch, all-ignorant, said it
the gift of you alone, as it had been sent. And he, as he
d these words, and a piercing spasm assailed his lungs,
ng him by the foot, where the ancle bends, dashes him on
ck, washed all around by the sea; and the white brains
out from the middle of the head, the blood being scatter-
round, and the hair with it.[1] And all the people shout-
loud with lamentation, the hero being afflicted with this
, and the herald being slain; but no one dared to approach
cules. For he was writhing in the pain, both lying on
ground and standing up, shouting and shrieking; and the
s around resounded, the mountain headlands of the Lo-
ns, and the promontories of Eubœa. But when he grew
t, oft dashing himself, the wretched man, on the ground,
howling with loud clamor reviling the evil nuptials of
r unhappy couch, and the alliance of Œneus, how he had
racted it to the ruin of his life, then raising his distorted
from the mist settling over them, he saw me shedding
s amid the numerous crowd, and looking on me, he calls
"O my son come hither; do not shun my miseries, not
though it be necessary for you to die along with me, your
g father; but bear me away, and by all means if possible,
e me there, where no one of mortals shall behold me; and
ou feel pity, transport me, at least, from this land[2] with
speed, nor let me die here." When he had urged this

[1] have, with the translator, followed Brunck's emendation, *κρατὸς δὲ ὀν μ. ἔκρ. μέσου, διασπ. αἱματος κόμης θ' ὁμῶν.*—B.

[2] 'Maxime omnium cupiebat Hercules, ut solus, nemine mortalium

request, we placed him in the middle of a ship, and brought him, bellowing in agony, with difficulty to these shores; and you shall presently see him, either alive or newly dead. In such devices and deeds against my father, O mother, have you been detected, for which may penal Justice and the avenging Fury repay you: this, if it be lawful at least, I imprecate: but it is lawful, since you toward me have cast away all law, having slain a hero the noblest of all on earth, such another as you shall never behold.

Ch. Why do you depart in silence? Do you not know that by preserving silence you confirm the charge of your accuser?

Hyl. Suffer her to go; may there be a fair wind to her departing to a distance from my sight. For why is it necessary to cherish the empty sound of a mother's name, since she in nothing acts like a mother? But let her go where she chooses; and the delight that she has afforded my father, that same may she herself enjoy.

Chorus. Behold, ye virgins, how quickly hath advanced to its completion the heaven-sent decree of ancient oracular prescience, which announced, that when the twelfth year should arrive at its close, in the fullness of months, there should ensue a respite from his toils to Jove's genuine son; and, without swerving, it is speeding on this doom in its course. For how can he who beholds not the light, endure any longer the servitude of toil, when dead?[1] For if him, in the bloody death-cloud[2] of the Centaur, fate, brought to pass by crafty means, envenom; in his side the poison rankling, which death and the spotted serpent gave birth to; how shall

præsente, mortem obiret: proximum ab eo erat, ut ex Eubœa saltem ante mortem aveheretur, ne Æchaliensibus gaudii materiem præberet, ut bene judicat Scholiastes. Hoc igitur impensius quam alterum rogat: *At si misericordia tangeris, saltem tu me ex hac regione deportari cura.*"—Musgrave.

[1] But Wunder's emendation *φῶς ἔτι ποτ' ἔτι πόνων ἔχοι λατρειαν*, is very ingenious and plausible.—B.

[2] *φοινία νεφέλα* appears to mean the darkness that death would soon bring upon the eyes of Hercules (cf. 794, *τότ' ἐκ προσέδρου λιγνύος διάστροφον Ὀφθαλμὸν ἄρας*), and if we take *ἀνάγκα* in its ordinary sense of "fate, necessity," and render *δολοποιὸς* "working by stealthy means," or in a similar way, I think the difficulty of this passage will be removed. —B.

e behold another day than the present, being racked by the orrible spectre[1] of the Hydra? and, at the same time, the adly pangs produced by the guileful words of the dark id shaggy Nessus, torture him with their burning throbs. Therefore she, wretched woman, seeing the great and sudden me of new nuptials hastening to the house, did not perceive[2] at the counsel proceeded from a deceitful purpose, with a structive issue.[3] Sure, somewhere in misery, she is groan-g; sure, somewhere she is shedding the fresh dew of fast-lling tears. But his approaching death points the way to a cret and deep calamity.[4] The fount of tears hath burst forth. he disease envelops him: oh, ye gods, such a suffering, for ne to pity, as never befell the illustrious Hercules[5] from his nemies. Oh, woe for the black point of his champion spear, hich then didst bring his new-won bride from lofty Æchalia! ut Venus, executing her ministry in silence, hath clearly ppeared the cause of all.

Semi-ch. Whether am I deceived, or do I hear some lamentation newly bursting forth in the house? What shall I ay?

Semi-ch. Some one utters within no doubtful wail, but ne of deep sorrow; and something new happens to the ouse.

Semi-ch. But do you perceive the old woman, how, in an nusual way, and with contracted brow, she comes to us, about o signify some intelligence?

Nurse. O virgins, how has that gift which was sent to Hercules been the beginning to us of no small evils!

Ch. What new event, old woman, do you tell?

[1] I am very doubtful about Wunder's conjecture *νάμαι* for *φάσμαι*.—B.

[2] Schol. *οὐ συνῆκεν*, cf. v. 580, *προσβαλοῦς' ὅσα ζῶν κεῖνος εἶπε*, and obeck on Phrynich. p. 282. Wunder has altered the text to *προσέλαβεν*, hich he supports with some ingenuity.—B.

[3] See Liddell, s. v. *συναλλαγή*.—B.

[4] Implying, that in case of the death of Hercules, Deianira would not urvive him.

[5] The translators read 'Ηρακλέα, which is in a few MSS. In Liddell's exicon, *ἀγακλείτον* is joined with *πάθος*, which would mean, "such a o-memorable suffering of Hercules, worthy for men to pity, hath befallen," according to Dindorf's text.—B.

NUR. Deianira has gone the last way of all without moving the foot.

CH. Surely not as dead?

NUR. You have heard all.

CH. Is the wretched woman dead?

NUR. You hear it a second time.

CH. Wretched, ruined woman! in what way do you say that she died?

NUR. In a most miserable way, as regards at least the deed.

CH. Tell, oh woman, what death she met.

NUR. She destroyed herself.

CH. What rage or what madness urged her to take up this point of a cruel weapon? How did she contrive alone to effect death in addition to death?[1]

NUR. By the wound of the mournful steel.

CH. Did you look, oh wretched woman, on this outrage?

NUR. I looked on, as being in truth near her side.

CH. What was it? how—quick declare.

NUR. She herself by her own hand does the deed.

CH. What do you say?

NUR. That which is certain.

CH. This new bride has produced a mighty fury to this house.

NUR. Too sure, indeed; but still more, if, present and near, you had beheld what she did, would you have pitied her.

CH. And did any woman's hand dare to do these deeds?

NUR. Yes—and terribly: but you shall learn the circumstances, so as to agree with me. When she entered by herself within the palace, and saw her son in the court, spreading garments over the hollow litter, in order that he might return to meet his father, concealing herself where none should see her, she shrieked out, as she fell before the altars, that she had become desolate, and wept when she touched any of the instruments which, wretched woman! she was wont to use: and roaming here and there through the palace, if she chanced

[1] I have followed Dindorf according to the proposed plan, but the reader must look to Hermann and Wunder for other arrangements of the text, I will not say satisfactory ones.—B.

to see the person of some loved domestic,[1] the unhappy woman wept at the sight, herself arraigning her own fortune, and her sterile existence for the future. But when she desisted from these complaints, I see her suddenly rushing to the chamber of Hercules; and, concealed in the shade, I watched her with secret eye; and I behold her casting the outspread garments on the couch of Hercules. But when she had finished this task, leaping up, she sat down in the middle of the bed, and giving vent to the warm fountains of tears, spoke: "O bed, and scene of my nuptial joys, for the future now farewell, since you shall never again receive me to repose on this couch." Having spoken these words, with quick hand she unfastens her robe where the clasp, wrought in gold, was fastened in front of the breast, and she laid bare all her side and her left shoulder. And I, running as fast as I was able, tell to her son the deeds she devised; and while we hasten thither, and hither we see her wounded by the double-edged sword, in the side, beneath the liver and the heart. But her son, when he beheld her, shrieked; for the wretched youth perceived that she had put her hand to this deed in passion, being too late informed of what had taken place at home—how she unwillingly had done this at the instigation of the Centaur. Hereupon, her unhappy son wailing for her, neither omitted aught of lamentation, nor ceased to bestow kisses on her lips, but stretching himself out by her side by side, he lay deeply mourning that he had rashly wounded her with a false accusation, and weeping, because that he should be at once deprived of two, his father and his mother. Such is the state of circumstances here, so that if any one count on two days or more, he is foolish; for there is no morrow, before he pass without misfortune the present day.

CHORUS. Over which shall I first raise my lamentation? It is difficult for me, a wretched being, to decide which has been consummated in most utter ruin.[2] The one, indeed, we at present behold in the palace, and the other we are on the eve of expectation of beholding:[3] and it is the same thing to

[1] Compare the exquisite description of the death of Alcestis, in Eur. Alc. 178, sqq.—B.

[2] See Wunder.—B.

[3] Hermann reads *μελόμεν'*, which Dindorf receives. Erfurdt and Wunder *μένομεν*, which seems preferable.—B.

have and to be about to have. Oh that some gale of wind, blowing in favorable direction from the heart of the house, would bear me away from this spot, that I may not die in dismay as soon as I once behold the valiant son of Jove: since in incurable pain they say he is advancing[1] before the palace—an unspeakable marvel. In near, therefore, and no distant anticipation, have I mourned like the nightingale of plaintive note; for here comes the attendant procession of strangers. Where are they bearing him? As if taking care of a friend, each lifts his slow noiseless steps. Alas! he, speechless, is borne along. Whether must we deem him dead or asleep?

Hyl. Woe is me for thee, oh father! woe is me unhappy for thee! What shall I do? What counsel shall I take? Woe is me!

Old Man. Peace, my son; do not awaken the fell pangs of your maddened father [for though thus sunk down, he lives]; but compress with your teeth your lips.

Hyl. How say you, old man? does he live?

O. M. Beware, my son, lest you awake him, now enthralled by sleep, and rouse him up, and again kindle the fury of his dire disease.

Hyl. But my mind has become phrensied to a degree intolerable to me, a wretched mortal.

Hercules. O Jove! to what region have I come? Among what mortals do I lie tortured by these never-ceasing pains? Woe is me wretched! The accursed pest again devours me! Alas!

O. M. Do you not perceive how much better it would have been to bury your words in silence, and not dispel sleep from his temples and eyelids?

Hyl. But I am not able to be silent, beholding this calamity.

Her. Cenæa, foundation of altars, what a return for what splendid sacrifices have ye made to wretched me! O Jove, what a disgrace thou hast brought on me! a disgrace such as I would that I, in my misery, had never beheld with my eyes—this inappeasable fury of madness they must

[1] *πρὸ δόμων*. This is evident nonsense. The editors oscillate between *πρὸς δόμων, πρὸς δόμον, πρὸς δῶμα*. Wunder reads *δόμονδε*.—B.

look on![1] What charmer is there, or what practitioner of the healing art, who, without the aid of Jove, shall lull to peace this pest?[2] Oh that, though far off, I might behold this miracle! Alas! alas! suffer me, suffer me miserable to sleep, suffer me to sleep my last sleep. Where do you touch me? Where do you lay me? You will kill me! you will kill me! You have awakened the pangs that slumbered. It has touched me: it again comes on. Where are ye, oh ye most unjust men of all the Greeks! for whom I oft, destroying monsters in the sea and in all the forests exposed my life? and now against me is this malady, no one will turn either fire or a friendly sword! alas! alas! nor hastening, is willing to cut off my head from wretched life![3] alas! alas!

O. M. O son of the hero! this task has become too great for my strength; but do you assist, for you have a clearer eye than me to discern what will aid him.[4]

Hyl. I indeed lend my hand; but it is impossible for me, either from my own or from foreign resources, to allay the tortures of this life. Jove alone possesses the remedy.

Her. O my son! where ever art thou? Here, here, taking hold of me, raise me up. Alas! alas! oh my sad fortune! It bursts on me again, it bursts on me, the wretched ruin of my life, the immedicable fell disease. O Pallas, again it tortures me. Take compassion, O my son, on your father, and, drawing an innocent sword, strike me beneath the throat. O heal the agonies with which your impious mother has maddened me: whom may I behold perishing thus, even thus as she has destroyed me. O brother of Jove, dear Pluto, lull me, O lull me to sleep, ending, by a speedy fate, my wretched existence.

Ch. I have shuddered, my friends, hearing by what sufferings our king, mighty as he is, is persecuted.

Her. Oh, I that have toiled with my hands and with my shoulders in many a daring and unutterable deed; and never yet has the spouse of Jove presented to me such an evil, nor Eurystheus, my hated enemy, as this net, woven by the furies, by which I die, which the treacherous daughter of Œneus has

[1] Wunder has entirely omitted vs. 998–1000, a comfortable way of getting rid of the difficulty. Perhaps we should read *καταδηχθῆναι*.—B.

[2] Wunder again gets rid of *χωρὶς Ζηνός*.—B.

[3] This seems corrupt.—B.

[4] This is bad enough, but Wunder's emendation is worse still.

affixed to my shoulders. For, glued to my sides, it has gnawed away my outward flesh, and clinging within it drains the arteries of my lungs: and it has already drunk up my vigorous blood, and I am consumed through my whole frame, bound in these inexplicable fetters. This neither the martial array on the plains, nor the earth-born hosts of the giants, nor the might of monsters, nor Greek, nor barbarian, nor all the countries which, clearing from their pests, I penetrated, ever effected; but a woman, being a feminine, not a masculine nature, by herself, and without the aid of a sword, has destroyed me. O my son, prove that you have been born my genuine son, and do not pay too much reverence to the name of a mother: taking your mother by force from the house, give her into my hands, that I may clearly know whether you will more pity her fate than mine, when you see her mangled body punished with justice. Come, my son, dare this deed, and pity me, the object of pity to many, who, like a girl, have howled and wept; and this no mortal can say that he ever saw me do before; but without a groan I met my misfortunes. Now, in place of such a stern character, I am found to be a weak woman. Approaching now, stand near your father, and see by what a calamity I endure these sufferings; for I will show them uncovered. Lo! here behold ye all this wretched body; look on me, ill-fated wretch, in what a pitiable condition I am! Ah! ah! woe is me! alas! alas! The convulsion of my agony is again burning; again it thrills through my sides, nor do the gnawings of the wretched disease appear likely to leave me at rest. O king Pluto, receive me! O lightning of Jove, strike me! Brandish, O monarch of the sky; hurl, O father, the bolt of thy thunder! For it revels on me again; it has burst out, it has rushed forth upon me. O shoulders and breast! O my dear arms! are ye the same that once slew by your might the lion that dwelt in Nemea, scourge of the shepherds, an unapproachable and terrific monster; and the Lernæan hydra; and the unconquerable host of Centaurs, of twin nature, insolent, lawless, and surpassing in might; and the Erymanthian boar; and below the earth, the triple-headed dog of Orcus, a monster unvanquished in fight, offspring of the horrid Echidna; and the dragon that guarded the golden apples in the world's remotest regions! And a thousand other toils I essayed, and no one ever erected

rophy in triumph over my might. But now, thus disjointed
d torn to pieces, I, wretched, am the prey of this blind pesti-
ıce; I, who was said to have sprung from a mother the no-
st of all; I, who was pronounced the son of Jove who dwells
ıid the stars. But be well assured of this at least, that even
ough I am nothing, and unable to move, I shall even from
ch feeble strength punish her who did this deed. Would
at she might only come, that by what she experienced, she
ight be able to announce to all, that both in my life and death,
took vengeance on the wicked.[1]

Ch. O wretched Greece! what a sorrow I foresee will be
ours, if at least you be deprived of this hero.

Hyl. Since, father, you give me leave to reply to you, al-
ıough in pain, listen to me in silence; for I shall ask of you
hat is right to obtain. Give yourself up to me, but not with
elings smarting under the vehemence of anger; for you can
ot thus be able to perceive how in some things you vainly
esire to feel pleasure, and how in others you are as vainly
ained.

Her. Speak what you wish, and have done; since I, in my
alady, understand none of those things which you already
ave been refining on.

Hyl. I come to tell of my mother, in what circumstances
he now is placed, and in what she sinned against her will.

Her. O basest wretch! have you made mention of the
nother that slew your father, in the expectation that I should
isten?

Hyl. For the case is such that it is not proper for me to be
ilent.

Her. No, in truth, not that the guilt was first committed
y her.

Hyl. But you will not say so of the things she has this day
lone.

Her. Speak; but beware, lest you appear to have been born
of a base spirit.

Hyl. I speak; she has just died by recent slaughter.

Her. By whose hand? thou hast announced an evil por-
tent.

[1] With this sublime speech compare Cicero's translation, Tusc. Quæst. II. 8, and to compare a very different treatment of the same subject, see a blustering scene in the fourth act of Seneca's Hercules' Œtœus.—B.

HYL. By her own, no stranger's hand.

HER. Alas! before, as was fitting, she perished by my hand.

HYL. Even your wrath would be turned away if you knew the whole.

HER. You have begun a dreadful tale; but declare why you thus think.

HYL. She erred in the whole business, desiring what is good.

HER. Did she do what is good, O wretch, in murdering your father?

HYL. For, thinking to apply a love charm to you, when she saw the new marriage within, she failed in her purpose.

HER. Who, of the Trachinians, is so skilled in charms?

HYL. Nessus, the Centaur of old, persuaded her to inflame your desire by this philtre.

HER. Woe, woe is me unhappy! I, wretched, am gone. I am destroyed, I am destroyed; there exists no longer to me the light of day. Woe is me! I perceive to what point of calamity I am reduced. Go, my son; for to you there is no longer a father; summon to me all the offspring of your brothers, and summon the wretched Alcmena, in vain the spouse of Jove, that ye may hear, from my lips, the final prediction of oracles, as far as I know.

HYL. But your mother is not here; for she is gone to Tiryns, by the sea-shore, to fix her dwelling there; and of your children, taking some with her, she herself rears them, and others of them, you are to be informed, are dwelling in the city of Thebe. But we, O father, as many as are present, if it be necessary to do any thing, when we hear it, will render the service.

HER. Do you then hear what is to be done; and you have arrived at that point where you shall show, being what sort of man, you are called my son. For it was predicted to me of old, by my father, that I should not die by any living enemy, but by one who, departed from life, should be a dweller in Hades. This savage Centaur, therefore, according to the divine annunciation, though in death, destroys my life. And I will show you new oracles, harmonizing with those of ancient date, and having a corresponding issue; which, entering the grove of the Selli, whose home is the mountain, and whose

couch the ground, I wrote down as they were delivered from the vocal oak, inspired by my father. Its voice announced to me, that at this time now actually present, there should be consummated to me a release from the toils imposed on me; and I deemed that I should live in prosperity; but this signified nothing else but that I should die. For to the dead no toil arises. Since then, my son, the issue of these prophecies is clear, it behooves you again to prove an ally to me, and not to wait for my mouth to urge you, but yielding, of your own accord, to assist me, having discovered the best of laws, obedience to a father.

HYL. I am alarmed, O my father, at hearing an address of such a nature; but I will obey you in what seems good to you.

HER. First give me your right hand.

HYL. For what pledge do you make this eager request?

HER. Will you not quickly extend your hand, and not prove disobedient to me?

HYL. Lo, I extend it, and no objection shall be made by me.

HER. Swear now by the head of Jove, my father.

HYL. That I will do what?—and this oath shall be pronounced.

HER. That you will perform the deed enjoined by me.

HYL. I swear; calling Jove to witness.

HER. If you transgress your oath, pray that you may receive punishment.

HYL. I shall not receive it; for I will do what you command; yet still I imprecate the curse.

HER. Knowest thou, then, the highest cliff of Œta, sacred to Jove?

HYL. I know it, having often, as a sacrificer, at least, stood on its summit.

HER. Thither it is now fitting that you bear my body, with your own hands, and with the aid of such friends as you choose; and having cut down many a bough of the deep-rooted oak, and many a trunk of the male[1] wild olive, cast my

[1] "Oleastri mares, non feminæ intelliguntur, defendandumque potius est Ovidii *ure mares oleas*, Fast. iv. 741, quam probandum quod ab emendatoribus profectum codices multi habent, *maris rorem*."—Herm. Wunder has bracketed vss. 1195–8, which is his usual method with whatever he can not understand.—B.

body on the pile; and having taken the blazing pitchy torch, set it on fire.[1] But let neither groan nor tear have vent; but without lamentation or weeping, if you are the son of this man, fulfill your task. But if you do not, I await you, and even though I be below the earth, you shall ever be loaded with my curses.

HYL. Oh me! my father, what words hast thou uttered? to what deeds dost thou compel me?

HER. What must be done: if not, be the son of some other, nor be called my son any longer.

HYL. Woe is me! still more again. To what a deed, oh father, do you excite me, to become your murderer and executioner!

HER. No, in truth, I do not; but to be the healer and only physician of the evils I suffer.

HYL. But how shall I heal your body by consuming it in the flames?

HER. If you shrink from this, perform at least the rest.

HYL. There shall be no unwillingness at least to bear you.

HER. Will there also be a sufficient heaping-up of the pyre I have described?

HYL. In so far at least as I am able, so that I do not touch [the fire] with my own hands. But I will do the other things, and my part shall not be behind.

HER. Well, this will do. But, in addition to these great requests, grant me a small favor.

HYL. Even though it be very great, it shall be rendered.

HER. Knowest thou, in sooth, the daughter of Eurytus?

HYL. You mean Iole, if I conjecture aright.

HER. You are right. This charge, my son, I lay on you; if you wish, in remembrance of the oaths pledged to your father, to act the part of a pious son after my death, take Iole to your wife, nor be disobedient to my commands. Let no other man but you obtain possession of her who once lay by my side; but do you yourself, my son, make the alliance of these nuptials. Obey me; for having been obedient to me in great matters, to disobey me in small does away with the former favor.

HYL. Ah me! it is wrong to give way to anger against one in this distress; but yet who could endure to see him have sentiments like these?

[1] "Nemo me lacrymis decoret, aut funera faxit Flendo."—Ennius.—B.

R. Do you murmur, as about to refuse to do any of the
I request?

L. But who would ever, since she alone was the cause of
other's death, and to you also of the state to which you
duced; who, I say, that is not persecuted to madness by
ries, would choose her for a wife? It is better for me,
her, to die than to dwell with those who are most hate-
my soul.

R. It seems that this man is not going to pay duty to me
th; but the curses of heaven await you if you prove dis-
nt to my commands.

L. Alas! you will soon, methinks, perceive how you are
d by disease.

R. For you again rouse me from the evils which slum-

L. Wretched man that I am! how I am, in many points,
ss!

R. For you disdain to obey a father.

L. But shall I teach myself, O father, to act an impious

R. There is no impiety, if you give pleasure to my heart.

L. Do you command me, then, justly to perform these
?

R. I do; I call the gods to witness.

L. I will therefore obey, and no longer refuse, having
it manifest to the gods that this is your deed. For I
never appear base, O father, acting at least in obedience
ır commands.

R. You conclude well; and, in addition to this, make,
son, your favor speedy, so that, before any torture or
assail you, you may place me on the pyre. Come, exert
elves, raise me up: my respite from evils is the final close
life.

L. But there is no obstacle for these things to be ac-
lished for you, since, father, you command and compel

R. Come now, my stern spirit, before this disease be
ened, showing a stone set bit of steel,[1] and restrain lam-

[1] See Hermann's note in his last ed. and Liddell's Lex. s. v. λιθο-
—B.

entation, as accomplishing[1] this deed, though involuntary, as a deed of joy.

Hyl. Raise him up, ye attendants, greatly forgiving me for these deeds, and being sensible of the great injustice of the gods, who, though they gave him being, and are called his fathers, can endure to look on these sufferings. The future, indeed, no one foresees; but the events now present are lamentable to us, and disgraceful to them, and most bitter to him, of all men, who endures this visitation. Nor do thou, O damsel, remain at home, having seen these recent deaths of the mighty, and these many sufferings of unwonted affliction; and nought is there of these which the hand of Jove hath not wrought.

[1] See Hermann.—B.

AJAX.

AJAX, having been deprived of the arms of Achilles, which were awarded to Ulysses by the Grecian Assembly, in a fit of madness slaughtered the herds of the Greeks, mistaking them for the persons of the Atridæ. On discovering his mistake, he in despair determines to slay himself, and the play concludes with his burial, which Ulysses advocates, contrary to the wishes of Agamemnon.—B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MINERVA.
ULYSSES.
AJAX.
CHORUS OF SALAMINIANS.
TECMESSA.
MESSENGER.
TEUCER.
MENELAUS.
AGAMEMNON.

MINERVA. Ever, son of Laërtes, have I observed thee hunting after some attempt on thy foes to snatch at it,[1] and now I see thee at the marine pavilion of Ajax, where he holds his post the last,[2] long since tracking him as thy prey, and measuring his freshly graven foot-prints, that thou mayest discover whether he be within, or not within. Well does thy track, of scent sagacious as the Spartan brach's,[3] lead thee forth, for the

[1] Ἁρπάσαι. This expression is considered by Musgrave as synonymous with the ὑφαρπάσαι and ξυναρπάσαι of Aristophanes, Nub. V. v. 490, 773. Lobeck, however, quotes Plutarch in support of his opinion, that it bears here the same meaning with the "auras captare" of the Latins.

[2] E'en Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Pope's Iliad, B. XI. v. 11.

See also Eurip. Iph. Aul. 292. The lonely situation of Ajax on the beach, chosen by him when he was ἠνορέῃ πίσυνος καὶ κάρτεϊ χειρῶν, is beautifully alluded to here, where it forms so appropriate a stage for the exhibition of his unfriended solitude and desolation of heart.

[3] The dogs of Sparta are noticed by Virgil for their swiftness, G. iii. 405; which quality Shakespeare has remarked in his Midsummer Night's Dream, and elsewhere speaks of them in a passage perhaps yet more applicable to Ulysses:

man chances just now to be within, his head and murderous hands dripping with sweat. And there is no need for thee any longer to peer within this his gate, but to declare for what cause thou hast bestowed this anxious toil, that thou mayest learn of me that know.[1]

Ulysses. O voice of Minerva, my best-beloved of deities, how well known do I hear, and grasp with my mind, even though thou be unseen, thy voice, like that of the brazen-throated Tuscan trump![2] And now thou art rightly advised, that I walk about, looking after mine enemy, Ajax the shield-bearer, for him, and none other, I all this while am tracking. For on this very night hath he worked us a wrong unlooked for,[3] if indeed 'tis he hath done this;[4] for we know nothing certain, but are at fault; and I have yoked me voluntarily to this trouble. We found but now our captive herds all destroyed, and butchered out of hand, they, and the guardians of the flocks themselves; so each one lays the charge at Ajax' door. And to me a watchman, that espied him bounding over the plains alone, with freshly-reeking sword, tells it, and hath made it known; so forthwith I hurry close on his steps, and of part I have proof, but in part I am thrown out, and can not learn whose they are.[5] But in season art thou come; for in all things, both past (thou knowest) and to come, am I piloted by thy hand.

Min. I know it, Ulysses; and long since came I forth upon thy path, a zealous guardian to thee in thy hunt.

Ul. And do I, dear mistress, toil to purpose?

Min. Yes, since these deeds are his, be sure.

> ——— O Spartan dog,
> More fell than hunger, anguish, or the sea!
> Look on the tragic loading of this bed:
> This is thy work.—Othello, act 5, scene the last.

[1] This may be rendered, "that what I know, and thou wouldst learn, thou mayest."

[2] Κώδων, strictly speaking, is the bell or broad part of the trumpet. That called the Tuscan (by Athenæus, κεκλασμένον), from its many windings, produced a louder tone.

> As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
> Defy all codes to image or to name them.—Doge of Venice.

[4] Εἰργασται, in Sophocles, is always used actively. Œd. Tyr. 279; Ant. 747.

[5] Ὅτου, εἰσί subaud. See Antigone, v. 318; Ajax, 103.

UL. And to what inconceivable purpose hath he thus in fury set his hand?[1]

MIN. O'ercharged with indignation about Achilles' arms.

UL. Why then hurries he this inroad on the flocks?

MIN. Fancying that in you he stains his hand with murder.

UL. What! was this plot of his devised as against the Argives?

MIN. Ay, and he had accomplished it had I been careless.

UL. With what such bold attempts, and rashness of soul?

MIN. At night; alone, he traitorously sallies forth against you.

UL. How? was he close upon us, and reached he the goal?

MIN. Yes, he was even at the gates of the two generals.

UL. And how checked he his hand, ravenous of murder?

MIN. I bar him of his cureless joy, having cast before his eyes intolerable fancies,[2] and turn him aside on the flocks, and mingled multitude of prey, the herdsmen's yet unparted care. There, falling on, he mowed down many a horned slaughter, hewing down all around him, and deemed at one time he held and slew with his own hand the two Atridæ, and then, one here, another there, of the chieftains, assaulting them: while I was urging on, and entrammeling in evil snares, the man, phrensied with mad distemperature. And afterward again, when he rested from this butchery,[3] having bound together with chains those of the oxen that survived, and all the flocks, he conveys them to his dwelling, as having men and not a horned spoil, and is now scourging them fettered at home. Nay, I will also show thee this his sickness most manifest, that having witnessed thou mayest noise it abroad to all the Greeks. But tarry with firmness, nor look for harm from the man;[4] for I will obstruct the averted

[1] This use of the verb *αἴσσω* is objected to by Ruhnken, who has altered it in two places of Euripides, where it occurs in an active sense. Lobeck, however, defends it by a similar idiom in the words *πάλλειν*, *δινεῖν*, *θοάζειν*, etc.

[2] *Γνώμαι* sunt hoc loco ludibria oculorum, specie terribilia, ad deflectendum ab proposito itinere Ajacem.—Lobeck. Who also, on the authority of Suidas, objects to Musgrave's proposed reading, *γλήμας*.

[3] Lobeck reads *πόνου*, and observes that the expression, as it stands in Brunck, is never used but as applied to those "qui a cæde et certamine diuturno quietem habent."

[4] Literally, "nor receive the man as a calamity." Hermann very positively asserts that *μίμνε* can not be taken with *τὸν ἄνδρα*."

glances of his eyes from looking on thy presence.[1] Ho! thou. Thee, that art fitting in chastisement thy captives' hands with bonds, I bid come to me. Ajax, I say, come out before thine abode.

UL. What didst thou, Minerva? by no means call him out.

MIN. Wilt thou not keep silence, nor cherish cowardice?

UL. Nay, by heaven, content thee that he stay within.

MIN. Lest what should happen? Was he not a man formerly?[2]

UL. Mine enemy, I grant, and even now.

MIN. And is not that the most grateful laugh which we indulge on our foes?

UL. For my part, I am satisfied that he stay within doors.

MIN. Dreadest thou to look on a man most evidently frantic?[3]

UL. I ne'er had avoided him, through dread, while in his senses.[4]

MIN. Nor fear that he shall now behold thee, though close by him.

UL. How not, if, at least, he looks with the same eyes?

MIN. I will darken his eyes, although they see.

UL. Any thing may be, when a god is the framer.

MIN. Stand, now, in silence, and continue as thou art.

UL. I will continue, but I had rather have been elsewhere.

MIN. Ho! ho! Ajax! A second time I call thee to me. Why hast thou so little respect for thine ally?

[1] This is supposed by Lobeck to have been all copied by Sophocles from the Iliad of Lesches, a Lesbian poet, whose work is mentioned by Pausanias.

[2] Musgrave considers ἀνήρ, as used in this passage, κατ' ἐξοχήν. Lobeck, with more reason, understands it, "Was he more than man before now?"

[3] Ulysses is here somewhat lowered in the eyes of the audience; but this is in accordance with the spirit which made the sons in the group of Laocoon disproportionately small, to increase the effect of the principal figure. What are we to imagine that madness, which could render the assured protection of a mighty goddess insufficient to encourage a warrior to look on it?

[4] Ulysses speaks the sense of Aristotle here, who in his seventh book observes, that though a bad man be far worse than a wild beast, the latter is more terrible, being irrational.

AJAX. Minerva, hail, O hail, thou child of Jove. How fortunate thy presence here! I will crown thee, too, with trophies all-golden, in requital of this my spoil.

MIN. Well hast thou said; but tell me this, hast thou well bathed thy sword in the Argives' host?

AJ. 'Tis mine to boast, and I will not deny [and say] I did not the deed.[1]

MIN. And hast thou armed thine hand against the Atridæ.

AJ. Ay, so as that they shall never more dishonor Ajax.

MIN. The men are dead, as I understand thy speech.

AJ. Being dead, now let them rob me of my arms.

MIN. Well, and what then of Laertes' son? How stands he to thee in fortune? has he escaped thee?

AJ. Question you me of that rascal fox, where he is?[2]

MIN. I do: Ulysses, thy rival, I mean.

AJ. O queen, he sits my most welcome prisoner within. For I would in no wise have him die yet.

MIN. Ere thou shalt do what, or reap what farther gain?

AJ. Ere, bound to the column of my hall's dome—[3]

MIN. What ill, I pray, wilt thou work the miserable man?

AJ. His back first purpled with the scourge,[4] he shall die.

MIN. Nay, do not thus, at least, torture the wretch.

AJ. Minerva, in the rest I concede that thou be pleased, but he shall pay this my penalty and no other.

MIN. Do thou then, since this it is thy pleasure to do, use thine hand, spare to do nought of that thou purposest.

[1] This form is constantly used by Thucydides; see L. I. c. 73.

[2] Although Minerva was hostile to Ajax, yet to have revenged herself by these means would have been undignified, she therefore tells us that it was to save the Greek army she deluded his eyes with these phantoms. Thus, by her natural interference, the two great enemies are brought on the stage together, Ajax not recognizing his foe, and our pity for Ajax raised to its highest pitch by the contrast.—Hermann.

[3] This was a common custom; and is described by Homer in the Odyssey, B. 22, as the punishment of Melanthius, who fares much the same with Sir Topaz, in Parnell's Fairy Tale.

For a description of the chieftains' tents at Troy, see the last book of the Iliad.

[4] Hence the title of this tragedy.

AJ. I go to my work; but this I charge thee with, that thou be ever on my side an assistant such as now.

MIN. Thou seest, Ulysses, the might of gods, how great it is. Whom found you ever, either more provident to counsel, or more brave to act in time of need than this man?

UL. I know of none; and though he be mine enemy, I yet compassionate him, thus wretched, for that he hath been yoked to grapple with a dreadful calamity,[1] considering no more his fortune than mine own; for I see that all we who are alive, are nothing else but phantoms or unreal shadows.

MIN. Since then thou seest it is so, look that thyself never utter a prideful word against the gods, nor assume aught of vanity, if thou outweighest any one, either in valor or depth of plenteous wealth; since a day sinks and restores again [to light] all human things. But the modest the gods love, and abhor the wicked.[2]

CHORUS. Son of Telamon, that swayest the eminence of sea-girt Salamis, that neighbors the main land, over thee when faring well I joy; but when a stroke from Jupiter, or malignant evil rumor from the Greeks assails thee, I have great alarm, and shudder, like the glance of a fluttering dove. Even as on the night that now hath waned, great clamors, tending to infamy, beset us; that thou, having rushed forth to the meadow, the courser's joy,[3] hast destroyed the herds and booty of the Greeks, all that yet was left their lances' prize, slaughtering them with flashing steel. Such whispered words as these Ulysses forging[4] carries to the ear of all, and firmly convinces them; since now he tells a tale of thee, most plausible, and every one that hears is yet more delighted than the teller, at insolently triumphing in thy sorrows. For whoso launches his bolt at noble persons,[5] could not miss:

[1] This is precisely Aristotle's idea: "For it evidently is necessary that a person likely to feel pity should be actually such as to deem that either in his own person, or of some one connected with him, he may suffer some evil."—Rhet. B. II. c. 8.

[2] For similar sentiments compare the second strophe of the fourth Chorus in Œdipus Tyrannus.

[3] Hermann translates *ἱππομανῆ*, *equis luxurians*, i. e. *abundans*.

[4] Virgil has not forgotten this characteristic of Ulysses. See the Æneid, B. II. v. 97, 164.

[5] Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.

but were any one to bring this charge against me, he would not be believed; since envy crawls on toward the master. And yet the mean, without the great, are but a slippery defense to a tower; for the low united to the great, and the great by means of his inferiors, might best be supported. But 'tis impossible to foreteach the senseless opinions on this. By such men art thou clamored against, and we have not strength to make head against all this, O prince, without thy aid. No, for when now they have escaped thine eye, they clatter like flocks of birds; but shrinking in terror from the mighty vulture, voiceless, perhaps they would all on a sudden cower in silence, wert thou to appear. Full surely did the bull-hunting Diana,[1] daughter of Jove [oh wide report! oh mother of my shame!], incite thee against the public droves of oxen; either haply as a requital of some victory to her fruitless, or cheated of her present of illustrious spoils, for some stricken deer for which she received no gift. Or it might be the brazen breast-plated Enyalius, having some complaint in behalf of his aiding spear,[2] that by nightly devices avenged for himself the wrong. For, surely, thou couldst never, son of Telamon, intentionally have assayed a purpose so sinister, assaulting the flocks; yet a disease from heaven might visit thee: but may Jove and Apollo avert the evil slander of the Greeks. If, however, the mighty princes are by stealth suborning these fables,[3] or any of Sispyhus'

See also Aristotle's Rhet. B. II. c. 10.

> If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know
> My faculties nor person, yet will be
> The chronicles of my doing—let me say
> 'Tis but the fate of place.—Henry VIII. Act 1, sc. 2.

[1] Thus Lobeck gives it. Brunck translates it "*tauris vecta.*" Musgrave's idea would make Sophocles guilty of an anachronism. "Concursusque matronarum in templum Dianæ, quam Tauropolon vocant, ad spem exposcendum fieret."—Liv. xliv. c. 44.

[2] Musgrave translates this, "*ultus est contumeliam hastæ auxiliatrici suæ illatam.*" Hermann, reading *εἰ τίν'*, observes that as Mars was a friend to the opposite party, this expression is well adapted to a person very much in doubt if the spear of Mars could ever have consorted with that of Ajax.

[3] The Scholia mention that Anticlea, mother of Ulysses, was violated by Sisyphus, on her way to her betrothed husband Laertes; and add, that it was with the connivance of her father Autolycus, who had been detected in stealing some property from Sisyphus.

abandoned[1] race, do not, do not my king, any longer thus, keeping thine eye fixed within thy tent on the shore, receive the ill report. But rise from the seat, where long since thou art rooted in long rest from warlike action, inflaming thine heaven-sent plague: while the insolence of thine enemies thus fearless in speeding amid the breezy glens; and all are grievously scoffing with their tongues, but on me sorrow hath settled.

Tecmessa. Defenders of the ship of Ajax, of lineage from the earth-born Erectheidæ,[2] we have cause to mourn with groans, who from afar are well-wishers to the house of Telamon; for now the terrible, the mighty, stout-shouldered Ajax is lying diseased with tempestuous fury.

Ch. How has this night changed the burden of the day-time? Child of Teleutas the Phrygian, speak, since the ardent Ajax, dearly loving thee, honors thy captive bed,[3] and thus thou wouldst not ignorantly hint at aught.

Tec. How, then, shall I speak a tale unspeakable? for thou wilt hear a calamity terrible as death, since our illustrious Ajax, seized with phrensy, hath this night been degraded. Such butchery, weltering in gore, the slaughter of his hand, mayest thou now see within, the victims[4] of that man.

Ch. What tidings hast thou disclosed, insupportable, yet unavoidable, of the fiery warrior—tidings spread abroad

[1] For the use and abuse of the word ἄσωτος, see Aristotle's Eth. B. 4.

[2] A political stroke to please the Athenians, derived probably from the tradition of the Æacidæ passing over to Salamis from Ægina, which belonged to Attica. Aristotle, Rhet. 1, 15, alludes to a dispute between Athens and Megara respecting their title to Salamis, which the Athenians proved by citing these verses from Homer's Catalogue:

Αἴας δ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἄγεν δυοκαίδεκα νῆας,
Στῆσε δ' ἄγων, ἵν' Ἀθηναίων ἵσταντο φάλαγγες.

Which second line Quintilian asserts not to have been found in every edition, and Laertius (in Solone) mentions a report of Solon's having interpolated Homer in this place. It is certain, however, that when Clisthenes the Alcmæonid changed the names of the Athenian tribes into appellations derived from indigenous heroes, Ajax alone of foreign extraction was admitted to this honor, and the tribe Aiantis was called after him. Herod. 5, 67.

[3] Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ.—Hor. Lib. II. Od. iv. 1, 5.

[4] χρηστήρια, τὰ διεφθαρμένα ποιμνία· παρὰ τὸ διαχρήσασθαι αὐτά. —Schol.—B.

among the Greek chieftains already, which wide report exaggerates! Ah me, I fear the approaching ill.[1] Too plainly will the hero fall by his phrensy-stricken hand, having slaughtered with dark sword at once the cattle and the herdsmen.[2]

Tec. Ah me! 'twas thence, then, thence he came bringing us the fettered flock; of which some he was butchering on the ground within, and others he was rending asunder, hewing open their sides. But having chosen out two white-footed rams, he lops off and throws away the head and tip of the tongue of one,[3] and having tied the other upright to pillar, and taken a large horse-binding halter, he lashes it with a whistling double scourge, reviling it in shameful terms, which some god,[4] and none of men, had taught him.

Ch. Time is it now for one, having shrouded one's head in a veil, to adopt a stealthy flight on foot, or seating him on the speeding bench of rowing to commit himself to the ocean-bounding bark.[5] Such threats do the Atridæ of twin sway in concert ply against us. I fear lest, stricken, I share the pain of a violent death by stoning with Ajax,[6] whom an unapproachable calamity possesses.

Tec. No longer. For as without the blazing lightning the impetuous south wind rushes forth, he is calm.[7] And now,

[1] "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." Musgrave thinks the word *περίφαντος* should be translated "*undecunque manifestus, multis indiciis convictus.*"

[2] According to Musgrave, the Greek here alludes to some spot in the plain of Troy called Hippus. Hermann reads *ἱππονώμους*.

[3] The conduct of Fulvia, wife of Antony, exhibits a similar instance of revenge, when with a bodkin she pierced the tongue of the murdered Cicero.

[4] Lobeck rightly remarks that no guardian genius is meant, but some inimical deity. The latest translator, Mr. G. Burges, well renders: "spoke bitter words and abusive, That a fury, not mortal, had taught him."—B.

[5] "Dicere volebat *εἰρεσίαν ναὶ μεθεῖναι, solvere*, i. e. *liberum facere remorum usum*. Sed quoniam addere volebat *ἐζόμενον*, conjunxit hæc ita, ut diceret *θοὸν εἰρεσίας ζυγὸν ἐζόμενον*. Tantumdem est ergo, ac si dixisset *ἐν τῷ θοῷ ζυγῷ ἐζόμενον, εἰρεσίαν μεθεῖναι τῇ νηΐ*.—Herm.

[6] The Greek has *λιθόλευστον ἄρῃ*. Probably death in war, being the most noble (Ar. Eth. 3), is put for its whole class, just as the Hoplites of a Greek army stood for the whole infantry.

[7] "In summer, when there are thunders and lightnings, thenceforth

being sensible, he feels a fresh sorrow. For to look on sufferings all one's own, none other faring alike, suggests deep pangs.

Ch. Yet if he be at rest, I deem myself most fortunate, for of the evil now vanished there is less thought.

Tec. Whether now, did any one assign you the choice, would you choose, afflicting your friends, yourself to be possessed of pleasures, or a sharer amid sharers, to sympathize in pain.

Ch. The misery doubled, believe me, lady, is the greater.

Tec. Thus we, though not diseased, are now afflicted.

Ch. How hast thou said this? I know not how thou meanest.

Tec. That man, while he was diseased, was himself delighted with the woes in which he was involved, but by his presence tortured us who were in our senses. But now that he has ceased, and respired from his malady, both he is all racked with dreadful anguish, and we similarly no less than before. And are not these, then, double ills from single?

Ch. I agree with you, and am in fear least some plague from heaven be upon him. How should it not, if when at rest he is not a whit more gladdened than when distempered?

Tec. It needs thou be assured that these things are thus.

Ch. For what might be the beginning of this evil that flew upon him? Disclose to us, who sympathize in his misfortunes.

Tec. Thou shalt know the whole matter, as being a sharer in it. For he, in the dead of night, when the evening lamps were no longer burning,[1] having taken his two-edged sword, was eagerly seeking to prowl through the deserted passes.

arise violent winds; and if the lightnings be frequent and vivid, they blow with greater fury; but if it be slight and seldom, then they are gentler; the contrary of which is the case in autumn and winter."—Theophrast. de Sign. Vent. p. 421. The same fact is said to take place in the West Indies.

[1] This has by some been understood to mean the stars; but from the common mode of designating the approach and close of the night by similar expressions (περὶ λύχνον ἀφάς, Dionys. Hal. xi.; μέχρι λύχνων ἀφῆς, Athen. xii.; "ad extremas lucernas," Propert. L. 3, El. 8), the translation

chide him, and say, "What dost thou, Ajax? Why len, nor summoned by messengers, hurriest thou to ttempt, nor hearing any trumpet? Now at least the army is asleep." He answered me with words brief, : trite usage. "Woman, to women silence brings hon- And I, thus schooled, desisted, while he rushed forth And of his sufferings without I can not speak; but ne in, bringing with him bulls tied together; herdsman's and noble horned booty. And of some he began to the necks; others, turning them on their backs, to ınd cut through their spine; while others, enchained, . he scourge, falling on the flocks as on men. But at ›ursting away through the doors, he began to rant out to some shadow,[2] part against the Atridæ, and part Ulysses; blending with them abundance of laughter, how much of insult he had avenged himself on them in ıally. And then, having hurried back to his abode , hardly is he at length restored to his senses, I know ɔw. And when he looks throughout the house, full of ıction, he smote his head and shrieked aloud; and amid recks of the carcasses of slaughtered sheep, he sat stretch- ı the ground, rending with clenched grasp of hand and is hair. This time had he sat the longest without speak- then in dreadful terms he threatened me, unless I showed he whole calamity that had befallen; and asked me in case he could possibly be. So I, my friends, being , told him all that had been perpetrated, exactly as much ınew. But he forthwith broke out into doleful shrieks, ı never before had I heard from him; for such laments

ıtands appears most probable. It may be questioned, however, ɛr *ἄκρας νυκτός* means the dead of night, or its close. Pindar . 4) asserts that it was in the night that Ajax fell on his sword. This is from Callistratus: 'As leaves are an ornament to trees, eeces to sheep, their manes to horses, the beard to men, so silence ›rnament to women.'"—Potter (from the Scholia). A similar sen- is put into the mouth of Hector, Il. vi. 490. See also Euripides:

Γυναικὶ γὰρ σιγή τε καί τὸ σωφρονεῖν
Κάλλιστον.

ıus Aristophanes:

πινακηδὸν ἀποσπῶν
γηγενεῖ φυσήματι.—Ranæ, v. 825.

Virgil:

—imoque trahens a pectore vocem.—Æn. 1, v. 375.

he all along was wont to pronounce were suited to a man of cowardly and little-minded spirit. But he, noiseless of shrill outcries, would groan inwardly, moaning as a bull. And now lying in such miserable plight, the man, without food or drink, has fallen, and sits quietly amid the cattle, victims of his steel; and he evidently is about to work some ill, such are, I know not how, his words and lamentations. But, oh my friends, for to this intent was I sent, come ye in and aid him, if at all ye can. For such as he are vanquished by the advice of friends.

Ch. Tecmessa, daughter of Teleutas, dire is thy tale to us, that the hero has by his woes been driven to utter madness.[1]

Aj. Ah me, me!

Tec. Soon, it seems, will he be more so. Hush! heard ye not, Ajax, what a cry this is that he utters aloud?

Aj. Alas! alas!

Ch. He is, it seems, either still distempered, or at present pained with the sickness that erst possessed him.

Aj. Oh son! son!

Tec. Unhappy me! Eurysaces,[2] for thee he clamors. What can he be thus eager for? Where art thou? Woe is me!

Aj. Teucer I call: where's Teucer? will he everlastingly be following the foray,[3] while I am perishing?

Ch. The man, it seems, is sensible; but open. Haply he may feel somewhat of respect at looking even on me.

Tec. Behold, I open;[4] and thou mayest see his deeds, and how he himself is conditioned.

Aj. O mariners beloved, my only friends, who only are abiding in upright faith, see what a tide from a bloody and tempestuous ocean, just now careering round, encircles me.

Ch. Alas! how you seem to report but too truly! The deed declares how insane he is.

[1] A metaphor from the inspiration supposed to be derived from the sun.

[2] Eurysaces was son of Ajax by Tecmessa, so named from the celebrated shield which in this play his sire bequeaths him.

[3] This confirms the remark of Thucydides respecting the nature of the Greek expedition against Troy, and the cause of its so long duration.—Thuc. I.

[4] Here takes place the ἐκκύκλημα, as it was called in the Greek theatres; the centre of the scene opens, and discovers Ajax sitting among the slaughtered cattle.

O race, that helped me in the seaman's art, thou that
ıbark to ply the briny oar—thee only, thee I say of all
rdians, have I seen bent to relieve me. No more; but
slay me.
Speak words of good import: do not by ministering to
medy as ill, augment the pain of thy calamity.
Seest thou me, the bold, the stout-hearted, the fearless
ict with the foe—now terrible of might amid harmless
Woe is me for the derision with which I have been
!
Do not, lord Ajax, I implore thee, speak thus.
Wilt thou not away? wilt not move hence thy foot in
ɛtire? Alas! alas!
Oh, by the gods I pray thee, yield, and be of thy right

O luckless wretch, I that let slip from my hands the
; and falling on beeves with crankled horns, and on
;[1] flocks, shed their black blood!
Why, in sooth, shouldst thou grieve over the past and
for it is impossible that these things should not be so.
O thou that pryest into every thing;[2] continually the
all mischief—son of Laertes—thou filthiest vagabond
host, full surely thou exultest with many a laugh for

By God's will every one both laughs and mourns.
Could I now but see him, though afflicted as I am!
ılas!
Speak nothing haughty: seest thou not in what mis-
u art?
O Jove, sire of my forefathers, how might I, having de-
that most crafty hated outcast, and the two sovereign
at last myself too fall.

ὀς seems applied to the sheep on account of the noise of their *διὰ τὰς ἐν ἀυτοῖς ταραχὰς καὶ φωνάς*, as the scholiast says. See s. v. No. 2.—B.

description of Ulysses here given much resembles Thersites' pic-
imself in Troilus and Cressida: "No, no, I am a rascal, a scurvy
nave, a very filthy rogue." And the mercy which he thereupon
rom Hector may well bear Philoctetes out in his sentiments on
and bad among mankind. See Phil. 446. Hermann, in oppo-
Musgrave, considers this a reproach leveled by Ajax at the dis-
ɜumed by Ulysses to penetrate Troy: see Od. 4, 244.

TEC. When such is thy prayer, at the same time beg death for me also; since what need have I to live, when thou art no more?

AJ. O darkness, that art my light, O Erebus, to me most radiant, take me, oh take me, as your inmate, take me; for no longer am I worthy to look on the race of gods or mortals for any profit to mankind.[1] No, the warrior goddess, daughter of Jove, disgracefully persecutes me to destruction. Whither, then, can one fly? Whither shall I go, and there abide? since one part is gone,[2] my friends, e'en with the work before you; and I have set myself upon a silly chace: but for the army—they all would slay me with hand doubly armed.[3]

TEC. Ah hapless me! that a man of worth should utter words like these, which he ne'er before could have had the heart [to speak]!

AJ. O! paths of dashing sea-surge, and caverns that skirt the main—and thou, cliff-crowning grove, much, much and long time have ye detained me around Troy; but no more, no more shall ye [keep] me drawing the breath of life; know this, whoever is possessed of reason. Oh neighboring streams of Scamander, kindly of spirit to the Greeks,[4] think not ye shall any longer look on me, a man (I will speak out the haughty boast) such as Troy hath not seen in all the host

> There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
> Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
> And bitter shame hath spoil'd the world's sweet taste,
> That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
>
> King John, Act 3, sc. 4.

[2] Perhaps meaning "my hope of vengeance is lost by the slaughter just committed." Wunder gives up the passage as hopeless.—B.

[3] δίπαλτος here, as δορίπαλτος in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, is used transitively. Eustathius on this passage says the παλτόν was a particular weapon.—TR. Rather render "the well-armed army would slay me."—B.

[4] Lobeck understands this passage as a mark of Ajax' deep resentment and passion, in thinking the very streams of Troy had conspired against him with his present enemies, the Greeks. There does not, however, seem any reason why we should adopt this certainly far-fetched idea, unless it be the rise of the Scamander to overwhelm Achilles, as told in the Iliad. Musgrave, on this account, proposes to read δύσφρονες. Hermann removes the comma after Ἀργείοις, and renders the passage "never again will ye in your favor to the Argive host look upon this man," *vestro favore victorem.*

who came from the land of Greece. And now, thus dishonored, am I lying prostrate.

Ch. Believe me, I know not how either to prevent thee or suffer thee to speak, all fallen as thou art into miseries such as these.

Aj. Ah! ah! Who could have ever thought that my name,[1] thus accordant, would harmonize with my misfortunes! For now twice, nay, thrice, have I cause to utter Ah! in such evils am I involved; I, whose father from this land of Ida, having best deserved of all the army the choicest prize of honor, returned home possessed of all renown; while I, his son, having come to this very realm of Troy, with not inferior might, nor having by my hand helped with deeds less glorious, perish thus unhonored by the Greeks. And yet of thus much at least methinks I am assured, that were Achilles yet alive, purposing to award the prize of excellence to some one in the matter of his own arm, none else but I had grasped them. But now, on the contrary, the Atridæ have worked his will for a crafty villain, having rejected the might of Ajax. And had not this mine eye and distorted mind wildly strayed from my purpose, never again should they by vote have given judgment against man.[2] But now the stern-eyed, dauntless goddess, daughter of Jove, baffled me, already putting forth my hand upon them, having cast on me a distempered phrensy, that I stained my hands with blood on brutes like these, while they are deriding me, having escaped, not by my will indeed. But if a god foil him, even the coward may elude the braver man. And now what can I do? I

[1] The ancients attributed much importance to the signification of names; and their idea was probably founded on tradition, derived from the patriarchal ages, as they also held the inspiration of a death-bed, taken from the same source. "God shall enlarge Japhet," and Japhet signifies enlargement. Abram and Sarai changed their names by divine command, for such as better suited the ancestors of nations and of the Prince of nations. The Romans carried their superstition so far as to change the name of Epidamnus to Dyrrachium. In fact, of such serious consequence were names considered in Greece, that Aristotle in his Rhetoric classes them among his heads of argument.—Tr. "Ai! Ai! who would have thought my name of Aias would suit so well, as namesake to my woes!" —Burges' translation.—B.

[2] "Eustathius has noted the anachronism in the word ἐψήφισαν in this passage."—Herm.

that am manifestly abhorred of gods, and the Greek host detests me; while all Troy, and these here plains, are my foes? Whether shall I, having abandoned our naval station, and the sons of Atreus, to themselves, cross the Ægean sea for home? And what face shall I show my father Telamon, appearing before him? How will he ever bear to look on me forlorn before him, destitute of the meed of valor,[1] whereof himself acquired the illustrious crown of glory? The deed is not to be borne; but shall I then, advancing to the Trojan ramparts, alone with them alone engaging, and achieving some honorable deed, so fall at last? Nay, thus I must at all events pleasure the Atridæ.[2] This may not be; some attempt must be sought of such a nature, as that by it I may prove to my aged father, that being his son, I am not naturally at least a spiritless coward. For it is base for a man who meets no change in evils, to wish a length of life.[3] Since what pleasure hath one day by another, adding to, or taking from the necessity of dying?[4] I would not buy, at any price, that man who warms himself with empty hopes. No; or nobly to live, or to die nobly, becomes the generous man.[5] Thou hast heard all I have to say.

Ch. None will ever say, Ajax, that thou hast spoken sentiments of suppositious growth, but of thy own spirit. Yet desist, and grant thy friends to prevail o'er thy purpose, dismissing these anxious thoughts.

Tec. Ajax, my lord, there is not a greater evil to man-

[1] "Καλλιστεία proprie est *præmium pulchritudinis*, ut apud Lucianum in Dearum judicio. Hic simpliciter *præmium* valet, quod docent Lexica. Καλλιστεύειν esse *fortissime se gerere*, ex male intellecto Herodoti loco 7, 180, natum est."—Musgrave.

[2] That is, by his noble action; since on death he was at all events resolved.

[3] Such is the wish of Parolles, in All's Well that Ends Well.

[4] If Hermann's reading ἀναθεῖσα be adopted, we must take ἡμέρα παρ' ἡμαρ by itself. Hermann gives the passage thus: "What pleasure can day alternating with day present, when it does nothing but either add or take away from the necessity of dying?"—Tr. I have adopted this view: see Wunder, who quotes Trach. 943, sqq.—B.

[5] Guard. What work is here? Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess,
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ant. and Cleo. Act 5, sc. 1.

kind, than slavery's forced lot.[1] But I was begotten of a free father, a man powerful by his wealth among Phrygians, if any were. Yet now I am a slave; for so, I ween, it seemed fit to the gods, and above all to thy hand. Wherefore, since that I have shared thy bed, I am a well-wisher to thee and thine, and conjure thee by Jove Guardian of the Hearth,[2] and thy couch whereby thou wert united to me, do not think me deserving to get offensive language from thine enemies, leaving me a spoil for the hand of any. Since, shouldst thou die, and, being deceased, abandon me, bethink thee that on that very day I too, violently seized on by the Greeks, shall eat the bread of slavery with thy son. And some one among my tyrants shall say with bitter taunt, harrowing me by his words, "Behold the consort of Ajax, who was of might pre-eminent amid our host—what servitude, in exchange for how envied a lot, does she support!" Thus some one will say. And me fortune will drive to this; 'tis to thee and thy family words like these are a disgrace. But respect thy father, whom thou abandonest in forlorn old age: respect thy mother, allotted to the heritage of many years, who often implores the gods that thou mayest return home alive. And, O prince! compassionate thy son, in that, bereft of childhood's nurture, abandoned by thee, he will be thrust about by no friendly guardians: how much of ill this is, that thou at thy death wilt bequeath to him and me.[3] For to me there remains no longer any one to whom I can look, save thee, for thou hast annihilated my country with thy spear; and my mother and my father another fate took off to be in their deaths inhabitants of Hades.[4] What then could be to me a country in thy

[1] Lobeck would exclude the idea of slavery from the Greek expression here, as unsuitable to Tecmessa's purpose.—Tr. But cf. Æsch. Choeph. 5: *ἀνάγκαν ἀμφίπτολιν*. Soph. El. 1193. See also Eustath. p. 1089, 18: *παρὰ Σοφοκλεῖ ἀναγκαία τύχη ἡ δουλική*.—B.

[2] A most solemn adjuration, and used by Themistocles to Admetus, in his greatest need.—Thuc. I.

[3] These sentiments find a parallel in those of the Sabine women in Livy; and the lamentation of Andromache throughout is very similar:

> An only child, once comfort of my pains,
> Sad product now of hopeless love, remains!
> No more to smile upon his sire, no friend
> To help him now, no father to defend!
>
> Pope's Il. B. XXII. l. 620.

[4] Hermann remarks on the gratuitous barbarity of making Ajax kill

stead? what prosperity could I have? in thee is centred all my hope of safety. Nay, preserve the remembrance of me too. Believe me, it is fitting that memory should abide by a man, if any where he have received aught pleasurable;[1] for it is kindness that aye engenders kindness, but from whomsoever the recollection of a benefit received melts away, that man could never be of generous birth.[2]

Ch. Ajax, I could wish that thou didst feel pity in thy heart, even as I do, for then wouldst thou assent to her words.

Aj. Nay, largely shall she meet with approbation from me at least, if she but dare aright to execute the task enjoined.

Tec. Nay, my dear Ajax, for my part I will obey thee in every thing.

Aj. Go fetch me now my son, that I may see him.

Tec. Nay, but in alarm I rescued him from thee.

Aj. In these my woes? or what meanest thou?

Tec. Lest he, ill fated, having haply fallen in thy way, should die.

Aj. This were, indeed, well suited to my fate.

Tec. Nay, therefore I guarded him, to prevent this.

Aj. I approve of the action and the forethought you practiced.

Tec. By doing what then, in this case, can I profit you?

Aj. Give me to speak to him, and see him before me.

Tec. Well, but he is at hand, in keeping of the attendants.

Aj. Why then delays he to vouchsafe his presence?

Tec. My boy, thy father calls thee. Bring him hither, whoever of the servants have him in charge, in thy hands.

the mother of Tecmessa, and adopts Porson's reading, supposing, however, that there is a line omitted. According to him, the lines stand thus:

. . . . οὐ γάρ μοι πατρὶδ' ἥστωσας δορί,
* * * * * * * *
καὶ μητέρ' ἄλλη μοῖρα τὸν φύσαντά τε
καθεῖλεν Ἀιδου θανασίμους οἰκήτορας.

[1] Si bene quid de merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
Dulce meum, miserere domus labantis, et istam,
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
Æn. IV. v. 317.

[2] Brunck has paid no attention to Porson's remarks on the metre in this passage; but Lobeck has adopted the professor's emendation of Suidas. For just reasons against the other readings proposed by Porson, vid. Seale's Metres, p. 11.

Dost thou speak to one drawing near, or one who heeds
r words?
. Even now this attendant is conveying him from no
listance.
Bring, bring him hither, for he will not shudder at be-
g this fresh-slaughtered butchery, if he be truly in his
s ways, my son. Nay, forthwith it is needful to break
, as a colt to the stern lore of his sire, and that he be
ed like him in nature. My child, be thou more fortu-
ıan thy father, but in all else his counterpart, and thou
ıot be a coward. Yet even now thus much I have to
hee, for that thou art sensible of none of these present
for in feeling nought[1] is centred the sweetest life,[2]
hou learn to know what it is to rejoice, what to feel
But when thou art arrived at this, it is thy duty to
on thy father's foes, thyself how great, from how great
ır thou art sprung. Till then be fostered by light gales,
ıing thy early life, the joy of this thy mother. There
fear, I know, that any of the Greeks should insult thee
ıateful contumely; no, though thou art far from me,
watchful protector in Teucer shall I leave for thee, an
ried guardian of thy nurture,[3] although at present he is
ar out of sight, busied in the chase of foemen. But,
shielded warriors, seafaring people, to you also I enjoin
ɔmmon favor, and announce ye to him my mandate,
e bring this my son to my home, and present him to
on and my mother, I mean Eribœa,[4] that he may ever

> Ah! how regardless of their doom
> The little victims play!
> No sense have they of ills to come,
> No care beyond to-day.—GRAY.

rmann here inserts a line which Brunck, on the authority of Sto-
ad omitted: it is this:

τὸ μὴ φρονεῖν γὰρ, κάρτ' ἀνώδυνον κακόν.

lmits ignorance to be an evil, but still asserts that "where igno-
: bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

ɔeck praises, in his note on this passage, Reiske's emendation, who
ɹπα, *κεἰ ταυῦν*; and the scholiast on v. 122 says the Ionians use
the Attics *ἔμπας* and *ἔμπα*.

bœa, sometimes called Peribœa, was daughter of Alcathous, king
ara, and son of Pelops, and is said to have been sold by her father
ɔicion of an intrigue with Telamon, and carried to Cyprus, whither
n followed and married her.

be the support of their old age, until they shall reach the dark chambers of the nether god. And mine arms let no masters of the games, nor he my bane, set as a prize to the Greeks; but do thou, my son Eurysaces, take and keep thy namesake, my shield of seven bulls' hides, that none can break; wielding it through the thickly-twisted handle:[1] my other arms in common shall anon be buried with me.[2] But take now with all speed this my son, and make fast the house, nor raise lamentations within my tent. A very piteous object, truly, is a woman. Close the door speedily: 'tis not the skilful leech's part to howl an incantation over a sore that asks the knife.

CH. I tremble at hearing this eagerness, for thy sharpened tongue likes me not.

TEC. Ajax, my lord, what canst thou purpose in thy mind to do?

AJ. Ask not, question not; best be resigned.

TEC. Ah me, how I despair! I conjure thee by thy child, and by the gods, abandon us not.

AJ. Too much thou vexest me; knowest thou not that I no longer am the god's debtor[3] to be of service to any?

TEC. Good words.

AJ. Speak to those that hear.

TEC. And wilt thou not be persuaded?

AJ. Thou pratest overmuch already.

TEC. Ay, for I fear me, prince.

AJ. Will ye not stay her quickly?

TEC. In heaven's name, be softened.

[1] For a description of such a shield, see Wunder's extracts from Wesseling and Lobeck.—B.

[2] This was a common custom in ancient times, as may be gathered from Thucydides, L. I. c. viii.—TR. Such was also the custom of the Danes. See Olaus Magnus, quoted by Stevens on Hamlet, Act I.: "That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel." Seward, Earl of Northumberland, was, by his own desire, buried armed cap à pie.—B.

[3] A similar expression is found in Virgil:

> Nos juvenem exanimum et nil jam cœlestibus ullis
> Debentem vano mœsti comitamur honore.

Yet it would perhaps be going too far to say that Ajax meant nothing contemptuous to the gods. Since writing the above note, Hermann's edition has appeared, and the translation is altered to suit that edition in this passage.

Aj. Methinks thou hast but a fool's wisdom, if thou purposest but now to school my temper.

Ch. Illustrious Salamis, thou somewhere, rocked by ocean,[1] art situate in happiness,[2] ever conspicuous to all; while I, unhappy from time of old, tarry for the Idæan meadowy pastures as a reward, through countless months,[3] continually worn away by regular and unvaried time; having a sorry hope that still I shall one day reach the abhorred destructive,[4] Pluto. And now the cureless Ajax is upon me, a fresh assailant,[5] alas! alas! co-mate of a heaven-sent phrensy; whom once, in former time, thou sentest forth as a conqueror in furious war; but now, on the contrary, his senses all astray,[6] he has proved a deep affliction to his friends. But the former deeds of his hands, deeds of the noblest valor, fell, ay, fell, thankless to the thankless, the unwise Atridæ. Surely, somewhere a mother,[7] nursed in the lap of ancient days and hoar old age, when she shall have heard that he is diseased as with the sickness of the soul, hapless shall utter not ah! Linus, ah! Linus,[8] nor plaint of the nightingale, that piteous bird, but shrill-toned shrieks will she wail forth; while blows, struck by her own hand, shall fall on her breasts, and rendings of her hoary hair.

[1] This epithet, though perfectly suitable to Delos, appears rather misplaced here; and Lobeck suggests, that as Æschylus had applied the term *θαλασσόπληκτος* to Salamis, it is probable that Sophocles wrote *ἀλίπλακτος*. This reading is adopted by Hermann.

[2] Cf. Homer Il. *β*. 626, *νήσων, αἳ ναίουσι πέρην ἁλός*.—B.

[3] Hermann proposes to read the passage thus: *Ἰδαῖα μίμνω λειμῶνι' ἄποινα, μηνῶν ἀνήριθμος, Idæa pratensia præmia expecto, mensium innumerabilis.* These *præmia pratensia* are the overthrow and sack of Troy. —Tr. I have followed Hermann, with Dindorf, although I am doubtful of any attempt to restore this difficult passage successfully.—B.

[4] See Buttm. Lexil. s. v. The word may be also taken for "dark," "gloomy."—B.

[5] *Ἔφεδρος* is, in the Frogs of Aristophanes, applied to Sophocles himself, and the Oxford translator has this note: "The *ἔφεδρος* (tertianus) was a combatant, who waited the decision of some trial of prowess in the games, with intent to offer himself as opponent to the conqueror," p. 169.

[6] Literally "feeding apart from his senses."

[7] There is great beauty in the suppression of the name throughout this passage; it may in some measure be thought to resemble the veil of Timanthes.

[8] Cf. Æsch. Ag. 121, 139, and for the origin of the ditty, Pausan. ix. 29, with Kuhn's note.—B.

For better were he hiding in the grave, than hopelessly distempered; who coming of his father's race the bravest of the hard-toiling Greeks, is no longer constant to his natural temper, but is wandering without it. Ah, wretched sire, what an insupportable calamity of thy child awaits thee to learn! such as no age of the Æacidæ hath ever yet fostered, at least save this man!

AJ. Time, the long, the countless, brings to light all that is unseen, and when disclosed, conceals, nor is aught hopeless; no, both the terrible oath and the hardened spirit are his prize. For I, too, that lately was so firm in my dread purpose, like steel, when dipped,[1] by this my wife here, have been womaned in my speech; and I feel pity at leaving her a widow, and my child fatherless, amid foes. But I will go to the baths and meadows along the shore, that having cleansed off my pollutions I may escape the weighty anger of the goddess. And as I go, wherever I shall light upon an untrodden spot, there will I hide this my sword, of weapons the most hateful, burying it in earth, there where none shall ever see it; but O may night and Hades guard it below. For from the hour wherein I took to my hand this, a present from Hector my deadliest foe, never to this day have I got aught acceptable from the Greeks. No, true is the popular adage. "The gifts of enemies are no gifts,[2] nor profitable." Henceforth, therefore, will we know how to submit to the gods, and learn to respect the sons of Atreus. They are our rulers, therefore we must give way. Why not? for all that is terrible and all that is mightiest gives way to office.[3] First

[1] *βαφῇ σίδηρος ὡς*. "Tenuiora ferramenta oleo restingui mos est, ne aquâ in fragilitatem durentur." The scholiast has a note to the same purpose. We see then that the allusion will apply to what follows as well as to what precedes it in the text.

[2] "By what argument it may from this verse be gathered that the Medea of Euripides is older than the Ajax of Sophocles, Elmsley has stated at the six hundred and fifth line of the former."—Hermann.

[3] There is a passage very similar to this, which it may not be useless to quote, whether as an argument to support Shakespeare's claim to the play whence it comes, by the evident marks of his style which it bears, or to prove an old assertion, that in him is contained the finest study of the English language:

> The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
> Observe degree, priority, and place,

snow-paced winters give place to fruitful summer, and the orb of murky night retires for the day with his white steeds to kindle his light,[1] and the blast of the dreadful winds hath lulled the roaring main, nay, all-o'erpowering sleep looses where he hath bound, nor always holds us captive. And now shall we not know moderation? Since, for my part, I am even now aware that our enemy is so far to be hated by us, as though he may yet again be our friend; and to my friend I will be willing thus far by aiding to be of service, as if he were not always to remain so.[2] For to the many among men the haven of fellowship is faithless; but in all this it will be well. Do thou, woman, having retired within, pray to the gods continually to accomplish what my heart desires; and do ye, my clansmen, do me this honor alike with her. And signify to Teucer, should he return, to look well to me, and at the same time be a friend to you. For I go thither, whither go I must; but do ye what I tell you, and soon, perhaps, you may learn that I, though now unfortunate, have found deliverance.

CH. With love I thrill, and overjoyed I soar aloft. O Pan, O Pan, O Pan, Pan, thou ocean-wanderer, show thyself from the craggy ridge of snow-beaten Cyllene,[3] thou princely founder of heaven's choir, that companying with me thou mightest essay the self-taught Gnossian and Nysæan dances; for now it is my care to lead the chorus. And mayest thou, Apollo, Delian king, coming over the Icarian sea,[4] accord me

> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office, and custom, in all line of order.
> Troilus and Cressida.

[1] See Milton, Book VII., and Thomson's Ode to the Seasons.

[2] This is the sentiment to which Cicero alludes, de Amicitia, c. 16: "Negabat ullam vocem inimiciorem amicitiæ potuisse reperiri, quam ejus, qui dixisset, ita amare oportere, ut si aliquando esset osurus: nec vero se adduci posse, ut hoc, quemadmodum putaretur, a Biante esse dictum crederet, qui sapiens habitus esset unus e septem; sed impuri cujusdam, aut ambitiosi, aut omnia ad suam potentiam revocantis, esse sententiam."

[3] Cyllene is a mountain in Arcadia, the birth-place of Mercury, who shared with Pan the right of patronage there. Gnossus was a town of Crete, celebrated for its being the birth-place of Ariadne. There were several cities of the name of Nysa, of which the most renowned was in India, said to be the place where Bacchus was educated, and whence he derived his name Dionysius.

[4] The name "Icarian" was given to that part of the Ægean Sea which encircles Mycone and Gyaros, the supposed scene of Icarus's fall.

thy distinguished presence, forever kind. For Mars hath dispelled the heavy affliction from his eyes. Io! Io! now, now again, O Jove, is the white propitious light of day with us, that we may approach the swift vessels that speed on the brine; since Ajax is again forgetful of his troubles, and has again performed the most sacred ordinances of the gods, with strictest observance worshiping. Time, the mighty, withers all away. Nor would I pronounce aught impossible, at least when unexpectedly Ajax has repented of his wrath and dire feuds with the Atridæ.

MESSENGER. My friends, I would first tell you:[1] Teucer is just arrived from the Mysian rocks;[2] but as he advances into the middle of the camp, he is reviled by all the Greeks at once; for, having discovered him coming slowly from a distance, they encircled him all round; and then began to assail him with reproaches from this side and that; and there was not one who did not, calling him the brother of the madman and traitor to the army; that he should not save himself from death by being thoroughly mangled with stones. So that they came to such a pitch, that their swords, seized by their hands, were drawn from out the scabbards. But their strife, having run to its greatest length, ceases by words of reconcilement from the elders. But where's Ajax, that I may tell him all this? for to our lords it is our duty to disclose all our tale.

CH. He is not within, but has just disappeared, having coupled new plans with new deportment.

MES. Woe! woe! woe! Then he who sent me on this errand, sent me too tardily, or I was slow in coming.

CH. But what is there too tardily managed in this matter?

MESS. Teucer forbade to let the man go forth from within his abode, before he himself should be present.

CH. Nay, but look you, he is gone, having betaken himself to the best of purposes, that he may by reconcilement with the gods be freed from their wrath.

[1] Musgrave conjectures, that in allusion to the well-known custom of heralds among the ancients, we should read φίλον τὸ πρῶτον: Lobeck removes the period at the end of the line, and joins the two last of the above three words, retaining φίλοι. Hermann follows Musgrave.

[2] For mention of Mysia, see Herodotus, L. I. Of this country, which was in alliance with Troy, Telephus was monarch at the time of the Trojan war.

Mess. These thy words are fraught with abundant folly, if indeed Calchas prophesy aught with right judgment.[1]

Ch. What is its nature? and what knowing of this matter [prophesies he?]

Mess. Thus much I know, and chanced to be present. For from the council and the kingly circle Calchas having retired by himself, apart from the Atridæ, and placed his right hand in Teucer's in friendly guise, bade and enjoined him by all manner of means to confine Ajax throughout the day now shining, to-day, this very day, within his tent; nor let him go and suffer him to pass, if ever he would see him again alive; for on this day only the wrath of celestial Minerva persecutes him: so spake he and said. For the seer declared that overgrown and unwieldy[2] bodies are wont to fall under severe misfortunes by divine agency, when one that springs from a mortal stock is not of consequence minded as a mortal should. But he, at the very moment that he sallied forth from home, was found of his father, advising him well, too inconsiderate;[3] for he strictly charges him, "Son, be thy wish to conquer with the spear, but be it ever to conquer through the gods." But he, with haught and senseless vaunt replied, "Father, in concert with the gods even one that was nothing might obtain the victory; but I, even without them, am assured I shall snatch to me this glory." So proud a boast did he utter. Then, a second time, to immortal Pallas, when urging him she bade him turn his gory hand against the foe: then answered he a speech dire and unutterable, "Queen, be thou at the side of the other Greeks; where I am, the battle

[1] This distinguished seer possessed his inspiration by birthright, being the grandson of Idmon, the soothsayer that attended the Argonautic expedition.

[2] I prefer reading *κάνόητα* with Wunder, and rendering "vain and impious." See his note.—B.

[3] The reason which is here given for the misfortune of Ajax is precisely that of which Aristotle approves, who, after having rejected the two extremes of virtue and vice, proceeds to state his idea of a character adapted to tragedy: "And such a man is he, who neither in virtue and uprightness is transcendent, nor yet changes his lot to misfortune through vice and depravity, but one that does it through some error, and that a man of high renown and prosperity, such as were Œdipus and Thyestes." —Poetics, sect. 25.

never shall break through."[1] By words such as these he earned the ruthless anger of the goddess, being of a spirit unsuitable to man. But if indeed he live to-day, we haply may be, with Heaven's aid, his preservers. Thus much the prophet said, but Teucer instantly sends me from the conclave, bearing these his mandates to thee to observe; but if we are foiled of our purpose, then is the hero no more, if Calchas be wise.

Ch. O wretched Tecmessa, of hapless race, come forth and look on this man, what manner of words he utters. For this cuts to the quick, that none may joy therein.

Tec. Why rouse ye me, miserable that I am, from my seat, when but now respited from exhaustless ills?

Ch. Listen to this man, since he comes bringing us matter concerning Ajax, whereat I grieve.

Tec. Ah me! what sayest thou, man? Are we then undone?

Mess. I know not thy circumstances, but I have no hopes of Ajax, if he be from home.

Tec. Well then, he is from home, and therefore I am in agonies at what thou hast to say.[2]

Mess. Teucer sends charge to confine him under close cover of his tent, nor let him go out alone.

Tec. But where is Teucer, and wherefore says he this?

Mess. He is just arrived; and apprehends[3] that this departure of Ajax, that he tells, is fatal.

[1] Homer represents Ajax of a temper in some degree resembling this, though not so haughty, in a prayer which Longinus has quoted and commended:

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἤερος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
Ποίησον δ' αἴθην· δὸς δ' ὀφθάλμοισιν ἰδέσθαι,
Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον.

[2] Lobeck places a note of interrogation after ὠδίνειν.

[3] "Bothe has ingeniously conjectured ἐλπίζειν φέρει. But no correction is needed, if the passage be but rightly taken, and one resort not to such silliness (inepta) as to make ἐλπίζειν mean even *metuere*; for not in all cases, but where it suits the sense, is this verb introduced in such a manner as to be seemingly used to denote fear, though in reality it is to be taken as expressing hope. In the present instance, when the messenger says, *Sperat Teucer se hunc Ajacis exitum funestum nunciaturum esse*, he means that Teucer has a hope that, by reporting the fatal issue about to follow Ajax on going abroad, he shall effect his detention at home for that

TEC. Unhappy me! having learned it from what possible person?

MESS. From Thestor's prophet-son, on this present day, that it brings him life or death.

TEC. Ah me! friends, assist me against this emergency of fortune,[1] and hasten—some that Teucer may come quickly, and some to the western bends of the mountains, some to the eastern go and search out the hero's ill-omened sally. For I know that I was deceived by the man, and made outcast from my former favor with him. Ah me! my child, what shall I do? not sit here—no; I will be gone thither whithersoever I shall have strength to. Let us away, let us hasten hence; 'tis not the moment for sitting still, for those at least who wish to save a man that hurries to death.

CH. I am ready to be gone, nor will I show it merely in words, for speed of action and of feet at once shall follow them.[2]

AJ. The slayer is set upright, where it best may pierce (if one have leisure even for consideration), the gift of Hector, a man of foreigners most detested by me, and most hateful to behold. But it has fixed itself in the hostile soil of Troy, fresh sharpened on the steel-consuming whetstone. And I myself, having well prepared, have fixed it, the kindest friend to Ajax in furtherance of his speedy death. Thus well am I

lay." Does the learned professor (Hermann) mean that ἐλπίζειν can not be applied to our expectation of an evil? To say nothing of Polybius, who so uses it, B. 9, c. 6, ses. 9, see Thucydides, l. i. and 7, 61—Ἐλπὶς τοῦ φόβου. See also Arist. Aves, v. 956, ed. Brunck. Hermann's own interpretation is surely far-fetched.—TR. But the construction is hardly satisfactory. I should prefer following Bothe, as Wunder has done.—B.

[1] This passage supports an opinion of Lobeck already stated, since here we find no allusion to slavery, although the same expression is used at v. 485. See the note on that line.

[2] The departure of the Chorus here in order to give room for the exhibition of Ajax' death is censured by Brunck, but defended by Lobeck on the example of Æschylus in the Eumenides, and Euripides in Helen and Alcestis. And he also remarks, that the difficulty which induced Æschylus to relate the death of Ajax, namely, the open nature of the stage, was evaded by Sophocles, who carries his hero as far as possible back from the eyes of the spectators to the inner scene. As Potter justly observes, this single speech of Ajax is worth all the unities, an attempt to maintain which has been so lately made, and ably refuted.

furnished. But after all this, do thou first, O Jupiter, assist me, for it is but reason. Nor will I ask of thee to obtain an ample boon. Send for me some messenger, carrying the evil tidings to Teucer, that he may be the first to take me up when fallen on this fresh-sprinkled sword; and that I may not, having been ere that discovered by any of my foes, be hurled a cast-away to dogs and birds a prey. This much I beg of thee, O Jove; and with thee I call on the nether Mercury, conductor of ghosts, to lull me softly to repose, when I have burst through my side with this my sword, by a bound quick and without a struggle. I call too, the ever-virgins to my aid; them, ever beholding all the sufferings of mortality, the awful Furies, with gigantic stride, to learn of me how I, unhappy, perish thoroughly by Atreus' sons; and may they grasp them all together, villains as they are, by a death most vile, and doomed to utter destruction; even as they look on me falling self-murdered, so self-murdered may they perish by their dearest offspring.[1] Go, ye swift and avenging Furies, banquet on them, spare not the whole armed host. And thou, that makest the high heaven thy chariot course, O sun![2] when thou shalt look on the land of my fathers, checking thy golden-backed rein, announce my woes and my fate to my aged sire, and the wretched mother that nursed me. Full surely she, unhappy, when she shall hear this report, will send

[1] Musgrave considers this passage to refer to the death of Ulysses by his son Telegonus. Certainly Agamemnon did not fall by the contrivance of any of his children; and as for Menelaus, he, if we may credit Homer, was carried to the islands of the blessed without having tasted death; how deservedly, we may gather from Herodotus' account of his conduct in Egypt. The curse of Ajax is remarkably grand and awful, but will hardly bear comparison with the celebrated imprecation in Lord Byron's Giaour. —Tr. Wunder has amused himself by casting out vss. 839–42!—B.

[2] This most sublime idea has been well imitated by Seneca:

O decus mundi, radiate Titan,
Dic sub Aurora positis Sabæis,
Dic sub Occasu positis Iberis,
Dic ad æternos properare manes
Herculem et regnum canis inquieti.
Herc. Æt. v. 1516.—Tr.

Cf. Eurip. Phœn. 1, ὦ τὴν ἐν ἄστροις οὐρανοῦ τέμνων ὁδὸν καὶ χρυσοκολλήτοισιν ἐμβεβὼς δίφροις, Ἥλιε, θοαῖς ἵπποισιν εἰλίσσων φλόγα. Claudian. de Prob. et Olyb. 1. "Sol, qui flammigeris mundum complexus habenis, volvis inexhausto redeuntia sæcula motu, Sparge diem meliore coma, crinemque repexi Blandius elato surgant temone jugales."—B.

forth a dreadful wail throughout the whole city. But it avails not to lament thus vainly: no, the deed must be done, and with all speed. O death, death, come now and look upon me; although thee, indeed, there also shall I meet and accost. But thee, O present brilliance of the lustrous day, and the car-borne sun, I salute now for the last time, and never again hereafter. O light! O sacred soil of mine own country, Salamis! O floor of my father's hearth, and thou, illustrious Athens! and race that shared my nurture! and ye fountains, and rivers here, and the Trojan plains I address; farewell, my fosterers: this his last word does Ajax speak to you: all else will I tell to the dead in Hades.[1]

Semi-Ch. Double double toil and trouble![2] for whither, whither, ay, whither went I not? and yet no place knows to earn [of thee]. Hist! hist! again I hear some noise.

Semi-Ch. 'Tis but ours, the ship's company, partners in your voyage.

Semi-Ch. Well, and what then?

Semi-Ch. All the western side of the fleet has been traversed.

Semi-Ch. And hast thou then got—

Semi-Ch. Trouble in abundance, and nought more to be seen.

Semi-Ch. Nay, nor to me then, on the measured track on the east, does the hero any where present himself to view.

Ch. Who, I pray, who of the industrious fishermen, plying his sleepless quest for prey, or who of the Olympian goddesses,[3] or of the torrent rivers of the Bosphorus, if haply any where he descries the chief of savage spirit roaming, will tell me; for grievous it is that I, a wanderer, should approach no

[1] It may be thought that the play should have ended with a speech so sublime as the preceding; but Hermann observes that the spirit of the ancient tragedy would by no means permit the omission of the funeral lamentations, and that in the cruelty of the Spartan Menelaus there must have been something very acceptable to Athenian ears.

[2] Literally, "trouble brings trouble to trouble."

[3] The feminine adjective is used with θεῶν here by a similar form to Ἑλλὰς ἀνήρ, and others of the same sort, on which see Porson on Orest. 264, Phœniss. 1038, and Lobeck on Aj. 323.—Herm.—Tr. We must observe that ἰδρις has been cast out by Erfurdt, Dindorf, and Wunder, and that the Oreades and Dryades of Mount Olympus are meant.—B.

course of my lengthened toils; nay, nor discover where an enfeebled[1] man like him is.

Tec. Alas! ah me!

Ch. Whose cry issued from the neighboring grove?

Tec. Alas, unhappy me!

Ch. I see the hapless captive bride Tecmessa overwhelmed amid this grief.

Tec. I am lost, undone; I am utterly ruined, my friends.

Ch. What is it?

Tec. Here is our Ajax lying just now newly slain, folded over his hidden[2] sword.

Ch. Alas, and woe is me! for my return! Ah me! prince, thou hast killed thy fellow-seaman here. Unhappy me! O lady, sad at heart!

Tec. 'Tis time to say, Ai! Ai! since such is his fate.

Ch. By whose hand then could he, ill-fated, have ever effected this?

Tec. Himself, by his own hand; 'tis plain, for this his sword stuck in the ground, whereon he fell, convicts him.

Ch. Ah me! for this my misery! 'twas then alone, by friends unfenced, thou didst shed thy blood; while I, the all-senseless, the all-ignorant, neglected thee. Where, where lies the intractable Ajax[3] of ill-omened name?

Tec. Mark me, he is not to be gazed on. No, I will shroud him entirely in this enfolding robe, since none that was his friend could bear to look on him exhaling upward at the nostrils,[4] and out of the red gash, the gore now blackened from

[1] So Hermann, observing "tanto magis indignari Chorum, quod Ajacem vix morbo liberatum ipse valens assequi non potuerit."—B.

[2] For *κρυφαίῳ* Musgrave proposes here to read *καθαίμῳ*, and adds, "desideratur certe epithetum, quod præsentem ensis conditionem declaret."—Tr. But see Wunder on v. 809. Ajax had buried his sword deep in the ground, lest the weight of his body, when falling, might turn the blade aside.—B.

[3] These allusions would be better conveyed by using "Aias" throughout the play, as Mr. Burges has done. "Where, where lies Aias the stubborn and lucklessly named?"—B.

[4] Wakefield (Sylv. Crit. p. 104) proposes to read *πρὸς ῥινὸς*, and quotes Statius:

> Corruit, extremisque animæ singultibus errans
> Alterutris, nunc ore venit, nunc vulnere sanguis.
> Theb. III. 90.

lf-inflicted death-wound. Ah me, what shall I do? friend will bear thee off? Where is Teucer? I trust e may come, if come he should, in time to help lay out rial this his fallen brother! Ah luckless Ajax! what vert! what thou art! deserving to meet with mourning, en from thy foes.[1]

Wretched man! thou wert then obstinately bent, at ime, to accomplish thine evil lot of endless woes: such wouldst thou sigh out all night and day, stern heart, of ound to the Atridæ, with deadly passion. Surely that vas a chief source of troubles,[2] when the contest of supe- ılor was proposed about Achilles' arms.

. Ah me, me!

The pang of genuine grief pierces to thine heart, I

. Ah me, me!

I doubt not thou sighest thus doubly, lady, but now de- l of such a friend as this.

. 'Tis thine to fancy all this, but mine too truly to feel.

I confess it.

. Ah me, my child, to what a yoke of slavery pass we! taskmasters are over us!

. Alas! in this thy sorrow thou hast made mention of nutterable[3] deed of the two unfeeling Atridæ: but may ı avert it.

. Nay, all this had never stood as it does, but with a's will.

. But far too heavy is this burden they have brought us.

. And yet such affliction as this does the dread goddess , child of Jove, gender, to gratify Ulysses.

. Ay, verily, the chief of many toils in his darkling soul us with scorn, and laughs with abundant laughter at the

> And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
> Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
> Yea, e'en my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
> And say, Alas! it was a piteous deed.
> 3d Part of Hen. VI. Act 1.

"Ille dies primus leti, primusque malorum
Causa fuit."—Æn. II.—B.

ısgrave proposes *ἀναιδῶν*, rejecting the interpretation of *ἀναυδον* *ndum.*

madman's sorrows, alas! alas! and with him Atreus' two royal sons hearing them.

TEC. Then let them laugh and joy over the woes of Ajax. Perhaps, mark me! though when alive they desired him not, they will mourn him dead, in the needful time of battle;[1] for the weak-minded, while they hold in their hands aught good, knew it not, ere some one have cast it from him. More bitter has his death been to me than sweet to them,[2] but delightful to himself; for all that he longed to possess he gained for himself, the very death he wished. How then could they laugh out against him? By the gods he died, not by them[3]—no. Then let Ulysses be vainly insolent: for they have Ajax no longer; no, but having bequeathed to me sorrows and lamentations, he is departed.

TEUCER. Ah me! me!

CH. Be silent, for methinks I hear the voice of Teucer, crying out in a tone that intently dwells on this calamity.

TEU. O dearest Ajax! O person of my brother! hast thou then dealt with thyself even as report prevails?

CH. Teucer, the man is no more! of this be assured.

TEU. Then woe is me, for my heavy affliction!

CH. Since it is so—

TEU. Unhappy me! unhappy!

CH. 'Tis time to groan.

TEU. O too dire calamity!

[1] See Brunck's note.

> ——————For it so falls out,
> That what we have we prize not to the worth,
> Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
> Why then we rack the value, then we find
> The virtue that possession would not show us
> Whiles it was ours.
>
> Much Ado about Nothing, Act 4, sc. 1.

[2] Μᾶλλον is understood. Thus Homer:

> Βούλομ' ἐγὼ λαὸν σόον ἐμμεναι, ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.
>
> B. I. v. 117.

[3] To fall by the hands of an enemy worthy of them, was often a consolation to the dying heroes of antiquity, and is so used by Philoctetes to Neoptolemus, on his hearing of Achilles' death. Thus Turnus in Virgil:

> ——————Non me tua fervida terrent
> Dicta, ferox: Di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.
>
> Æn. XII. 894.

CH. Too much so, Teucer.

TEU. Ah, hapless! But what of his child? Where in this Trojan land is he?

CH. Alone at the tents.

TEU. Wilt not thou with all speed bring him hither, lest any of his foes lay hold of him, as the whelp of a widowed lioness? Go, bestir thyself, bear aid. All, mark me! are wont to deride the fallen dead.[1]

CH. Nay, moreover, while yet alive, O Teucer, the hero left a charge that thou shouldst care for Eurysaces, even as now thou art caring.

TEU. Oh thou, of all spectacles to me the most painful that I have ever with mine eyes beheld; thou too, a journey that of all journeys has surely most anguished my heart, even that which I have now come, O dearest Ajax, when I heard thy fate, following up and tracing it step by step; for the report concerning thee, swift as if of some god, pervaded all the Greek host, how that thou wert dead and gone. Which I miserable hearing, while I was absent from it, was inwardly groaning, but now that I see it, am utterly undone. Ah me! Come, uncover, that I may see the whole evil. O sight dreadful to look on, and of bitter daring, of how many pangs having deeply sown the seeds for me, dost thou wither! For whither can I betake myself, to what manner of people, I that nowhere aided thee in thy troubles? Doubtless will Telamon, thy father as he is mine, receive me with kind aspect,[2] and, haply, with mild air, returning without thee. For how should he not, whose wont it is not, even when fortunate, to wear a smile of more than common pleasure? What will he suppress? What reproach will he not utter? That I, the spurious offspring of his captive in war;[3] that I have by cowardice and

[1] Of this savage custom among the ancients, Homer has left us many examples, and none more striking than in the case of the fallen Hector, which passage Pope has in his translation explained away. Il. B. XXII.

[2] Ironically.

[3] Teucer, as he himself afterward states, was the son of Telamon by Hesione, daughter of Laomedon, who had been selected by Hercules as a reward to the King of Salamis for his services in that hero's expedition to Troy. The event justified these apprehensions of Teucer; and to avoid his father's indignation, he fled to Cyprus, where he founded Salamis.—TR. *δόρυ πολεμιον* signifies a captive taken in war, as Tecmessa in v. 221 is styled *λέχος δοριάλωτον*.—B.

unmanliness betrayed thee, dearest Ajax, or in treason, that I might possess thy sovereignty and patrimony when dead. Such words will he, a man of passionate temper, morose with age, who is angered to strife by a mere nothing,[1] utter. And in the end shall I, repulsed, be cast out from my country, by his words declared a slave, and no freeman. Thus much at home; but here, at Troy, many are my foes, and little is there to profit me. And all this have I incurred by thy death. Ah me! what shall I do? how shall I tear thee off from this bitter shining[2] sword, the destroyer whereby thou didst expire? Knewest thou how in time Hector, even though dead, was doomed to be thy destruction? Observe ye, by the gods I ask, the fate of these two men. Hector, having been fast bound with the very girdle wherewith he was presented from Ajax,[3] by the steed-drawn car was ever racked and mangled until he breathed out his life; while Ajax, possessing this, the gift of Hector, perished by its means through a fatal fall. And was it not a Fury that forged this cimeter, and Hades the other, that fierce artificer? I then would say, that the gods devised both this and every thing else forever to mankind. But to whomsoever in opinion this is not pleasing, let him fondly cling to other, and me to this.

Ch. Extend no length of speech, but bethink thee how thou wilt commit to the tomb thy brother, and what thou presently wilt parley. For I descry a foeman, and haply he may, as would a villain, come forth to laugh at our misfortunes.

Teu. But what man of the army is it that thou seest?

Ch. Menelaus, for whom, in fact, we undertook this voyage.

Teu. I see him, for, near as he is, he is not hard to recognize.[4]

[1] The translators failed to perceive that the words *πρὸς οὐδὲν εἰς ἔριν θυμούμενος* refer to the *general character* of Telamon, and not to the present instance; for surely anger for the death of Ajax would not be *πρὸς οὐδέν*! Brunck rightly rendered it "levissimam quamque ob causam ad jurgia irritabilis."—B.

[2] *αἰόλος* probably refers to the flashing streaks of light and shade seen on a well-polished blade. See Wunder on v. 147.—B.

[3] This is not found in Homer's account.

[4] Probably by his haughty air and step.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait,

MENELAUS. Ho thou! to thee I speak. See thou aid not in burying with thine hands this corpse, but leave it as it is.

TEU. For what purpose hast thou spent thus much in words?

MEN. As my pleasure, and his who sways the host.

TEU. Wilt thou not then say what cause alleging?

MEN. Because that,[1] having hoped we should bring him from home both friend and ally to Greeks, we have, on inquiry, found him out to be more hostile than the Phrygians; who, having plotted destruction to the whole army at once, went forth armed by night against it to subdue it with his spear. And had not some god baffled this his attempt, we had lain victims to the very fate himself hath obtained, murdered by a death most ignominious, while he would have lived. But god now hath wrought the change, that his violence should fall on the sheep and flocks. Wherefore there lives not the man of so much power as to entomb his body in the grave; but cast out on the pale sand, he shall become food for the birds that coast along the brine. And therefore assume thou no fierce indignation; for although we could not master him alive, at all events we will rule him dead, although thou be unwilling, perforce chastening him with our hands. For there is no instance in which, while he lived, he was ever willing to attend to my words; and yet it is the proof of a bad man, that he, a private citizen, should in nothing deign to listen to those who are set over him. For never,[2] neither in a state could laws be rightly carried on, where fear has not been established, nor surely could an army endure a commander with submission

> He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
> In aspiration lifts him from the earth.
> Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, sc. 5.

[1] This is in accordance with Aristotle's rule, who, in his enumeration of those toward whom anger is felt, mentions friends before enemies, as the injury, being unexpected, is the greater.—Rhet. B. II. c. ii.

[2] In Troilus and Cressida the speech of Ulysses in council enlarges this sentiment beautifully; the whole is too long for insertion, but parts of it seem almost paraphrased:

> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And, hark, what discord follows! * *
> * * * * * * *
> Force should be right, or, rather, right and wrong
> (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
> Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

any longer, having no barrier of respect and shame. But an individual, though he be large of person, it behooves to think that he may hereafter fall, though by a puny ill.[1] For to whom both fear and the sense of honor attach, that man, be sure, carries with him his safety; but where it is allowed him to be insolent and do whate'er he pleases, think that at some future time this state, though it sped before a favoring gale, will sink to the bottom. But let me ever be fixed in a wholesome awe,[2] and let me not think that after doing what I please, I shall not pay back in turn what pains me. Alternately this comes upon us. Before now, this man was a fiery insolent; now I in turn am high-minded, and command thee not to bury him, lest that by burying him thyself sink into the tomb.

Ch. Menelaus, do not, having set forth wise sentiments, become in consequence thyself an insulter of the dead.

Teu. Never again, my friends, could I wonder at a man, who, being nothing by birth, consequently errs, when they who fancy they are born of a noble family, err in their speech with words such as these. Come, tell me again from the beginning, canst thou say thou didst take and bring this man hither as an ally to the Greeks? Did not he himself sail out as his own master? Wherein art thou his commander? and wherein is it allowed thee to sway the people that he led forth from home. Thou camest as prince of Sparta, and not as commanding us; nor is there where the law of rule was laid down for thee to order him, any more than he thee. Thou camest hither under the command of others, not general of the whole army, that thou shouldst ever lord it over Ajax. No, rule those whom thou dost rule, and in haughty terms chastise them; but my brother here, whether thou forbid, or

[1] "Nihil est tam firmum, cui non periculum sit etiam ab invalido." This is somewhat proverbial, Theocritus, iv. 55, *ὁσσίχον ἐστι τὸ τύμμα καὶ ἁλίκον ἀνδρὰ δαμάσδει.*—B.

[2] "This is said by Menelaus in perfect conformity with the Spartan institutions; which nation built a small temple to Fear close by the throne of the Ephori."—Lobeck. Yet Pericles, in his funeral oration, has claimed it pre-eminently for his countrymen. V. Thuc. II. 37.—Tr. Compare Lucan's character of Cæsar, Phars. III. 80. "Non illum lætis vadentem cætibus urbes, Sed tacitæ videre metu, non constitit usquam *Obvia turba* duci: gaudet tamen esse timori Tam magno populis, *et se non mallet amari.*"—B.

the other chieftain, will I duly commit to the tomb, fearless of thy mouthing. Since in no wise for thy wife's sake did he campaign, like adventurers ever busy, but for his oath's,[1] whereby he was bound, and not for thee, since he valued not the worthless. Wherefore come and bring with thee hither more heralds, and the general: but for thy rant I would not turn me, so long as thou shalt be such as thou art.

CH. Nay, on the other hand, I like not such speeches in misfortune; for harsh reproofs, mark me, though they be but too just, are biting.

MEN. Methinks our archer thinks not little of himself.[2]

TEU. No, for 'twas no sordid art I acquired.

MEN. Thou wouldst be likely to boast somewhat largely couldst thou bear a shield.

TEU. Even unarmed I were a match for thee at any rate, though mailed.[3]

MEN. How bold a spirit this that thy tongue nurtures!

TEU. Yes, in a just cause it is allowable to be high-spirited.

MEN. What, is it just that he should prosper, having slain me?

TEU. Having slain thee! Thou hast spoken a wonder indeed, if thou though dead livest.

[1] The story is that Tyndarus, father of Helen, bound all her suitors by strict oaths to maintain the cause of him whom she should choose as her husband, and resist or revenge any attempt to carry her off. Thucydides, however, gives a different opinion in his first book, and considers Agamemnon to have exercised a feudal authority over the other chiefs that composed the Grecian force.—Tr. The Schol. interprets *οἱ π. π. πλέῳ, οἱ φιλοκίνδυνοι, οἱ πλήρεις τῶν κινδύνων λέγει δὲ τοὺς μισθοφόρους*.—B.

[2] The archers were reckoned among the *ψίλοι* or light-armed troops of the Greeks, and accounted inferior to the Hoplites. Homer (Il. 8) mentions the manner of Teucer's fighting, and his retiring behind his brother's shield for protection after the discharge of his arrows. For an example of the contempt in which bowmen were held, Musgrave refers to a dispute of Lycus in Euripides, Herc. Fur. 158. The Lysistrata and Acharnians of Aristophanes likewise show their low estimation of archers and archery at Athens.

[3] Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Second Part of Henry VI. Act 3, sc. 2.

MEN. I do, for heaven rescues me, but as far as he is concerned I am no more.

TEU. Having by the gods been saved, do not now dishonor the gods.

MEN. What, should I impugn the divine laws?

TEU. Yes, if thou art here to forbid the burial of the dead.

MEN. Mine own enemies at least for myself I do; for it is not fitting.

TEU. What, did Ajax ever confront thee as a foe?

MEN. I hated him who hated me; thou knewest this thyself.

TEU. Ay, for thou wast found of him a fraudulent voter.

MEN. That slip was made by the judges, not me.

TEU. Many a crime mightest thou wickedly and fraudfully commit in secret.

MEN. These words are coming on to annoyance for some one.

TEU. No more so methinks than we shall annoy.

MEN. One thing I will tell thee. This fellow must not be entombed.

TEU. And do thou in return hear;[1] this man shall presently be buried.

MEN. Once ere now saw I a man daring in tongue, urging on his crew to sail in stormy weather, in whom thou mightest not have found the power of speech when by the peril of the storm he was encompassed; no, hidden under his cloak he gave himself up for any one of the seamen that would to trample on. And so also thee and thy unbridled tongue a mighty storm, bursting forth from a little cloud, might haply put down in thy tedious clamor.

TEU. And I too have beheld a man filled with folly, who was insulting the calamities of his neighbors. And then one like to me in person, and in temper similar, having looked upon him, spake words such as these: "Man, treat not the

[1] Here Brunck defends the future middle as used in an active sense; but Lobeck has produced instances from Sophocles himself (Œd. Tyr. 544), and other approved Attic writers (Xen. Anab. II. 5), which seems to favor the substitution of *σὺ ἀντάκουσον ἐν τόδ'*.—TR. The future perfect is often used to imply great determination or earnestness on the part of the speaker.—B.

dead with injury, for if thou wilt do so, know thou shalt be punished." Thus, being by, did he admonish that luckless wight. But mark, I see him; and he can be, to my thinking, none else than thou. Have I spoken riddles?

MEN. I will be gone. For base were it, if any one were to hear such a thing, for one who can use force to punish by words.

TEU. Crawl hence now, for in me too is it most base to listen to a vain fellow prating paltry words.

CH. The conflict of a mighty quarrel will ensue. But speeding, Teucer, as best thou canst, be quick to look out a hollow grave for Ajax,[1] where he shall possess his mouldering sepulchre by mortals ne'er forgotten.

TEU. And in truth, at the very nick of time, here at hand come the wife and child of this my brother, to deck out the tomb of the unfortunate dead. Come hither, my boy, and standing near, as a suppliant, touch thy father that begot thee. And sit thou his petitioner, holding in thy hands my hair,[2] and hers here, and thine own the third, a suppliant's store. But if any one from the army would pluck thee forcibly from this corpse, be the villain, as a villain should, an unburied outcast from his country, mowed down root and branch with all his race, even thus as I cut this lock of hair. Take it, my child, and keep it, and see that none move thee, but having fallen on the body, cling fast. And do not ye stand close by him as women instead of men, but protect him until I come, having provided for the burial of this man though none permit.

CH. What number of much-wandering years being the last will ever cease, [a number] ever bringing upon me a ceaseless distress of spear-ravening toils through wide[3] Troy, the dire

[1] Sophocles has said nothing of the body of Ajax being burned, that being a privilege denied to him on the authority of Calchas, who declared the holy element of fire to be polluted by consuming therein the remains of suicides. Philostratus in Heroicis.

[2] The custom of consecrating their hair was very common among the ancients; and in Euripides, we find Electra condemning Helen for sparing her locks. Orestes, l. 128. So also Achilles, at the funeral of Patroclus, cuts off the hair he had vowed to his native river Spercheius; and his example was followed, out of respect to the dead, by the other Greeks. Il. XXIII. 135.

[3] There is some doubt about *εὐρώδης*. Some take it as equivalent to

reproach of Greeks? Would that that man had first entered the boundless æther, or Hades, the dwelling of all, who showed the Greeks the common use in war of hateful arms. Ah, toils, of toils the parent! For he was man's ruin.[1] He hath appointed to company with me neither the joy of chaplets, nor of deep goblets, nor the dulcet harmony of flutes, the wretch, nor to linger o'er nightly delights; no, from love, from love, alas! he has debarred me. And thus uncared-for I am lying, my hair continually drenched with fast-falling dews,[2] memorials of doleful Troy. And truly up to this time the valiant Ajax was my bulwark from nightly terror, and from the arrow; but now he is undone by a hateful doom; what delight, then, what pleasure will ever again attend me? O could I be where the woody foreland, washed by the wave, beetles o'er the main, 'neath Sunium's lofty plain, that I might accost the sacred Athens.[3]

TEU. Truly I hurried back, having seen the commander Agamemnon hastening hither to us; and he evidently is about to let loose his evil tongue on me.

AGAMEMNON. They tell me thou darest vaunt against us thy fierce invectives thus with impunity; thee, to thee, son of the captured slave, I speak. Truly hadst thou been born of a noble mother, thou wouldst have boasted loftily, and walked on tiptoe, when, thyself a nothing,[4] for one that is nothing thou hast stood up against us. On oath too hast thou affirmed

εὐρώεις, "dank" (cf. Hom. Od. X., 512; Hesiod. Theog. 731), but others like εὐρύς, as Homer's Τροίην εὐρεῖαν or εὐρυάγυιαν. As I can not see how the former sense could well be applied to Troy, I have adopted the other.—B.

[1] Still finer are the reflections of Henry the Sixth upon the evils of war, as the causes which produce them are more dreadful, and truly warrant his exclaiming, "Woe upon woe, grief more than common grief!"

[2] Similar to this is the complaint of the herald in the Agamemnon of Æschylus.

[3] It was probably from these lines that Lord Byron took the hint for the last stanza of his ode to the Greek isles:

> Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
> Where nothing, save the waves and I,
> May hear our mutual murmurs weep—
> There, swan-like, let me sing and die.

[4] Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Third Part of Henry VI. Act 2, sc. 2.

that we have come neither generals nor admirals of the Greeks or of thee; no, as thou sayest, Ajax sailed his own commander. Are not these great insults to hear from slaves? In behalf of what manner of man hast thou clamored thus haughtily! whither having marched, where made his stand, where I did not? Have then the Greeks no men save him? Of bitter consequence methinks was the contest we proclaimed of late to the Greeks for Achilles' arms, if every where we are to be declared villains by Teucer; and if it will never content you, not even when worsted, to acquiesce in what seemed fit to the majority of your judges, but ye will constantly either assail us somehow with reproaches, or harass us with covert treason, you the vanquished party. Yet out of ways like these there never could arise the establishment of any law, if we are to thrust out those who prevail justly, and bring the hindmost to the foremost rank; no, all this must we check. For 'tis not the stout, nor the broad-backed men that are most safe;[1] no, the men of good counsel every where prevail. And the large-sided ox goes straight along the road guided by a whip, though small. And on thee I behold this medicine quickly stealing, unless thou get thee some understanding, thou who for a man now no more, but already a shadow, art confident in insolence and in tongue unbridled. Wilt thou never be humble? wilt thou not, having learned what by birth thou art,[2] bring hither some one else of gentle blood, who in thy stead shall speak to us thy words? for I can no longer understand while thou speakest, since I am not acquainted with the barbarians' tongue.[3]

[1] Ulysses, in Shakespeare, thus remarks on the false pride of Ajax and Achilles:

> So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
> For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
> They place before the hand that made the engine,
> Or those that with the fineness of their souls,
> By reason guide his execution.
>
> Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, sc. 3.

[2] Satis contumeliose hæc ab Agamemnone proferuntur. Servi enim, qualem Teucrum traducit, non poterant Athenis in concione causam dicere. Conf. Ter. Phorm. 2, l. 62.—Wesseling.

[3] Agamemnon sneers at Teucer for his descent from a foreign mother; wherein Sophocles appears rather to have consulted the manners and prejudices of his own age than that which he is describing. Not unlike this taunt is Hotspur's observation to Glendower:

Ch. Oh that ye had both of you the sense to be temperate, for than this I have nothing better to advise you.

Teu. Alas! how speedily does all grateful memory of the dead fade away among mankind, and is found to have deserted him; if at least this man no longer, not even in trifling matters, Ajax, remembers thee, for whom thou many a time didst toil with the spear, exposing thy life! But all this is now past and gone, thrown by in scorn. O thou that hast just uttered words many and profitless, rememberest thou no longer aught, when Ajax here once came and alone delivered you, pent up within your barriers,[1] already as nothing in the rout of battle; when fire was blazing around the ships, even then on the topmost benches of the seamen; and Hector, past the trenches, was leaping high upon the naval hulks! Who repelled all this? Was it not he that did it? he who, thou sayest, nowhere even set foot to foot? What! were not these justly his deeds in your behalf? And when again he singly, against Hector single-handed, by lot and not by command selected, went forth to cope with him; having deposited in the midst no clod of clammy earth,[2] his skulking lot, but one that was sure the first to bound with light spring from the crested helmet! He it was performed these deeds; and with him at his side, I, the slave, the offspring of a barbarous mother. Wretch! whither looking, canst thou prate of this? Knowest thou not that the father that begot thy father, Pelops of old, was a Phrygian barbarian; and Atreus, who in turn begat thee, was the most impious of men, who set before his brother a repast of his own children? And thou thyself wert born of a Cretan mother,[3] with whom the father that begot

> Who shall say me nay?
> Glen. Why, that will I.
> Hot. Let me not understand you then:
> Speak it in Welsh.
> First Part of Henry IV. Act 3, sc. 1.

[1] See Homer, Il. 12, for the account of Ajax' repulse of Hector; and in the 14th book we find a disgraceful flight by night proposed by Agamemnon, but objected to by Ulysses.

[2] This is an anachronism, and alludes to the deceit practiced by Cresphontes in furtherance of his gaining Messenia to his share in the division of Peloponnesus by the Heraclidæ. Apollod. Q. 8, Pausan. IV. 3.

[3] The term "Cretan," from the days of Plato (vid. Schol. ad Aristoph. Αν. τὸν μαινόμενον, τὸν Κρῆτα, τὸν μόγις Ἀττικόν) to those of St.

her having taken a strange seducer, cast her away a prey to dumb fishes. And dost thou, being such, reproach with their family such as I am? I that am by birth the son of Telamon, who having gained the first prize of valor in the host, takes as the partner of his bed my mother, a princess by birth, child of Laomedon. Her, a selected present, the son of Alcmena gave him. And can I, thus the most excellent offspring of two of the most excelling, disgrace my kindred by blood, whom, prostrate in woes like these, thou spurnest forth unburied, nor blushed for thy words? Be well assured then of this, that if ye shall cast forth any where this body, ye shall with it cast out us three[1] lying at his side; since it is for my honor, laboring in Ajax' behalf, to die gloriously, rather than for thy wife's sake, or, I tell thee, thy brother's. Then look not to my situation only, but to thine own; since if thou shalt do me aught of harm, thou wilt one day wish thou hadst been a coward rather than bold against me.

Ch. Prince Ulysses, know thou hast come in season, if thou art here not to embroil, but to join in loosing[2] [the quarrel].

Ul. What is it, friends? for from afar I heard the clamor of the Atridæ over this valiant corpse.

Ag. Yes; for are we not hearing the most opprobrious words, king Ulysses, from this fellow here, even now?

Ul. Of what sort? for I can grant indulgence to the man who hears bad words, with ill words to match them.

Ag. He hath heard his shame, for shamefully he treated me.

Ul. Why, what hath he done to thee that thou hast injury?

Paul, appears to have been a term of more than common reproach. Lycophron calls Menelaus a half-Cretan, from his mother Aerope, whom her father having detected in an intrigue with a domestic, gave to Nauplius, with injunctions to throw her overboard out at sea; but he disobeyed the mandate, and betrothed her to Plisthenes, son of Atreus. For Agamemnon and Menelaus are said to have been the grandchildren of Atreus, and not, as commonly supposed, his sons, although considered and treated as such by him.—Tr. On this contempt of the Cretans, see the Comm. on Callimach. in Jov. 8.—B.

[1] Himself, Tecmessa, and Eurysaces; for what the scholiast says of the words being a threat, and having reference to the Atridæ, is too far-fetched; nor were the latter fallen down by Ajax' side, which he had instructed Eurysaces to do.

[2] μὴ belongs to ξυνάψων only. See Wunder.—B.

AG. He denies that he will leave this dead body destitute of burial, but will inter it in spite of me.

UL. Is it then allowed a friend, having spoken the truth, to be no less thy friend than before?[1]

AG. Say on; else were I not in my right mind; since I account thee the greatest friend of the Greeks.

UL. Listen now. By the gods I implore, have not the heart thus pitilessly to cast out unburied this Ajax, and let not violence by any means prevail on thee so far to hate him as to trample on justice. For to me also he once was of all the army the bitterest foe, from the time I became master of Achilles' arms; and yet, though such he was to me, I would not so far dishonor him as not to say that he, and no other, was the bravest of all the Greeks I have looked on, as many of us as came to Troy, except Achilles; and therefore he may not, in justice at least, be disgraced by thee. For thou wouldst not injure him at all, but the laws of the gods: nor is it just to wrong the brave man, if he be dead, although thou chance to hate him.

AG. Dost thou, Ulysses, thus in behalf of this man contend with me?

UL. I do. I hated him, while to hate was honorable.

AG. What, and oughtest thou not also to insult him dead?

UL. Joy not, son of Atreus, over vantages not honorable.

AG. Look thou, for a despot to be religious is no easy matter.[2]

UL. But it is to pay respect to friends, who advise well.

AG. The virtuous man should obey those in office.

UL. Have done.[3] Thou conquerest, believe me, in yielding to thy friends.

[1] Literally, "to pull together with thee."

[2] "The poet seems to have inserted this sentiment with a view rather to the gratification of his audience than to the consistency of the character." —Hermann, who takes *εὐσεβεῖν* apparently as transitive, against the opinion of Valckenaer and others. There seems no reason to suppose that Sophocles alluded to Cleon here. With better reason, apparently, Hermann thinks that demagogue glanced at in lines 1338 and 1340, for his conduct toward the Lesbians, etc.

[3] The word *παῦσαι* here offends some of the commentators as indicative

Ag. Remember to what kind of man thou grantest this favor.

Ul. This man was mine enemy, yet sometime noble.

Ag. What canst thou possibly mean to do? Dost thou thus respect the corpse of a foe?

Ul. Yes; for his valor far transcends my hatred.

Ag. Yet men like these are in the world's eye dotards.

Ul. Nay, surely there are many now friends, but afterward enemies.

Ag. Dost thou then approve of making such as these thy friends?

Ul. I am not wont to approve of an obdurate spirit.

Ag. This day wilt thou demonstrate us to be cowards.

Ul. Nay, rather to all the Greeks as men of justice.

Ag. Dost thou then desire me to suffer them bury the corpse?

Ul. I do; for I myself also shall come to this.

Ag. How every man labors all things suitably to himself![1]

Ul. Yes; for whom is it more reasonable I should labor than for myself?

Ag. Shall not this then be called thy act, not mine?

Ul. As thou shalt do it, shalt thou every where be esteemed meritorious.

Ag. Nay then, be well assured of this at least, that I would bestow on thee a greater boon than this; but that man, whether here or there, will still be by me most hated; but it is allowed thee to act as is requisite.

Ch. Whoever, Ulysses, denies that thou art naturally wise of counsel, being such as thou art, is a fool.

Ul. However to Teucer I declare that from this time forth

of too little respect on the part of Ulysses to his commander. Hence Markland would read Πάσαις, *Omnibus suffragiis*, and Musgrave Πλεύσει κράτιστον, *optime navigabis*; but these emendations are by no means requisite. V. Œd. Tyr. 630; Eur. And. 692. This sentiment is explained by Thucydides, L. 4, c. 20. "For to those who are easily induced to make concessions, men are naturally inclined to yield in their turn, and that with pleasure."

[1] Lobeck considers this as ironical in Agamemnon, who would insinuate that the present magnanimity of Ulysses was inconsistent with his character.

I am as much his friend as ere now I was his foe;[1] and I wish to help bury this dead body here, to share the labor, and omit nothing of all that is man's duty to care for in honor of the noblest of mankind.

TEU. Most excellent Ulysses! 'tis mine to give thee all manner of commendation in words, and thou hast much belied my expectation; for being of Greeks the man most hostile to this my brother, thou alone hast stood by him with thy exertions, nor hast had the heart here alive greatly to insult him dead, as that our mad-stricken general, coming himself and his brother also, were desirous to have cast him out insulted without sepulture. Wherefore may the sire that rules this Olympus, and mindful Erinnys, and Justice accomplishing her end, bring the wretches to a wretched doom, even as they were desirous unworthily and in contemptuous sort to cast out Ajax. But, O seed of Laertes, thine aged sire, I dread to allow of thy having a hand in this funeral, lest this I do displeasing to the dead,[2] but in all else act with me; and if thou wilt that any one of the army attend him forth, I shall not feel hurt at it. But for all the rest myself will take order; and be thou assured that in my esteem thou art a worthy man.

UL. Nay, I could indeed have wished it; but if it be not pleasing to thee that I should do this, I will be gone, acquiescing in thy views.

TEU. Enough; for already has much time elapsed; but do some of you speed with your hands the hollow grave, and others set on the fire the high-standing tripod, of use for the holy ablutions; and let one troop of men bring forth from the

[1] Thus Aufidius over the dead body of Coriolanus, whom he had slain:

> My rage is gone,
> And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
> Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers: I'll be one.
>
> Coriol. Act 5, sc. 5.

[2] The ancients were very scrupulous in their respect to the manes of the dead. Hence Philostratus, speaking of these very events, has the following passage: "He (Ulysses) having brought the armor of Achilles to Ajax when laid out for interment, and having burst into tears, 'There, be thou buried,' said he, 'in the arms thou didst love so well; and be thine the victory in them, nor let thy spirit feel aught of resentment.' Whereupon, the Greeks applauding Ulysses, Teucer joined in their praises of him, but declined the gift of the armor on the plea that what caused his death was unfit to grace his burial. Heroicc. C. II. 3.

tent his mailed garniture. But do thou, child, with affection grasping thy father as well as thou hast strength to, ease this his side with me; for yet do the warm gashes exhale a black gore. But come every one that says he is here a friend, let him hurry, let him go, toiling for this hero, in all things good, and for none among mankind more excellent than Ajax.[1]

Ch. How many things is it man's by seeing to know! but ere he have seen, there is no prophet of the future as to what it will bring to pass.

[1] The words Αἴαντος, ὅτ' ἦν, τότε φωνῶ, are thrown out by Dindorf and Wunder.—B.

PHILOCTETES.

THE sufferings of Philoctetes on the island of Lemnos, whither he had been brought by Ulysses, in obedience to the oracular advice of Helenus, and his being led away from thence by Ulysses in company with Neoptolemus.[1]—B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ULYSSES.	PHILOCTETES.
NEOPTOLEMUS.	SPY AS A MERCHANT.
CHORUS.	HERCULES.

ULYSSES. This is the shore of the wave-encircled land of Lemnos, untrodden by man, and uninhabited, where, O thou reared from a sire the mightiest of Greeks, Neoptolemus, thou son of Achilles, I once set on shore, having been appointed to do this by the princes, the son of Poias the Melian,[2] running at the foot with a corroding disease, when it was not possible for us to set our hand either to libation[3] or sacrifice unmolested, but continually did he fill the whole camp with wild and ill-omened cries, shrieking and groaning. Yet what need is there to speak of this? For 'tis no season for length of words to us, lest he learn that I am come, and I waste our whole artifice, by which I expect I presently shall ensnare

[1] I must observe that this play, from the evidently disturbed arrangement of the dialogue, and the many verbal corruptions with which it is replete, is one of the most difficult to deal with. This will perhaps serve as an apology for the greater attention to critical details, than in the previous plays.—B.

[2] Philoctetes is said by some to have accompanied the Argonautic expedition, and was certainly the armor-bearer and particular friend of Hercules; which must either bring the dates of the Argonautic voyage and Trojan war nearer each other than they are generally placed, or present him a very aged candidate for the hand of Helen.

[3] Distinctly mentioned, because libations were made on all the petty affairs of life, at the reception of a stranger, or on going to bed; sacrifices, on account of their expense, only on great occasions.

him. But now it is thy business to serve me in the rest, and to spy out where hereabouts is the cavern of double mouth, of such a nature as that there in cold weather is at hand a double place to sit in the sun, and in the summer the breeze wafts slumber through the vault hollowed throughout.[1] But a little way below, on the left, thou mightest haply see a pure fountain, if it yet be preserved. Which approaching silently, signify to me whether yet he keeps to this very same spot, or whether he happens to be elsewhere, that thou mayest hear, and I instruct thee in, the residue of my counsels, and the business in common may proceed by means of both.

NEOPTOLEMUS. O king Ulysses, thou speakest of no distant labor, since I fancy I perceive a cavern, such as thou hast mentioned.

UL. Above or below? for I do not discern it.

NE. Here above us, and there is at least no noise[2] of a footstep.

UL. See whether he chance to be laid down to sleep.

NE. I see a dwelling-place empty and void of men.

UL. Is there not some home-made[3] sustenance within?

NE. At any rate there are trodden leaves, as if for some one who sleeps there.

UL. But is all else deserted, and nothing beneath the roof?

NE. There is a drinking-vessel all of wood, the workmanship of some sorry craftsman,[4] and together with it these materials for lighting a fire.[5]

[1] The difficulty here lies in the looseness of the expression, which would more simply have been, *ἵνα διπλῆ πάρεστιν ἐνθάκησις, [εἰς] μὲν ἡλίου ἐν ψύχει, [εἰς δὲ ἡ] πνοὴ πέμπει, κ. τ. λ., i. e.*, "ubi duplex sit sessio, una quidem, hyemis tempore, solem versus, una vero, ubi æstate soporem inducat aura;" *ἡλίου* is the genitive of place or reference.—B.

[2] *i. e.*, Neoptolemus hears no one stirring within.—B.

[3] *Οἰκόποιος* must here be taken passively, *cibus domi paratus*, as *δολόποιος ἀνάγκη* in the Trachiniæ, *dolor fraude comparatus*.—TR. Wunder takes it passively, but prefers the conjecture of Welcker (and Burges), *τρυφή*.—B.

[4] It appears, then, that Ulysses had at least one point of superiority over the unfortunate man over whom he had exercised such rigor, that of being a better carpenter. See Odyss. XXIII.

[5] "The materials in question were two flints (see v. 296), and some tinder, made of burned rags, as appears from the words following: *καὶ ταῦτά γ' ἄλλα—ῥάκη*."—Burges.—B.

Ul. This store that thou tellest me of is his.

Ne. Alas, alas! Here are besides these rags drying, full of some offensive matter from a sore.

Ul. The man evidently is an inhabitant of these parts, and is somewhere not far off. For how should a lame man, diseased with a fatal malady, of old standing, go out to any distance? No, but either for food hath he gone forth on his way,[1] or if he knows of some pain-assuaging plant any where. Send, therefore, the man who is here to spy out,[2] that he may not light on me unobserved, since he had rather lay hands on me than all the other Greeks.

Ne. Nay, he is both on his way thither, and the path shall be watched; but do thou, if thou desirest aught, instruct me by thy next words.

Ul. Son of Achilles, it becomes thee to act a brave part in the work for which thou hast come, not merely in thy person, but if thou shouldst hear aught new, whereof thou hast not heard before, to lend aid therein, since thou art here an assistant.

Ne. What then dost thou bid me do?

Ul. It needs thou [consider] how speaking thou shalt by thy words cajole the mind of Philoctetes. When he asks thee who and whence thou art, say, "the son of Achilles" (this must not be concealed), "and that thou art sailing homeward, having abandoned the naval armament of the Greeks, hating them with great hatred, for that having with supplications fetched thee to come from thy home, possessing these only means of taking Troy, they thought thee not worthy of Achilles' arms, to give them thee when arrived and of right demanding them; but on the contrary transferred them to Ulysses"[3]—venting whatever abuse, the lowest of the low,[4]

[1] Suidas, quoted by Wunder, *νόστος . . . . καταχρηστικῶς ἡ ἄφιξις ἀπὸ τόπου εἰς τόπον.* See Hermann.—B.

[2] A mute personage, who had accompanied them.—B.

[3] The contest concerning the arms of Achilles was solely between Ajax and Ulysses; we have no account that Neoptolemus laid claim to them. As Philoctetes, however, had been absent during the whole affair, Ulysses was at liberty to substitute Neoptolemus in the room of Ajax, especially as his being the son of Achilles naturally justified his pretensions to the arms of his father. The fiction was therefore probable.—Franklin.

[4] Gloster, in his instructions to Buckingham to pave the way for his assumption of the crown, goes even farther than this, and commissions

thou wilt against me. For in nothing of all this wilt thou pain me; but if thou wilt not do this, thou wilt strike sorrow into all the Greeks. For if the bow and arrows of this man be not procured, it is not for thee to sack the Dardan[1] plain. But that I have not, and thou hast sure and safe communion with this man, learn of me. Thou hast sailed, bound by oath to none, nor on compulsion,[2] nor on the first expedition; but none of these can be denied by me. So that if, while master of his weapons, he shall discover me, I am undone, and shall involve thee in my ruin by being with thee. But this very point must be cunningly devised, that thou mayest be by stealth the possessor of the resistless arms. I am aware, O youth, that thou art not naturally inclined to utter such words, nor to contrive evil. But, for in sooth it is delightful to gain the possession of victory, dare it,[3] but afterward again will we show ourselves upright. Now, however, for the brief portion of a day resign thyself to me unto shamelessness, and then for after time be called the most religious of all men.

Ne. Son of Laertes, the words which I grieve to hear, them also I abhor to practice. For my nature is to do nothing with evil treachery, neither mine own, nor, as they say, my father's that begot me. But I am ready to carry off the man by violence, and not by craft; for he will not with but one foot overpower so many as we are by force. Yet still, having been sent as thy coadjutor, I dread being called thy betrayer; but, O prince, I had rather fail acting nobly, than basely prevail.

Ul. Son of a noble father, I too formerly in youth possessed

him to charge his (Gloster's) own mother with adultery.—Rich. III. Act 3, sc. 5.

[1] Dardanus was son to Jupiter by Electra, and the founder of the Trojan race.

[2] Such was Echepolus, Hom. Il. XXIII. 293:

> Then Menelaus his Podargus brings,
> And the famed courser of the king of kings,
> Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave),
> To 'scape the war, to Agamemnon gave.—Pope.

[3] It is not to be wondered at that Ulysses should recommend this conduct to Neoptolemus, since at v. 1049 we find him glorying in it as his own system of action.

a slow tongue and active hand;[1] but now having gone forth to the test, I see among mankind the tongue and not the deeds, bearing rule in every thing.

Ne. What else then hast thou bid me but to utter falsehood?

Ul. I bid thee seize Philoctetes by stratagem.

Ne. But what needs there take him by stratagem rather than persuasion?

Ul. Think not he will be persuaded: but by force thou couldst not take him.

Ne. Hath he then confidence in his strength so formidable?

Ul. He hath unerring arrows that send death.

Ne. What then, dare not one even approach him?

Ul. No, at least if he entrap him not by craft, as I advise.

Ne. And dost thou not then hold it base to utter falsehood?

Ul. No, at least if the lie brings safety.

Ne. With what face then shall one dare to say all this?

Ul. When thou doest aught for advantage, it suits not to recoil.

Ne. But what advantage to me is his going to Troy?

Ul. These weapons alone will take Troy.

Ne. What, am not I then the destined destroyer, as ye declared?

Ul. Neither couldst thou be without them, nor they without thee.

Ne. Then must they be our prize, if indeed it be so.

Ul. Truly, if thou do this, thou wilt get thyself two rewards.

Ne. Of what sort? for, having learned, I would not refuse the doing it.

Ul. Thou wouldst be called at once wise and good.

Ne. Be it so, I will do it, having laid aside all shame.

Ul. Dost thou then remember all that I have advised thee?

[1] Such is Shakespeare's description of Troilus:

> The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
> Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word:
> Speaking in deeds, but deedless in his tongue.
>
> Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, sc. 5.

Ne. Be assured I do, now that I have once consented.[1]

Ul. Do thou then abiding here receive him; but I will be gone, lest being present I be discovered, and I will send the spy[2] back again to the ship. And hither again, if ye seem to me to loiter at all in time, I will send out this same man, having rigged him out in appearance after the manner of a ship's master, that he may not be recognized, from whom, my son, speaking cunningly,[3] gather thou of his words from time to time whate'er may profit us. But I will go to the vessel, committing all this to thee; and may attendant Mercury, patron of deceit,[4] be our guide, and Victory Minerva,[5] patroness of cities, who ever protects me.

Chorus. What, what, my prince, must I, in a strange land a stranger, hide, or what say to the suspicious man? tell me. For contrivance surpasses other contrivance,[6] as does judgment, in him by whomsoever the divine sceptre of Jove is swayed. And to thee, my son, this full power from olden time hath come: wherefore declare to me[7] in what it is needful for me to do thee service.

Ne. Now, for haply thou desirest to look on the spot in a region so remote, wherein he lies, look boldly; but when the dread wayfarer shall come, emerging from these his haunts,[8]

[1] Hermann praises here the art of the poet in making Neoptolemus shrink in indignation with himself from again hearing advice of the baseness of which he is conscious.

[2] Not the person mentioned v. 45, but a servant whom Ulysses had with him.—Herm.—Tr. Why not the same? See Wunder.—B.

[3] Ποικίλως, *variè, versutè.* Thus Livy has "varièagere;" and in Sallust the mind of Catiline is called "varius."—Cat. c. 5.

[4] Mercury had many appellations of this kind, which are humorously mentioned toward the close of the Plutus of Aristophanes.

[5] Minerva is said to have been worshiped in her temple on the Acropolis under this name. Her second title was derived from her being the foundress of Athens, and appears therefore in the mouth of the speaker somewhat misplaced. Her protection of Ulysses is well known: v. Ajax, L. I. Il. X. 279.

[6] σοφίᾳ δ' ἂν σοφίαν
παραμείψειεν ἀνήρ.—Œd. Tyr. v. 503.

[7] Τό μοι ἔννεπε, pro διὰ τοῦτο ellipticè. Vid. Hom. Il. III. v. 176; VII. v. 239; XVII. v. 404.—Barby.

[8] To the translation as now given, Hermann considers it no objection that the Chorus subsequently asks whether Philoctetes be in or out of doors, inasmuch as it was natural for them, in such a place, to suspect him of lurking somewhere near.

do thou, ever at my beck,[1] endeavor to be of present service.

Ch. Thou speakest, O prince, of a care by me long since cared for, to watch thine eye especially for thy occasion. But now tell me in what kind of dwelling he is the settled inhabitant, and what place he tenants; for this it were not inopportune for me to learn, lest he having approached from any quarter escape my notice. What spot, or what abode is his? What path takes he? within his dwelling, or without?[2]

Ne. This habitation with double entrance of the rocky lair that thou seest, is his.

Ch. And where is the wretched man himself away from it?

Ne. It is clear to me at least that in want of food he is furrowing his tread[3] hither, somewhere near; for report says that he exercises this mode of sustenance, sad sadly[4] shooting beasts with winged arrows, nor does he procure him any healer of his woes.

Ch. I truly pity him, that, no mortal caring for him, nor having any companion eye, he wretched, ever solitary, sickens with a fierce disease, and helplessly languishes[5] in every want that arises to him. How, how does the hapless man ever support it? O toiling hands of mortals! O luckless race of men, to whom destiny is untoward! He perchance being inferior to none, though of the noblest houses, destitute of all in life, lies alone apart from others, with the dappled or the shaggy beasts, pitiable both in pain and hunger, possessed of an incurable toil: while Echo with her babbling tongue heard afar is borne along by his bitter shrieks.[6]

[1] Hermann thinks *πρὸς χεῖρα* to be the same with the Latin phrase *ad manum*, i. e., *ut statim uti te possim;* and renders *φαιδρωπὸν ποτὶ χεῖρα* from the Agamemnon, *qui præsto est hilari vultu ad omnia officia*, a version few admirers of Æschylus will be inclined to adopt.

[2] These reiterated questions well denote the dread of the Chorus, after they have been already informed by their lord himself (v. 21) that Philoctetes is not within.

[3] *ὀγμεύειν στίβον* est viam deinceps prosequi, similitudine a metentibus repetita.—Herm.—Tr. Cf. Xenoph. Cyr. II. 4, 40.—B.

[4] *στυγερὸν στυγερῶς.*—Herm.—Tr. Wunder adopts Brunck's *σμυγερὸν σμυγερῶς*, a word nowhere used in Tragedy.—B.

[5] *Ἀλύει, ἀδημονεῖ*, Schol., which latter word is used in the New Testament to express the vehemence of our Savior's agony.

[6] The mockery of Echo is finely imagined here, and may almost bear a

Ne. None of these things is to me surprising, for they are heaven-sent, if at least I have aught of judgment. And those sufferings have descended on him from cruel-minded Chryse;[1] and all that he now labors under deprived of tending friends can not but be by the province of the gods, that he should not aim the deities' invincible weapons[2] against Troy ere the time should elapse at which 'tis said by these she must be overcome.

Ch. Be silent, my son.

Ne. What's this?

Ch. A noise arose natural to man, as of some one in pain, somewhere hereabouts, or there. The voice strikes, aye, strikes upon me distinctly, of some one crawling on his path with much ado, nor does the deep utterance of a worn-out spirit from afar escape me, for over-loudly it resounds.

Ch. Take, my son—

Ne. Tell me what.

Ch. —thought anew. The man is not out of his abode, but in the place, not trolling the music of the reed-pipe, as a rural shepherd, but either somewhere stumbling, for violent pain[3] he shrieks his far-echoing cry, or destroying our vessel's inhospitable station; for dreadful is his outcry.

comparison with the sublime passage from an Eastern tale which Lord Byron has quoted in his notes to the Bride of Abydos, n. 42. The order of the words according to Hermann, is, *ἁ δ' ἀθυρόστομος ἀχὼ ὑπὸ πικρᾶς οἰμωγᾶς ὀχεῖται τηλεφανὴς*, i. e., *τηλόσε, ἐκεῖ φαινομένη*.—Tr. I have followed Dindorf, who changes *ἔχων βαρεῖ—αὖ ἁ θ.* to *ἔχων βάρη. ἀὖ ἀθ* and *ὑπόκειται* to *ὑπ' ὀχεῖται*. Wunder is uncertain.—B.

[1] There are two accounts of the manner in which Philoctetes became thus diseased. The one which Sophocles appears to have followed states that he landed on an island near Lemnos, called Chryse, whereon he had been directed to sacrifice to Minerva in behalf of the Greeks, and was bitten by a serpent that guarded the spot. The other attributes his misfortune to the vengeance of heaven, for his having disclosed, by stamping with his foot, the place where Hercules' remains had been interred, which was soon followed by the fall of one of his patron's arrows on the guilty member.

They who have made mention of Minerva Chrysa in this matter have not explained why a goddess who was desirous of the taking of Troy should throw an obstacle in the way of that catastrophe by the mischance of Philoctetes.—Herm.

[2] Hercules received his bow and arrows from Apollo.

[3] *βοᾷ ὑπ' ἀνάγκας*, "præ dolore." Cf. v. 206. *κατ' ἀνάγκαν ἑρπυστος*.—B.

PHILOCTETES. O strangers, who can ye be that with mariner's oar have put into this land, neither good of harborage nor inhabited?[1] For what possible country or race should I be right in saying you were? For the array of your dress is that of Greece, my best-beloved: but I would hear your voice; and do not recoiling with horror be astounded at me thus brutalized, but in pity to an unhappy man, lonely, thus forlorn, friendless, and in pain, speak to me, if indeed ye come as friends. But answer in your turn,[2] for it is not just that in this at least either you should be disappointed in me, or I in you.

NE. But, stranger, know this first, that we are Greeks, for this thou wouldst learn.

PH. O accents most dear! Ah! to think that I should hear the voice of such a man after so long a time! What need, my son, put thee in, what brought thee hither? What impulse? Which of the winds, most friendly? Tell me all this, that I may know who thou art.

NE. I am by birth from the wave-girt Scyros,[3] and I am sailing homeward; and am called the son of Achilles, Neoptolemus. Now thou knowest the whole.

PH. O son of a sire most dear, of a land beloved, thou nursling of the aged Lycomedes, with what armament hast thou touched at this land? whence voyaging?

NE. From Ilion then now at least, mark me, I steer my course.

PH. How sayest thou? For surely thou wert not our fellow-sailor in the beginning of our voyage to Troy.

[1] It must not be supposed, from these and similar expressions throughout the play, that Lemnos was entirely uninhabited, since the descendants of the Argonauts dwelt there—and Homer (Od. VIII. 283) calls the island *ἐὐκτίμενον πτολιέθρον*—but only those parts of it which Philoctetes inhabited, whose range must necessarily, from his lameness, have been very confined.

[2] The silence of Neoptolemus in this place is caused by his pity, and the necessity of recovering himself, in order to play his part in the stratagem of Ulysses.—Hermann.

[3] Scyros is an island of the Ægean, about thirty miles north of Eubœa, and belonged originally to the Pelasgians and Carians; it was thither that Thetis sent Achilles, to prevent his joining the armament to Troy, and there that hero became father of Neoptolemus by Deidamia, daughter of Lycomedes, the king of the island. Neoptolemus consequently was *educated* to consider Scyros as his home, although Phthiotis was his *father's inheritance*.

Ne. How, didst thou also take part in that labor?

Ph. My son, knowest thou not me, on whom thou lookest?

Ne. Why how should I know thee, whom I have never seen before?

Ph. What? hast thou never heard my name even, nor any rumor of my miseries, whereby I was ruined?

Ne. Be assured I know nothing of the things of which thou questionest me.

Ph. O greatly wretched that I am, and hateful to the gods, of whom thus situated not even a report has reached my home, nor any where else in the land of Greece; but they that cast me implously away, laugh in silence, while my disease is ever virulent, and increases more and more. O child, thou son of Achilles thy father, I am he whom thou perhaps hearest of as lord of the arms of Hercules, Philoctetes the son of Poias; whom the two generals and the Cephalenians' king have thus basely cast out destitute,[1] wasting away by a cruel disease, having been stricken by the savage impressure of the deadly serpent, wherewith they, my son, having put me on shore here abandoned, went off, at the time when from Ocean Chryse they touched here with their naval expedition. Then eagerly, when they saw me after much tossing on the main sleeping upon the shore within an o'erarched rock, they left me and departed, having deposited a few rags as for a wretch like me, and also some scanty pittance of food,[2] such as O that they might have! Thinkest thou then, my son, with what an awakement I rose from sleep at that time, when they were gone, what tears I wept, what dreadful shrieks I uttered, beholding all the ships gone, com-

[1] Ulysses followed through the wat'ry road,
A chief in wisdom equal to a god,
With those whom Cephalenia's isle inclosed,
Or till their fields along the coast opposed.
Pope's Il. B. II. 766.

[2] This was also the case when any one among the ancients was condemned to be buried alive, lest pollution should come upon the land, as we find in Antigone. The Romans preserved the custom in their treatment of the vestals convicted of unchastity. Hermann translates it, "such as they might happen to have."—Tr. On these rags of Philoctetes, which became almost proverbial, Matthiæ appositely refers to Aristoph. Acharn. 423, *ποίας ποθ' ἀνὴρ λακίδας αἰτεῖται πέπλων; ἀλλ' ἢ Φιλοκτήτου τὰ τοῦ πτωχοῦ λέγεις.*—B.

manding which I was sailing, and not a human being on the spot, nor one to assist me, nor to unite in easing my disease while I suffered with it.[1] But, regarding all things, I found nought present but affliction, but of this, my son, large store. So in time my days passed on, and I was compelled alone to minister every thing for myself under this humble roof. What was needful for my stomach this bow procured, striking down the fluttering doves; and then to whatsoever my nerve-strung arrow would pierce, I hapless would roll myself,[2] dragging after me my foot toward it. And if I wanted to procure me aught to drink, and when the frost was scattered, as in winter, any where to break up some wood, this would I wretched creeping forth contrive. Then would there be at hand no fire, but rubbing stone on stone hardly did I elicit the hidden light, which ever preserves me. For this covered cave inhabited with fire supplies me all but freedom from disease. Come, my son, now shalt thou learn the state of the island. To this no mariner willingly draws near, for there is no harbor, nor whither voyaging he may traffic for gain, or be hospitably received. Nor hither are the voyages of the prudent among men. Now haply some one hath against his will touched here, for many such cases might occur in the protracted time of man. These when they come, my son, compassionate me indeed, in words, and sometimes in pity they have bestowed on me in addition some portion of food, or some raiment: but that one thing, when I shall mention it, wills none, to take me safe home, but wretched I am perishing now this the tenth year, in hunger and in misery feeding my ravenous malady. Thus have the Atridæ and Ulysses' might, my son, treated me, to whom may the gods of heaven one day give themselves to suffer a requital of my wrongs.[3]

[1] For the construction cf. Eurip. Med. 947, *ξυλλήψομαι δὲ τοῦδέ σοι κἀγὼ πόνου*. Aristoph. Vesp. 733, *σοὶ . . . . ξυλλαμβάνει τοῦ πράγματος*.—B.

[2] "Εἱλνόμην, ab *εἱλύω* vel *εἱλύμι, volvo, verto:* hinc *εἱλύομαι, verto me, i. e., proficiscor.* Imprimis vero de difficulter et ægre incedentibus dicitur, quare Hesychius interpretatur per *τετραποδίζειν*, cf. v. 702, quem locum Hesychius forsitan respexit."—Barby.

[3] Sophocles does not mention whether or no Philoctetes became reconciled to the Atridæ and Ulysses; but this his curse was amply fulfilled on Agamemnon, who was murdered by his wife; on Menelaus, who was carried by a storm to Egypt, and was eight years in returning to Sparta; and on Ulysses, whose wanderings and distresses are well known.

CH. Methinks I too, son of Poias, compassionate thee equally with the strangers that have arrived hither.

NE. Nay, I too myself, a witness to thee in these thy words, know they are true, having met with the Atridæ and the mighty Ulysses to be bad men.

PH. What, hast thou also any charge against the all-accursed Atridæ, so as being wronged to feel rage at them?

NE. Be it mine with my hand to glut that rage one day, that both Mycenæ and Sparta may know that Scyros too is the mother of puissant men.

PH. Well done, my son; and for what cause hast thou come laying to their charge this thy fierce anger?

NE. Son of Poias, I will declare, yet hardly can I speak, the wrongs wherewith I was insulted by them on my arrival. For when Fate prevailed that Achilles should die—

PH. Ah me! tell me no farther ere I shall have learned this first, if the son of Peleus be dead.

NE. He is, conquered by no man, but stricken down by the arrows of a god, as they report, Apollo.[1]

PH. Nay then, noble was both the slayer and the slain.[2] But I am at a loss, my son, whether I shall first inquire into thy sufferings, or mourn him.

NE. I indeed think thine own grievances suffice thee at least, unhappy man, so that thou shouldst not bewail thy neighbors'.

PH. Thou hast said rightly. Wherefore tell me again and afresh thy matter wherein they have insulted thee.

NE. There came after me in a richly-decked[3] vessel both the noble Ulysses and my father's guardian,[4] asserting, whether

[1] This is from Homer, who makes the dying Hector utter the following prophecy:

> Yet think a day will come, when Fate's decree
> And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee:
> Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
> And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.

[2] See note on Ajax, v. 970.

[3] As *στόλος* is often used for the head of a ship [Æsch. Pers. 406, *χαλκήρης στόλος*, cf. *ἀκροστόλιον*, Pindar Pyth. II. 114], I should take *ποικιλόστολος ναῦς* in the sense above assigned, with Eustathius and Wunder. One translator thinks it equivalent to *πολυκληΐς*, which seems forced.—B.

[4] Phœnix, son of Amyntor, king of Argos, having by his mother's per-

true indeed, or false, that it could not come to pass, since my father had fallen, that any other but I should take Troy. This, O stranger, they stating thus, I delayed me no long time, so as not to sail speedily, most particularly indeed out of affection for the deceased,[1] that I might see him unburied, for I had never beheld him. Next, however, Fair Renown presented herself, if by my going I might take the castle of Troy. And now it was the second day of my voyage, and I with favoring oar was gaining the hateful Sigæum, when instantly on my landing, the whole army in a circle began to embrace me, swearing that they beheld alive again Achilles, then no more.[2] There then was he lying. But I, the miserable, not long after that I had wept over him, having come to my friends the Atridæ, as was reasonable, demanded of them the arms of my father, and all else that was his. But they spake, ah me! most shameless words: "Son of Achilles, all else that was thy father's it is allowed thee to take; but of those arms another warrior now is master, the son of Laertes." And I in tears forthwith rise up to go in deep resentment, and indignant answer, "Wretch! and have ye dared to give my armor to any in my stead, ere you learned my pleasure?" But Ulysses said, for he happened to be close by: "Yes, boy, in justice have they given me these, for I was present to save them and their master.[3]" And I enraged instantly began to

suasion entered into an intrigue with a favorite mistress of his father, was detected, and, as some say, blinded by that monarch. He then quitted his country for the court of Peleus, who persuaded Chiron to restore him to sight, and conferred on him the sovereignty of the Dolopians. In gratitude for these favors he undertook the tuition of Achilles, and accompanied that hero to the Trojan war, at the close of which he returned with Pyrrhus, and died in Thrace.—V. I. IX. 448.

[1] Hermann here recommends us to avoid a strict inquiry into dates, since, if Achilles left the court of Lycomedes for Troy, Neoptolemus could be only ten years old.

[2] Livy has a similar passage, B. XXI. c. 4: "Missus Annibal in Hispaniam primo statim adventu omnem exercitum in se convertit. Amilcarem viventem redditum sibi veteres milites credere, eundem vigorem in vultu, vimque in oculis, habitum oris, lineamentaque tueri."—Tr. Compare Herodian, I. 10.—B.

[3] In unison with this, Ovid makes Ulysses thus express himself:

> Me miserum! quanto cogor meminisse dolore
> Temporis illius, quo Graium murus Achilles
> Procubuit! nec me lachrymæ luctusve timorve

assail them with every word of reproach, framing no ban imperfect, if he were to bereave me of my arms. But he thus situated, even though he is not choleric, wounded at what he heard from me, thus replied: "Thou wert not where we were, but absent where thou oughtest not to have been. And these also, since thou speakest also thus bold in tongue, think not thou shalt ever sail hence to Scyros possessing." Having heard and been reviled with such taunts as these, I am sailing homeward, spoiled of mine own, by that vilest of a vile race, Ulysses. And I blame not him so much as those in power. For a city is all its leaders', and so is a whole combined host; but they among mankind that are dishonorable, become iniquitous by the precepts of their teachers. My tale has all been told; and may he that abhors the Atridæ be as much beloved by the gods as he is by me.

CH. O mountain Earth, nurse of all, mother of Jove himself, who hauntest the ample Pactolus rich in gold, even there, O venerable parent, I prayed to thee, when on Neoptolemus the consummate insolence of Atreus' sons was venting itself, when they gave from him his father's arms, thou blessed goddess,[1] on bull-rending lions seated, as a mark of supreme respect to the son of Laertes.

PH. Ye have sailed hither, strangers, possessed, it seems, of a token[2] plain enough to me, and ye agree with me [in your complaints] so as for me to recognize these for the doings of the Atridæ and Ulysses. For I am quite sure that

> Tardârunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem;
> His humeris, his, inquam, humeris ego corpus Achillis
> Et simul arma tuli.
>
> Metam. L. XIII. v. 280.

[1] The Chorus appealed to Rhea on that occasion as chief deity of the country in which they then were, for that goddess was generally by the ancients considered the same with Cybele, and worshiped chiefly in Lydia (of which Pactolus is the principal stream) and Phrygia. She is usually represented as riding on a car drawn by the lions into which she had changed Hippomenes and Atalanta; but Barby suggests that the present substitution of bulls may designate the change from savage to civilized life.

[2] On the *σύμβολον*, or signet of introduction given by persons to their friends on setting out on a journey, see Musgrave, who refers to Aristid. t. i. p. 416, *ἱκανόν ἐστι πρὸς αὐτὸν, ὥσπερ ἄλλο τι σύμβολον, αὐτὸ τὸ σχῆμα τῆς ἀτυχίας.* Mutual misfortune was the *σύμβολον* between Philoctetes and Neoptolemus.—B.

he would attempt with his tongue every evil word and villainy, by which he purposes in the end to work nothing honest. But this to me at least is not at all a wonder, but it were so if Ajax the greater were there to witness all this, and endured it.

Ne. He was no longer alive, my friend; for never while he lived at least had I thus been plundered.

Ph. How sayest thou? And is he too dead and gone?

Ne. Be aware that he is no longer in life.

Ph. Ah me unhappy! But not the son of Tydeus,[1] nor the bargain of Sisyphus[2] to Laertes, they surely can not be dead? For they should not live.

Ne. No indeed. Be sure of that at least. No, they are flourishing finely at present in the Greek host.

Ph. But what of him who is aged and yet stout, the friend of Philoctetes, Nestor the Pylian, is he yet alive? For he surely had checked their crimes, taking wise counsel.

Ne. He indeed is now faring badly, since Antilochus, the only child he had,[3] is dead and lost to him.

Ph. Ah me! tidings equally dire hast thou brought me of those two whose death I had least been willing to hear. Alas! alas! to what then must one look, when they are dead, and Ulysses yet remains even there, where in their room he ought to be spoken of as dead?

Ne. An artful combatant is he; but even artful designs, O Philoctetes, are often thwarted.

Ph. Come, by the gods I ask, tell me where in that season was thy friend Patroclus, who was thy father's best-beloved?

Ne. He too had fallen. But in a few words I will instruct thee in this. War purposely carries off no wicked man, but ever the virtuous.

[1] We do not find hitherto any mention of Diomed as having incurred the wrath of Philoctetes, but his known intimacy with Ulysses, and infamous conduct to Dolon, afford strong suspicions of his having joined in the wrong done to the son of Poias.

[2] Anticlea, wife of Sisyphus, was pregnant when she married Laertes. See Ovid. Met. xiii. 31, sqq. and Hermann.—B.

[3] Nestor had seven sons, two of whom accompanied him to the Trojan war. The epithet μόνος, here applied to Antilochus, is usually supposed to mean the survivor of these two. Antilochus was slain by Memnon the Æthiopian.

PH. I bear thee witness; and by this very same rule I will now question thee of a worthless being, yet shrewd of tongue and cunning, what is his condition now.

NE. Of what man dost thou ask this, save Ulysses?

PH. I spake not of him; but there was one Thersites,[1] who never would choose but once to speak what none could bear to hear; knowest thou if he chance to live?

NE. I saw him not, but heard he was yet in being.[2]

PH. He was likely; since never yet did aught of evil perish, but of such things[3] the gods take especial care; and somehow the treacherous and the wily they delight in respiting from Hades,[4] but the just and the upright they are ever dismissing. Where must we place this to account, wherein approve, when, lauding the acts of the gods, I find the gods unjust?

NE. I, O son of an Œtæan[5] father, now henceforth from

[1] Thersites only clamor'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold,
With witty malice studious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
Pope's Il. II. 255.—TR.

There is some awkwardness in the expression ὃς οὐκ ἂν εἶλεˊ εἰσάπαξ εἰπεῖν ὅπου Μηδεὶς ἐῴη, which the scholiast interprets ἃ οὐκ ἤθελέν τις ἅπαξ ἀκοῦσαι, ταῦτα πολλάκις ἔλεγεν. We must render εἰσάπαξ εἰπεῖν, "to say, and have done with it," like the Latin use of "semel"="once for all." So Æsch. Prom. 750, κρεῖσσον γὰρ εἰσάπαξ θανεῖν. See Herm. on Œd. Col. 1420. After ἐῴη understand εἰπεῖν.—B.

[2] All other authors say that he fell by the hand of Achilles. The scholiast attributes his death to his having struck out Penthesilea's eye after that princess had fallen by the hand of Achilles. "Prudenter Sophocles ea dicentem fecit Neoptolemum, quæ et a patre ejus ignobile facinus declinarent, et egregie declararent obscuritatem Thersitæ."—Herm.

[3] Observe the enallage, αὐτὰ after οὐδὲν κακόν. See Jelf. Gk. Gr. vol. ii. § 380, 1.—B.

[4] Not unreasonably then in Philoctetes' opinion might Nestor, as in Shakespeare he does, say of Hector,

"Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life."

Since to this very Thersites, after he has given an account of himself perfectly accordant with what is said of him here, the Trojan warrior replies, "I do believe thee; live." There is, however, an allusion to Sisyphus.

[5] Œta, whereon Hercules burned himself, is a mountainous range on the confines of Thessaly and Macedonia, extending from Pindus to Thermopylæ and the Malian territory, over which Poias reigned.

afar looking on both Ilium and the Atridæ will beware of them, and where the worse is of greater power than the good, and all that is good is on the wane, and the coward prevails, these men never will I hold dear. No, the rocky Scyros[1] hereafter shall content me to pleasure myself at home. And now will I go to my vessel, and do thou, son of Poias, farewell, most well, and may the gods emancipate thee from thy disease, as thyself wishest. But let us be gone, that whensoever the god shall grant us sailing, even then we may weigh anchor.

PH. Are ye now bound to sail, my son?

NE. Yes, for occasion invites us to watch a time not to sail out of sight of the ship rather than near it.

PH. Now by thy father and thy mother, my son, and by aught that is dear to thee, if aught there be, at home, I a suppliant implore thee, leave me not thus forlorn and lonely in these afflictions, such as thou seest, and as many as thou hast heard I live in; but take me into the bargain.[2] The annoyance, I well know, of this freightage will be great, yet still put up with it. To the generous, mark me, both baseness is hateful, and virtue glorious. But to thee, having left this undone, the reproach is not creditable, and having performed it, my son, the noblest meed of fair renown, should I live to reach the Œtæan land. Come. The trouble, look you, is not that of one whole day. Determine on it; take and cast me in whither thou wilt, into the hold, the prow, the stern, wherever I am least likely to offend thy mates. Assent, by Jove of suppliants himself, my son be persuaded. I fall at thy knees before thee, though I wretched am infirm and lame. Nay, leave me not thus deserted, far from any trace of man; but either take and carry me safe to thine home, or to the abodes of Chalcodon in Eubœa;[3] and thence my voyage will not be a long one to Œta, and the rocky ridge of Trachis, and the fair-flowing Spercheius, that thou mayest present me to my dear father, of whom it is long that I have feared lest he be gone from me; since often did

[1] Ἀρχὴ Σκυρία became a Greek proverb, furnishing much the same idea as a German duchy or principality does to us.

[2] See Brunck's note.—TR. *i. e.*, "do your best for me, without trouble to yourself." Cf. Liddell, s. v.—B.

[3] Τὰ στάθμα are properly the anchorage for ships. Chalcodon was an ancient king of Eubœa, father of Elephenor. V. Il. IV. v. 464.

I send for him by those who came hither, conveying to him suppliant entreaties that he would himself embarking rescue me and carry me hence to my home. But either he is dead, or, I suppose, my emissaries, as is likely, making my case of slight account, hurried their voyage homeward. Now, however, since I am come to thee as at once my convoy and my messenger, do thou save me, do thou pity me, beholding how every thing is doomed to man in trouble and in hazard, to receive blessings, or the contrary.[1] But it becomes one, while exempt from woes, to look to the dangers, and when any one shall live prosperously, at that time most narrowly to watch his life, lest he be unwarily brought to destruction.

Ch. Pity him, O king:[2] he hath recounted the struggles of many a trouble hard to bear, so many as may no friend of mine ever happen on. But if, O king, thou hatest the bitter Atridæ, I for my part, transposing their evil to advantage for this man, would convey him thither whither he has mentioned, to his home, on board my well-equipped, swift bark, avoiding the vengeful wrath from heaven.

Ne. Beware thou, lest now thou be here a sort of easy person, but when thou hast been sated with the company of his disease, then thou show thyself no longer the same as in these words.[3]

Ch. By no means. This reproach it can not be that thou wilt ever have in justice to rebuke me withal.

Ne. Nay, but it were base that I should show myself less ready than thou art in taking seasonable trouble for the stranger. But if it seems fit, let us sail, let him hasten with speed; for the ship shall carry him, and he shall not be refused. Only

[1] Thus Horace, L. II. Od. 10:

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene præparatum
Pectus.

[2] The commentators question here whether the Chorus are acquainted with the plans of Ulysses and dissimulation of Pyrrhus or not. Barby considers them ignorant of it all, and that the pity they wish to prove by deeds is unfeigned; which, though it accords well with Horace's rule for the management of the tragic Chorus, is not so reconcilable with the instructions previously given on the stage to Neoptolemus by Ulysses, unless we suppose the ancients to have had recourse to that disgrace of most modern plays, the "aside."

[3] *i. e., ὁ αὐτὸς τῷ ταῦτα λέγοντι.* Cf. Œd. R. 557, *καὶ νῦν ἔθ' αὐτός εἰμι τῷ βουλεύματι.*—B.

may the gods take us safe from this land at least, and to whatsoever place we wish to sail from hence.

PH. O day most beloved, O man most pleasing, and ye, dear sailors, how might I become manifest to you by deeds, how much attached to you ye have made me! Let us be gone, my son, having bidden farewell with a kiss to my houseless abode within, that ye may learn of me on what I continued to live, and how stout of heart I was by nature, for I think that none else save me, having taken but a mere sight of them with his eyes, had endured all this; but I of necessity was foretaught to be resigned to miseries.[1]

CH. Hold, let us learn the matter; for two men, the one a mariner in thy vessel, the other a foreigner, are coming, of whom having learned [their purpose] go ye afterward within.

MERCHANT. Son of Achilles, this, the comrade of thy voyage, who was with two others the guardian of thy ship, I desired to tell me where thou mightest chance to be, since I have fallen upon thee, not indeed supposing I should, but in a manner by chance having put into this land. For being bound, as master of a vessel, with no large equipment, from Troy homeward to Peparethus[2] rich in the clustering grape, when I heard from the sailors that they were all the crews of thy vessels,[3] it seemed fit to me not silently to perform my voyage, until I had made a disclosure to thee, having met with a fair requital.[4] Perhaps thou knowest nought of what con-

[1] Ἀγαπᾷν is used in the same sense.—TR. Cf. Blomf. on Æsch. Prom. II. and note on Œd. Tyr. 11.—B.

[2] Peparethus is a small island in the Ægean Sea, off the coast of Macedonia, once celebrated for its vines and olives.—TR. There is much difficulty and disturbance in the state of the following lines, which at present are far from satisfactory. In the edition by Mr. G. Burges, a most ingenious and probable transposition of them is proposed, involving but little verbal alteration. See his notes on vss. 549–556, page 45 of Valpy's edition.—B.

[3] Dobree reads *συννεναστοληκότες*, which Wunder (who has since changed his mind) and Burges (who has not) adopted. The article is ridiculously out of place, as it can only mean, "they formed the whole of your crew," which is not the information wanted. The stress ought to be on *πάντες*, and retaining Dobree's reading, the sense will be, "that they all belonged to your crew," or, "that they all were fellow-sailors with you."—B.

[4] Commentators are much divided on this passage. Brunck condemns

cerns thyself, what are the new resolves of the Greeks touching thy concerns,[1] nor merely resolves, but deeds now doing, and no longer loitered in.

Ne. Nay, a kindly gratitude[2] for thy friendly care, O stranger, unless I have been born a villain, shall remain; but do thou expound all that thou hast mentioned, that I may learn what new plot of the Greeks against me thou bearest.

Mer. Both the aged Phœnix and Theseus' sons[3] are gone in pursuit of thee with a naval squadron.

Ne. With intent to carry me back by force or by persuasion?

Mer. I know not, but having heard am here to tell thee.

Ne. What, do then Phœnix and the partners of his voyage do this thus hastily to pleasure the Atridæ?

Mer. Be sure that all this is now doing, and no longer to come.

Ne. How then was not Ulysses voluntarily ready to sail for this purpose? was it any fear that withheld him?

Mer. He and Tydeus' son were setting out after another warrior, when I weighed anchor.

Ne. Who might this be, for whom Ulysses himself was sailing?

the scholiast for referring προστύχοντι to μοί, and alters it to προστυχών τι. Heath would read προστύχον τι, τῶν ἴσως . . . . that is, *quædam quæ mihi nota esse contigerunt, quorum tu forsan nihil nosti.* Musgrave corrects it, προστύχοντι, ἴων ἴσως . . . *visum est mihi, quum semel incidissem, non silentio prius abire, quam tibi dicerem, de quibus tu nihil fortasse nosti.* There does not, however, seem to be any good reason why προστύχοντι should not be referred to μοί, though not in the sense in which the scholiast understands it.—Tr.: "præmio affectus propter ea quæ nuntiassem."—Wunder.

[1] ἀμφὶ σοὔνεκα is defended by Hermann as a similar phrase to τίνος ὁὴ χάριν ἕνεκα in Plato, or ἀπὸ βοῆς ἕνεκεν, ἀμφὶ σοῦ being construed as a noun, which the peculiar construction of ἀμφί certainly countenances.

[2] Buttmann remarks that χάρις προσφιλής is a pleonasm, as χάρις itself denotes friendly gratitude. Cf. Hom. Il. iv. 95; xvii. 147; below, 1370. —B.

[3] These were Acamas and Demophöon, worthy of their father, since the last is celebrated for his desertion of Phyllis, and the former going with Diomed to demand Helen of the Trojans, seduced Laodice, the daughter of Priam. This prince is said to have founded the city of Acamantium in Phrygia, and on his return to Athens gave his name to one of its tribes.

MER. There was indeed a man—But first tell me of this man here, who he is; and what thou sayest, speak not aloud.

NE. This before you is the illustrious Philoctetes, stranger.

MER. Now ask me no more, but with all speed sail hence, and away with thyself from this land.

PH. What says he, my son? What can be the reason that thus darkly the mariner traffics in me his words to thee?

NE. As yet I know not what he says, but it needs he speak openly what he will speak, to thee, and me, and these here by.

MER. O offspring of Achilles, impeach me not to the army, as disclosing what I ought not. I, doing them many a service, receive of them a fair requital, such as a poor man may.

NE. I am a foe to the Atridæ,[1] and this is my dearest friend, for that he detests the Atridæ: it is then thy duty, at least as coming well-affected toward me, to conceal not a word of all thou hast heard before us.

MER. Look to what thou doest, my son.

NE. And long since I do consider.

MER. I will lay the blame of this on thee.

NE. Do so, but speak.

MER. I do. Against this man, these two, even as thou hearest, Tydeus' son and the puissant Ulysses,[2] are sailing, under a solemn oath that positively they will either by words persuade and bring him back, or by the power of force. And this all the Greeks heard Ulysses openly declaring; for he had more confidence than the other that he should effect all this.

NE. But on what account are the Atridæ after so long a time so very anxious for this man, whom they now for a long season have driven and kept away? What is the want that has invaded them, or what force and indignation from heaven, that avenges wicked deeds?

MER. I will inform thee of all this throughout, for haply thou hast not heard it. There was a high-born seer, the son

[1] See Brunck's note on the metre here, and also Œd. Tyr. 332, Œd. Col. 939, Ant. 458.

[2] To make his tale more plausible, the pretended merchant joins Diomed with Ulysses in this enterprise, as they were both eminent in infamy, both protected by Minerva, and usually partners to execute any scheme of treachery, such as the murder of Dolon or of Rhesus, or the theft of the Palladium.

of Priam, and he was called by name Helenus,[1] whom he, the crafty Ulysses, that hears of himself every base and insulting term, having gone out alone by night, took prisoner, and bringing him bound into the midst of the Greeks, displayed him, a noble booty; who thereupon foretold to them both every other point, and that it could not be that they should ever take the citadel of Troy, unless they brought, having persuaded him by their words, this warrior here from this island whereon he is at present dwelling. And when the offspring of Laertes heard the prophet uttering these words, he instantly undertook to bring and present to the Greeks this man; he must suppose, having taken him in preference with his consent; but if he would not, against it; and not succeeding in this, he bid any one that would to cut off his head. My son, thou hast heard all; but to be quick I exhort both thee thyself, and if thou hast a care for any other.

PH. Ah me unhappy! Has he then, that utter pest, sworn that he will persuade and convey me to the Greeks? For as well shall I be persuaded when dead to rise even from Hades to light, as did his father.[2]

MER. Of this I know nothing; but I will go to my vessel, and may heaven aid you both as best it may.

PH. And is not this shameful, my son, that Laertes' son should ever hope by soothing words to carry me on board ship and show me in the midst of the Greeks? No; sooner would I listen to the viper, my deadliest bane, that made me thus lame of foot.[3] But by him can every thing be said and every thing be attempted; and now I know that he will come. But

[1] Other authors differ in their chronology at this period, for they state that Helenus, on the marriage of Deïphobus with Helen, retired in disgust to Mount Ida, whence Ulysses carried him to the Greek camp. But Paris, as is foretold in this play to Philoctetes, was slain by the arrows of Hercules.

[2] This alludes to a well-known trick of Sisyphus, who, being on his death-bed, charged his wife Merope to leave him unburied. She complied, and on Sisyphus' arrival in Hades he complained to Pluto of her impiety, which he requested leave to punish. This was granted, and he returned to earth under promise of revisiting hell as soon as he should have avenged himself. No sooner had he regained life, however, than he violated his oath, for which he was afterward punished.

[3] "Ἀπούν: πούς in casu quarto nunquam quidem habet ποῦν, at in compositis habet, ut πολυποῦν et πολύποδα."—Barby.

O my son, let us go, that a wide sea may part us[1] from Ulysses' vessel. Let us be gone; timely exertion, look you, when the labor is at an end, is wont to bring sleep and repose.

Ne. Well, then, when the wind in our bow shall subside, then will we sail, for now it sets against us.

Ph. The season to sail is ever fair when thou art flying from calamity.

Ne. Nay, but these same winds are averse to them.

Ph. There is no wind contrary to pirates, when it is possible to thieve and rob by force.

Ne. Nay, if thou think fit, let us be gone, when thou hast taken from within whatsoever thou most feelest need of or desire for.

Ph. Yes, there is whereof I have need,[2] though from no ample store.

Ne. What is it, which at least is not on board my ship?

Ph. I have by me a certain plant, wherewith chiefly I am continually deadening my sore, so as thoroughly to assuage it.

Ne. But bring it out. And what else art thou desirous to take?

Ph. If any one of these my arrows hath fallen beside me unheeded, that I may not leave it for any one to take.

Ne. What, are these the celebrated bow and arrows, that thou art now holding?

Ph. They are, for there are at least none else that I carry in my hands.

Ne. Is it possible for me to take a close view of them also? and to hold them, and salute them with a kiss[3] as divine?

[1] We must read ὁρίζῃ with Wunder and Burges, from Brunck's emendation.—B.

[2] "Δεῖ—ἄπο. Tmesis est pro ἀποδεῖ. *Sunt, quibus egeam, nec multis tamen.*"—Barby.—Tr. See Hermann.—B.

[3] Προσκύσαι has not always the same signification: vid. v. 776, where it means to mitigate by worship the anger of the gods, and to which there is a parallel expression in the last verse of the second Psalm. A kiss has in all ages, however, been considered as a mark of respect. Hence Cicero: *Ibi est ex ære simulacrum ipsius Herculis, quo non facile quidquam dixerim me vidisse pulchrius—usque eo, judices, ut rictum ejus ac mentum paulò sit attritius, quod in precibus et gratulationibus non solum id venerari, verum etiam osculari solent.* Cic. in Ver. L. IV. 33. Such is the account given by travelers of the Kaaba or sacred stone at Mecca also. *Vid.* Virg. Æn. II. 490. Tibull. El. I. 44. Ovid. Trist. L. I. 44.

Ph. To thee at least, my son, both this and aught else of mine, that may advantage thee, shall be done.

Ne. Indeed I long to do it, and thus I feel my longing: if it be allowable for me, I should wish it, but if not, let it alone.

Ph. My son, thou both speakest piously, and it is allowable for thee at least, who alone hast given me to behold this light of the sun, to look on the land of Œta, on my aged father, on my friends, who hast raised me far above mine enemies when sunk below them. Courage; it is given thee both to touch these arrows, and to return them to the giver; and that thou shouldest hereafter make it thy boast that thou alone of mankind in guerdon of thy virtue hast handled them, seeing that it was by a kind action I myself acquired them,[1] displeased me not, not that I have seen and gained thee for my friend: for whoever knows how to return a kindness he has received must be a friend above all price.

Ne. Thou shouldst go within.

Ph. Ay, and I will bring thee in too, for my disease longs to possess thee as my supporting aid.

Ch. I have heard fully in story, yet truly I never witnessed, how that the all-powerful son of Saturn caught Ixion,[2] once the invader of the couch of Jove, and thereupon chained him to a whirling wheel;[3] but of no other do I know by hearsay, nor have I seen among mankind, doomed to a lot more hateful than this man's, who having injured no one by force or fraud,[4] but among the just a just man, hath been ruined thus undeservedly. This wonder possesses me, how ever, how ever, he lonely listening to the breakers dashing around, how in

[1] Philoctetes had received the arrows in reward for his services to Hercules, and particularly the kindling of his funeral pile on Œta. Hermann supposes a line to be omitted in the Greek text here, and reads *ἰδὼν καὶ λαβών*, construing *σέ* with *ἄχθομαι*. If a colon be placed after *δοῦναι*, the passage seems capable of the version given above without a hiatus.—Tr. See Burges' note, where he has ingeniously elicited a line from the Scholiast, which, could we be more certain, would restore good sense.—B.

[2] Ixion's story is too well known to need repetition. Hermann reads *ἔβαλεν*, construing *δρομάδα* with *Ἰξίονα*.

[3] The word *ἄμπυξ*, which is supported by the authority of Eustathius (vid. Brunck's note), meant originally the fillet used by women to tie up their hair, vid. Hom. Il. XXII. v. 469, and after that came from its round form to signify a wheel. Musgrave, however, suggests *ἀντυγα*.

[4] *ἔρξας*, sc. *τι*.—Herm.

truth he could have supported an existence so thoroughly pitiable: where he[1] was his only neighbor, having no power to walk, nor any neighbor of his ills, dwelling in the place, to whom he might wail forth his echoed groan,[2] his . . . . . painfully gnawing, blood-stained; nor any who might with gentle herbs assuage his most fevered blood bubbling from the wounds of his[3] empoisoned foot, should any come to hand,[4] and might gather it from the fostering earth. For then when his soul-gnawing torture might relax, would he crawl like a babe without his kind nurse, now to this store now to some other, whence he could have easy relief, not gathering the sowed nutriment of holy earth, nor of other food wherewith we enterprising[5] men support ourselves: except if ever by the winged arrows of his bow striking from afar he might procure food for his stomach. Ah wretched soul! that[6] for ten long years he was not gladdened with the beverage of the flowing wine-cup, but gazing on the stagnant waters[7] wherever he

[1] This appears better suited to comedy than tragedy, and to company with the *proximus sum egomet mihi*, or the often quoted verse, "None but himself can be his parallel." Hermann says πρόσουρος in Herodotus signifies *neighboring*; but that Ionic form is, unless I am totally mistaken, inadmissible in the tragedians. With them πρόσουρος, like ἔπουρος, is derived from οὖρος, *ventus secundus*; ἵν' αὐτὸς ἦν πρόσουρος then will mean, *in quem locum ipse quasi secundo vento venerat*.—Tr. But since ἄπουρος (Œd. Tyr. 189) and ξύνουρος (Æsch. Ag. 495) are used, why not πρόσουρος also? Dindorf now reads with Bothe, πρόσουρον οὐκ ἔχων βάσιν.—B.

[2] Lindemann would read πόνον ἐπίπονον for στόνον ἀντίτυπον. I fancy, with Hermann, that something has been lost, perhaps a participle, or substantive agreeing with αἱματηρόν. Nothing can be made of the text as it now stands.—B.

[3] The scholiast interprets ἐνθήρου θηροδήκτου. Hermann translates it with Buttmann *efferatum*, as ἐνθήρου τρίχα, Ag. 571, alluding to the foul appearance of the foot clotted with gore.

[4] Herm. εἴ τις ἐμπέσοι, sc. αἱμάς. The passage that follows is altered to suit Hermann's text.—Tr. We must understand δύναιτ' ἄν, or some such phrase, with ἑλεῖν.—B.

[5] This epithet is particularly applied to seamen and traders. Cf. Homer Od. XIII. 261; Hymn. in Apoll. 458.—B.

[6] ψυχὰ, ὁς. See Buttm. and Jelf, Gk. Gr. T. II. § 379, Obs. 6. This exactly corresponds to Homer's ψυχὰς . . . . αὐτούς. Il. I. 3, 4.—B.

[7] From these words of the Chorus Hermann infers that the running stream mentioned in the beginning of the play was not represented on the scene, and that Ulysses from that very circumstance there subjoins εἰπερ ἐστὶ σῶν.

chanced to know it was, ever and anon would he add it to his food. Now, however, he shall end his life in happiness, and rise to greatness from those miseries, having met with the son of brave heroes, who in bark that walks the main, in fullness of many months, brings him to his paternal abode of the Melian nymphs, and beside the banks of Spercheius, where the brazen-shielded hero enters the assembly of all the gods,[1] all radiant in heavenly fire, above the mounds of Œta.

Ne. Crawl out, an thou wilt. What can be the matter, that thus from no assignable reason thou art silent, and thus struck dumb are kept so?

Ph. Oh! alas! alas!

Ne. What is it?

Ph. No harm. But proceed, my son.

Ne. Is it that thou feelest pain from thy existing ailment?

Ph. Not I indeed; no, I think I am just now lightened of it. O ye gods!

Ne. Why thus with groans dost thou invoke the gods?

Ph. That they may come as our deliverers, and placable. Oh! Oh![2]

Ne. What can be the matter with thee? wilt thou not tell, but continue thus silent? Thou art clearly involved in some affliction.

Ph. I am undone, my son, and shall not be able to conceal my misery from you.[3] Alas! it pierces, pierces me through.

[1] This alludes to the apotheosis of Hercules. Hermann considers the epithet merely to denote a warrior. Hesiod has described Hercules' shield.

[2] There is a scene not unlike this in the Frogs of Aristophanes, where Bacchus and Xanthias contending which is the god, which the slave, and Æacus proving them by stripes, they invent some curious excuses for their cries.

[3] "Philoctetes, feeling the symptoms of his distemper approaching, endeavors as much as possible to conceal his anguish, being apprehensive that his cries and groans might induce Neoptolemus, in spite of his promise, to leave him behind; he makes slight of it, therefore, till, quite overpowered by continual torture, he acknowledges himself at last unable to stir. This circumstance, we may observe, is artfully thrown in by the poet, to stop the effect of Ulysses' stratagem, which was just on the point of execution, and which, if it succeeded, must of course have put an end to the drama: this accident intervening gives a new turn to the whole, serves to introduce the remorse and repentance of Neoptolemus, gives Ulysses an opportunity of appearing, and brings about the catastrophe." Thus far

Unhappy, wretched me! I am undone, my son, I am gnawed,[1] my son. Oh! alas! alas! alas! by the gods, if thou hast ready by thee to thine hand any sword, my son, strike me on the top of my foot, mow it off as quickly as possible, spare not my life. Come, O my child!

NE. But what is this fresh thing thus suddenly risen, for which thou utterest so much of wailing and of groans for thyself?

PH. Knowest thou, son?

NE. What is it?

PH. Knowest thou, son? What is this of thine?[2]

NE. I know not.

PH. How knowest thou not? Woe, woe, woe![3]

Franklin, who does not appear to have remarked the sublime moral contained in this part of the play, which shows us how often our estimate of good or evil fortune is utterly false; and is the more striking, since it at once baffles those very plans which Ulysses had endeavored to recommend by the Jesuitical doctrine of doing evil that good might follow, and asserts the right of Providence to produce good from the evil it has permitted.

[1] Βρύκειν and βρύχειν, originally the same word, seem by custom to have taken different senses, the first *mandere*, the second *frendere*.—Herm.

[2] I have arranged the dramatis personæ according to Dindorf, but the following is Wunder's, and the correct order, ΦΙΛ. *οἶσθ' ὦ παῖ*; ΝΕΟΠ. *τί σοί*; Οὐκ *οἶδα*. ΦΙΛ. *πῶς . . . . παῖ*.—B.

[3] Unless all the commentators be mistaken, these expressions and the ἀλελελελέλεν of Æschylus are positive nonsense, and such as our *barbarian* Shakespeare, with all his false taste and treason against the unities, would have thought unworthy of kings and heroes, and fit to rank only with the "Do-de-do-de-do-de" of poor Tom. Indeed, it is not improbable that the comedian's satire was directed against them, since in his Clouds, v. 390, he uses a word nearly the same for a most ludicrous purpose. Let the critic, however, be heard: "Aptissime illa crebra repetitio literæ π palpitationem oris et maxillarum, quæ hujusmodi dolorum propria est exprimit."—Hermann. "Though the spirit of the Greek drama," says Schlegel, "required a general repose, favorable to the presentation of grand masses, to the embodying of those isolated moments sculpture loves to seize, yet the Greeks were so far from neglecting the impassioned movements of the soul, that they have dedicated whole lines in their tragedies to the inarticulate expression of pain."—TR. See Blomfield's preface to the Persæ of Æschylus, in which play this unintelligible style of grief is carried to a great extent. Aristophanes has burlesqued it in Ran. 1314. But one question never appears to have suggested itself to commentators: Are these expressions mere stage directions to the actor? I think that in the choruses, where strictness

Ne. Grievous at least is the burden of thy distemper.

Ph. Ay, grievous indeed, and unspeakable; but pity me.

Ne. What then shall I do?

Ph. Abandon me not out of fear, for it comes on me but at long and uncertain intervals, even as it rages its fill.

Ne. Alas! alas! Miserable that thou art! Too plainly miserable indeed from all manner of woes. Dost thou then wish I should hold and touch thee at all?

Ph. Nay, not this at least; but having taken these my weapons, even as just now thou askedst of me, until this pang of the disease that is now upon me shall subside, do thou save and guard them. For so sleep seizes me when this attack is spent; and before I can not rest; but ye must let me slumber quietly. And if during this time they shall come, I charge thee by the gods neither voluntarily, nor involuntarily, nor by any means whatever to give up these arms to them, lest thou slay at once both thyself and me, that am thy suppliant.

Ne. Be assured at least of my forethought: they shall not be given to any but to thee and me; and with good omen reach them to me.

Ph. There, take them, son, and with a kiss propitiate envy, that they be not the source of many troubles to thee, nor as to me, and him that before me had them.[1]

Ne. Ye gods, be this my fortune, and be mine a favorable and well-spent voyage, whithersoever heaven deems fit, and the fleet is bound.

Ph. Nay, then, I fear lest thy prayer for me be ineffectual,[2] my son; for again from the bottom trickles this my purple bubbling blood, and I look for some fresh ill. Woe! alas!

of metre required consistency, these expressions were chanted in a half-articulate wail, but that single actors, in the Iambic systems, used natural and spontaneous exclamations of grief—at least, for the credit of Athenian acting, it is to be hoped so.—B.

[1] There seems no reason to suppose that Philoctetes alludes to any thing more here than the ill fortune generally of Hercules and himself. Hercules slew his children with his arrows certainly; but Sophocles ascribes the disease of Philoctetes to the bite of a serpent. Hermann seems to be mistaken, however, with regard to the necessity for Philoctetes' having exchanged his arrows: the Indians use poisoned weapons to procure food for themselves.

[2] There is great difficulty in this line, first from the metre, and secondly from the elision of the diphthong in *μοι*. See Markland on Eur. Suppl. 158; Porson on Phœn. 1230. Wunder's emendation appears too bold.—B.

alas again! O foot, what evil wilt thou work me! this steals upon me, draws near to me. Ah me! ah me! ye see the case; by no means fly from me. Oh! oh! stranger of Cephalenia, I would this torture might fasten on thy breast, through and through it. O heavens! Agamemnon, Menelaus, would ye might in my stead for an equal length of time harbor this my malady! Ah me! O death, death,[1] why, when thus ever day after day invoked, canst thou never at any time come? My son, my noble son, having taken me up, burn me in this oft-invoked Lemnian[2] fire, thou generous youth! I too, mark me, once thought proper to perform this for the son of Jove, in return for these arms which now thou preservest. What sayest thou, my son? what sayest thou? Why art thou silent? Where canst thou be, my child?

Ne. Long since indeed I mourn, sighing over thy woes.

Ph. Nay, my son, but take courage, since this pain suddenly assails me, and is soon gone, but, I conjure thee, leave me not alone.

Ne. Cheer up; we will stay.

Ph. And wilt thou stay?

Ne. Be well assured of it.

Ph. I will not, however, think I have a right to bind thee by an oath, my son.

Ne. Since indeed it is not lawful for me to go without thee.

Ph. Give me the pledge of thy hand.

Ne. I give it thee that I will stay.[3]

Ph. Thither now, thither with me—

Ne. Whither sayest thou?

[1] Cf. Æschyl. Philoct. apud Stob. cxx. 12, *ὦ θάνατε Παιὰν, μή μ' ἀτιμάσῃς μολεῖν· μόνος γὰρ εἰ σὺ τῶν ἀνηκέστων κακῶν ἰατρὸς, ἄλγος δ' οὐδὲν ἅπτεται νεκροῦ*.—B.

[2] The island of Lemnos was said to be sacred to Vulcan, probably from volcanic fires, which would be an additional reason for the desolate state of that quarter of the island which Philoctetes inhabited. Hermann restores *ἀνακαλουμένῳ*, "this often-invoked fire." [Brunck read *ἀνακυκλουμένᾳ*.—B.] "Montem Mosychlum, qui Galeni ævo jam diu exstinctus erat, circa Alexandri tempora flammas ejicere desiisse, non improbabilibus argumentis demonstrare studuit Buttmannus in Mus. Stud. Antiq. Germanico, vol. i. p. 2."—Hermann. See Homer's account of Vulcan's fall, Il. 2, and of the Loves of Mars and Venus, Od. 8.—Tr. The common reading need not be changed, cf. va. 986.—B.

[3] Read with Reiske and Burges, *μὲν οὖν*.—B.

PH. Upward—

NE. What ravest thou again, why gazest thou on the vault of air above?[1]

PH. Let me go, let me go!

NE. Whither shall I let thee go?

PH. Let me go at last.

NE. I can not let thee go.

PH. Thou wilt ruin me, if thou touch me.[2]

NE. Now then I do leave thee to thyself, if thou art indeed any more thyself.

PH. O earth, take me to thee, dying as I am, for this evil suffers me no longer to stand upright.

NE. Sleep will, it seems, in no long time possess the man. For this his head is sunk down, see, sweat is trickling over all his body, and one black vein burst with blood,[3] hath forced itself open by the extremity of his foot. But leave we him, my friends, quiet, that he may fall asleep.[4]

CH. O sleep, in pain—in grief, O sleep, untaught, mayest thou come upon us gently-breathing, thou life-cheering, life-cheering king; and retain before his eyes even such a band as now is spread around.[5] Come, come to me a physician.[6] My son, look where thou art about to pause, whither to move, and

[1] Κύκλος here is by some commentators understood to mean the eye, as at verse 1354. Struve understands *κατά*, and translates it thus: *quid oculus* (vel *alterutro oculo*) *sursum suspicis?* Hermann supposes Philoctetes to indicate a wish to return to his cave that he may sleep there, which permission Neoptolemus grants when it is too late.—TR. "Cœli convexa tueri."—B.

[2] Neoptolemus, holding Philoctetes by the hand by which he has pledged his faith, extends his other to prevent Philoctetes from withdrawing his hand, whereupon Philoctetes shrinks from the apprehension of the bow, which Neoptolemus holds, touching his foot.—Herm.

[3] Αἱμορῥάγης, from the second aorist passive of the Ionic *ῥήγω* instead of *ῥήγνυμι*.

[4] Cf. Trach. 978; Seneca, Herc. Æt. Act 4, sc. 3, 9.—B.

[5] Musgrave understands *αἴγλη* here to mean *levamen* or *solatium*, a forced interpretation arising from his reception of *ἀντέχοις*, which Brunck has changed to *ἀντίσχοις*, and thus improved both the metre and the sense. The light of Philoctetes is now darkness.—TR. Welcker, as Burges informs us, rightly interprets *αἴγλαν* from Hesychius, *αἴγλας, ἀμφιδέας*. Burges appositely quotes Ovid's "lumina vincta sopore," and Moschus II. *ὕπνος—πεδάα μαλανῷ κατὰ φάεα δεσμῷ*.—B.

[6] Cf. Ovid. de Ponto I. 2, 33. "At puto, cum requies *medicina*que publica curæ: Somnus adest, solitis nox venit orba malis."—B.

how my farther purpose may be cared for.[1] Thou seest now; for what work tarry we? Opportunity, be sure, possessing arbitration of every thing, acquires much power in its course.[2]

Ne. Nay, but he hears nothing; I, however, perceive that in vain we possess this plunder of his weapons, if without him we sail; for his is the crown, him heaven commanded us to fetch. And to vaunt unfulfilled promises with falsehood is a vile reproach.[3]

Ch. But this, my son, God will look to, but with whatever thou shalt in turn reply to me, convey to me the accents of thy words gently, my son, gently; since the restless slumber of all men is in disease sharp-eyed to discern. But as far as thou canst, in secret search out for me that, even that, which thou meanest to do. Thou knowest whom I mean;[4] now if thou hold the same opinion with him, 'tis eminently in truth the privilege of the shrewd to see into perplexing matters. See, my son, the wind is fair, the wind is fair, and the man sightless, possessed of no defense, is lying in darkness (but his warm sleep is propitious), master of neither hand, nor

[1] So Buttmann; but see Wunder.—B.

[2] Or, "having respect to every thing." Such is the sentiment which the Corinthians, and after them the Mitylenians, wish to impress on the minds of the Lacedæmonians. Vid. Thuc. I. c. 69; III. c. 13.

[3] Struve seems to understand this as referring to the disgrace which would accrue to Neoptolemus if, after all his falsehood, he should vaunt of an uncompleted victory: his words are *quæ manca et imperfecta relinqueris, de his mendaciis etiam adhibitis, gloriari velle, turpe est opprobrium;* and this Barby commends; but the translator is rather inclined to consider the words as betokening remorse in Neoptolemus. As translated it may mean either. The reader should observe the oracular and stately flow of the original in this passage, which seems to stand in the middle of the play as the pivot on which turns the whole catastrophe.

[4] Hermann proposes to read here,

οἶσθα γὰρ ὧν αὐδῶμαι,
εἰ ταύταν τούτῳ γνώμαν ἴσχεις, μάλα τοι, κ. τ. λ.,

which may be thus rendered: "For to them (thou knowest of whom I speak) wise men can discover irremediable mischiefs in thy purpose, if this be thy purpose toward him who lies before us;" alluding to the misery Neoptolemus would occasion to the Atridæ and the whole Greek army. The instance Barby adduces from Catullus "nihili est," there being an evident hiatus and loss of several verses in both that and the following strophe.—Tr. But *ὃν* simply refers to Ulysses, and the sense is, *εἰ τὴν αὐτὴν τῷ* Ὀδυσσεῖ *γνώμην ἔχεις.* But Wunder and Dindorf would omit *ἐνιδεῖν.*—B.

foot, nor any thing. No, but thou seest his look is as of one lying in Hades. See whether you are saying seasonable words; for the labor, my son, which does not alarm the game to be caught, is, in my opinion, the most effectual.[1]

Ne. I bid thee be silent, nor be wanting to thy thoughts, for the man moves his eye, and raises his head.

Ph. O light that takest the place of sleep, and guardianship of these strangers incredible to my hopes! Never, my son, could I have felt confident that thou wouldst have the heart thus compassionately to abide my sufferings, present and assisting me. Truly the Atridæ, those noble generals, did not endure thus patiently to bear them. But, for thy nature, my son, is noble, and of noble origin, thou hast accounted all this easy, though oppressed with my cries, and the noisome stench. And now, since at length there seems to be an oblivion and rest from this woe, my son, do thou thyself take me up, do thou set me, my son, upright, that when at last my weariness shall quit me, we may hasten to the ship, nor delay our voyage.

Ne. Nay, I am pleased to see thee beyond my hope yet enjoying breath and sight without pain. For in thy condition of misery just now thy symptoms appeared as those of one no more. But now raise thyself, or, if it please thee rather, these men shall carry thee, for there is no unwillingness to the trouble in them, if indeed it seems fit to thee and me so to do.

Ph. I approve of this,[2] son, and take me up, as thou purposest, but leave them alone, lest they be annoyed with the

[1] "He looks on thee as does one," etc. "See now if thy words be seasonable, when thou proposest to stay, having the best of opportunities for departure."—Hermann, who reads τὸ δ' ἀλώσιμον, and places only a comma after παῖ. This will be, "but what my judgment apprehends, my son, is this; that labor without fear is the most eligible."—Tr. The interpretation given to the latter part of this passage is due to Burges. Wunder can make nothing of it.—B.

[2] Αἰνῶ τάδε, *i. e.*, παραιτοῦμαι. *Gratia est.* Idem enim valet *alveîv* sæpius in colloquendo, quod alias Græce dicitur καλῶς ἔχει. Lat. *benigne*, ut Hor. Epist. I. vii. 62: Utuntur nimirum hac formula, si quis beneficium sibi oblatum recusat. Frequentatum hoc sensu Græcis ἐπαινῶ, cf. Schol. ad Aristoph. Ran. v. 511, et Valken. ad Euripid. Phœniss. p. 150. —Barby. The reader may choose between this and the translation as it stands, but he must observe that καὶ follows immediately.—Tr. See Wunder.—B.

bad smell ere there be need, for the trouble on board ship in sailing in company with me is enough for them.

Ne. It shall be so; but do thou both stand up and thyself hold by me.

Ph. Courage, my wonted custom, look you, will set me upright.

Ne. Heavens! and what next am I to do?

Ph. What is it, my son? To what conclusion, I wonder, hast thou come in thy thought?

Ne. I know not whither I ought to turn my perplexed words.

Ph. But for what art thou at a loss? say not thus, my son.

Ne. Nay, even now I am involved in this difficulty.

Ph. Surely inconvenience arising from my disease has not dissuaded thee from any longer taking me on board ship?

Ne. Every thing is inconvenient, when one having abandoned his own nature, does what befits him not.[1]

Ph. Nay, but thou at least are neither doing nor saying aught unworthy of thy sire, in aiding a brave man.

Ne. I shall show myself a villain; 'tis at this I am all along aggrieved.

Ph. Nay, surely not, at least in what thou doest; but at what thou sayest, I shudder.

Ne. O Jove, what shall I do? shall I twice be detected a villain, both in concealing what I ought not, and uttering words the most scandalous?

Ph. This man, unless I am wrong in judgment, methinks will make hence his voyage, having betrayed and abandoned me.

Ne. Abandoned thee? not I indeed; but lest I rather convey thee to thy grief, 'tis that all the while is torturing me.

Ph. What canst thou mean, my son? for I comprehend not.

Ne. I will hide nothing from thee. Thou must sail to Troy, to the Greeks and the Atridæ's host.

Ph. Alas! what hast thou said?

[1] This observation of Neoptolemus is in unison with Achilles' celebrated declaration:

> Who dare think one thing, and another tell,
> My heart detests him as the gates of hell.—Pope's Il. IX. 142.

Ne. Groan not, ere thou have learned all.

Ph. What must that lesson be? what canst thou purpose to do to me?

Ne. First to rescue thee from this misery, and then to go and with thee sack the Trojan plains.

Ph. And dost thou really think to do this?

Ne. Overwhelming necessity in this commands, and be not thou angered to hear it.

Ph. Ah, wretched, I am undone, betrayed! What hast thou done to me, stranger? Give me quickly back my bow and arrows.

Ne. Nay, it can not be, for both justice and interest induce me to obey those in power.

Ph. Thou fire![1] thou utter horror! thou most detestable masterpiece of fearful villainy, how hast thou used me, how deceived me! and dost thou not, wretch, blush to look on me, thy suppliant, thy beggar? Thou hast bereft me of life, having gotten my weapons. Give them back, I implore thee, I conjure thee, give them back, my son; by the gods of thy forefathers rob me not of my livelihood. Ah miserable me! Nay, no longer does he even speak to me,[2] but thus looks behind him, as though his restoring them were hopeless. Ye harbors,[3] ye promontories, ye haunts of the mountain beasts, ye precipitous crags, to you I speak this, for I know none else to whom I might: I bewail to you, my wonted audience, the deeds, how cruel, that the son of Achilles hath done to me; having sworn to carry me home from hence, he is taking me

[1] The scholiast takes this for a vile pun on the name Pyrrhus; and Brumoy, following him, has paraphrased it, "*O rage digne de ton nom.*" But independently of the absurdity attendant on this, it is not the name which Neoptolemus himself gives to Philoctetes in his account of his voyage, v. 241.

[2] Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
Num lachrymas victus dedit, aut miseratus amantem est?
Æn. IV. 369.

[3] This is imitated from the sublime address of Prometheus in Æschylus, Ὦ δῖος αἰθήρ— Lord Byron has taken his idea from one, perhaps both of these, in his Doge of Venice:

I speak to time, and to eternity,
Whereof I grow a portion, not to man:
Ye elements, in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you.

to Troy; and having proffered his right hand,[1] he has taken and detains my bow and arrows, arms sacred to Jove-born Hercules, and wills to display them to the Greeks. As if he had captured a strong man, he carries me off by force, and knows not that he slayeth a corpse, and the shadow of a vapor, an empty phantom. For never could he have taken me at least while possessed of strength, since he had not even thus conditioned, except by treachery. But now I wretched have been deceived. What can I do? But give them back, and now, even yet, be thine own self.[2] What sayest thou? Thou art silent. Unhappy me! I am no more. O form of the rock with double front, again I return back into thee unarmed, bereft of the means of sustenance; thus forlorn in this cavern shall I wither away, striking down nor winged bird nor mountain-prowling beast with these mine arrows; but I myself, unhappy man, being dead, shall furnish a banquet to those whereon I fed,[3] and what I made my prey before will make me theirs now, and I miserable shall make atonement with death a ransom for death, at the hand of one that seemeth to know no guile. Mayest thou not yet be accursed, ere I have learned if yet again thou wilt transfer thy opinion; but if not, an evil death be thine.

Ch. What shall we do? On thee now rests both our sailing, O king, and our acceding to these his words.

Ne. On me indeed a powerful pity for this man hath fallen, not now first, but long ago.

Ph. My son, by the gods, pity me, and permit not mortals' reproach against thyself, having deceived me.

Ne. Ah me! what shall I do? O had I never left Scyros! so grieved am I at this present matter.

Ph. Thou art not wicked, but thou seemest to come with bad instructions from the wicked. But now, having given them to others, to whom it is fair, sail hence, having given me up my arms.

[1] "*Struve* hanc vocem cum ἔχει jungendum censet, ut sensus sit, *porro palam nunc tenet, dextra extensa, arcum et sagittas meas, sacras illas Herculis, Jovis filii, quæ olim erant.* Admodùm durè! προτιθέναι χεῖρα, id. q. suprâ v. 813, ἐμβάλλειν χεῖρα."—Barby.

[2] Vid. Aristoph. Vesp. 642, φύσιν is understood.

[3] "This is a strange remark of Philoctetes. So he really expected to *be the* food of those he had already devoured!"—Burges. Wunder would *read* ἀφ' ὧν, and take ἐφερβόμην in the middle, not the passive sense.—R.

Ne. What are we to do, my mates?

Ul. O most vile of men,[1] what doest thou? Wilt thou not return, having left these weapons to me?

Ph. Ah me! what man is this? Do I indeed then hear Ulysses?

Ul. Ulysses, be assured, in me at least on whom thou lookest.

Ph. Alas! I am bought and sold, I am undone. It was then of course he that ensnared me, and despoiled me of my arms.

Ul. 'Twas I,[2] be well assured, and none other; I confess all this.

Ph. Restore, let go, my son, mine archer-arms.

Ul. This indeed he shall never do, even though he would; but thou too must go with them, or these will convey thee by force.

Ph. Me, thou vilest of the vile, and most audacious, shall these take by force?

Ul. Unless thou crawl hence voluntarily.

Ph. O Lemnian land, and thou blaze of all-swaying fire Vulcan-framed, is this then to be borne, that he from thy realms shall carry me off by force?

Ul. Jove it is,[3] that thou mayest know it, Jove, the ruler of this land, Jove who hath determined this; but I am his minister.

[1] As Neoptolemus is in the act of giving back the arms to Philoctetes, Ulysses rushes on the stage.

[2] Ulysses, knowing the enmity which Philoctetes bore to him, and returning it with equal resentment, thinks his triumph incomplete unless he tells him that he did it. See Arist. Rhet. B. II. c. 3, and the Oxford translator's Note, p. 119.

[3] "Jovem in insulâ Lemno natum, ibi deum patrium fuisse satis notum est."—Barby. Man has never altered; and when the heathen crew of Olympus could no longer protect craft or vice, the superstition of a succeeding age made itself gods of all the host of heaven. On this there are some forcible remarks in Lear: "This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our behavior), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on."—Act 1, sc. 2.

PH. Thou abhorrence, what lies dost thou coin to utter! Thou alleging gods in pretense, makest those gods liars.

UL. Not so, but true. The journey, however, must be taken.

PH. I say it shall not.

UL. I say it shall. Thou must obey in this.

PH. Unhappy me! my father then clearly begat me as a slave, and not free.

UL. Not so, but on a par with the mightiest, with whom thou needs must capture Troy, and by violence raze it to the ground.

PH. No, never, not even were I doomed to suffer every evil, while I have this steep foundation of the island.

UL. What then dost thou purpose to do?

PH. This mine head forthwith will I bathe in blood, having leaped from a rock above on one below.

UL. Lay hold on him, whatever ye do, nor be this in his power.

PH. O hands, what sufferings are yours in the lack of your loved bowstring, entrammeled by this man! O thou that thinkest nothing sound or liberal, how hast thou stolen upon me, how hast thou hunted me down! having used as thy stalking-horse this boy unknown to me, unworthy of thee, but of me most worthy, who knew nothing but to execute what had been enjoined him. Nay, even now he shows that he bears sorrowfully the deeds whereby he erred and whereby I suffered. But 'twas thine evil spirit ever looking forth from its lair, that well foretaught him, however by nature indisposed as by inclination, to be shrewd in wickedness. And now, wretch, thou thinkest to bind and carry me from this shore, on which thou didst expose me, friendless, forlorn, homeless, among the living a corpse. Ah! mayest thou perish; and on thee have I often imprecated this, but in vain, for the gods allot me nought of pleasure. Thou livest in exultation; while I, on the contrary, have this to grieve me, that I miserable live consorted with many woes, scoffed at by thee and the two generals the sons of Atreus, for whom thou trucklest to this office. And yet thou bound by stratagem and compulsion[1] sailedst with them; while me, all-unhappy me, that

[1] *Although* it was by the advice of Ulysses that Tyndarus had imposed *the celebrated* oath to defend Helen on her suitors, yet he himself was so

with my seven[1] ships under my command was a willing voyager, they cast away unhonored, as thou assertest, while they charge thee.[2] And now why take ye me? Why carry me away? For what cause? Me, that am as nothing, and long since have been dead to you? How, O most hated of the gods, am I not now lame and noisome to thee? How is it possible, with me on board, to burn sacrifices to the gods? How any longer to make libations? for this was thy pretense to cast me out. Destruction on ye! And destruction shall, for that ye have injured me, if the gods care for justice. And I am sure at least that they do care; since ye had never sailed on this expedition for such a wretch as I am, had not a heaven-sent poignancy of need for me urged you forward. But O my father-land, and ye gods that look upon us, avenge, at least one day after a time, avenge me on all of them, if ye have any pity for me; since piteously do I live, yet could I but see them destroyed, I should think I had escaped my disease.

Ch. Stern is the stranger, and stern is this his speech that he hath uttered, Ulysses not at all yielding to his sorrows.[3]

Ul. Much could I say in answer to this man's words, would time permit; but now I am strong in this one argument. Where there is need of plans such as these, such am I; and where the decision is of just and upright characters, you could not meet with any one more pious than myself.[4] I am natu-

unwilling to abide by that oath, that he pretended to be insane, and plowed the sea-shore, sowing it with salt. This artifice was discovered by Palamedes, who placed the infant Telemachus before the plow, and Ulysses turned it immediately from the furrow. What requital the unfortunate son of Belus got for this is told in the second book of Virgil. It is to Ulysses' feigned madness, however, that Philoctetes here alludes.

[1] Brunck and Erfurdt have improperly inserted a stop before *ἑπτά*, as if Philoctetes boasted in the number of his vessels, which would have been an absurdity in him on this occasion, his rival Ulysses having sailed with twelve.—Herm. This is not quite convincing: Philoctetes might naturally look for more consideration as commander of a squadron than as an adventurer who went single-handed, without meaning to institute this comparison between himself and Ulysses; and the former might be indicated by Brunck's punctuation as well as the latter.

[2] Burges would read *σύ, i. e., ὡς δὲ ἔφασαν κεῖνοι, σὺ ἔβαλες*.—B.

[3] Cf. Antig. 471, *δηλοῖ τὸ γέννεμ' ὠμὸν ἐξ ὠμοῦ πατρὸς Τῆς παιδός, εἴκειν δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται κακοῖς*.—B.

[4] See note on v. 81.

rally desirous to prevail at least, in every point, except against thee;[1] but now to thee at least I will willingly concede. Yes, let him go, nor hold him any longer; leave him to stay. We have no additional need of thee, at least while we possess these arms, since we have Teucer with us, acquainted with this science, and me, who think that I could master these, and aim them aright with mine hand in no wise worse than thou.[2] What want we then of thee? Adieu, and pace Lemnos;[3] but let us be gone; and haply thy prize may win thee that honor which thou shouldst have had.

PH. Ah me, what shall I do, ill-fated? Shalt thou, adorned with my arms, present thyself to the Greeks?

UL. Make me no reply, not a word, since I am now going.

PH. Seed of Achilles, and shall I no longer be addressed by thy voice[4] either, but wilt thou thus be gone?

UL. Go thou, nor look on him, though thou art generous, that thou ruin not our fortune.

PH. And shall I now, my guests, be thus forlorn abandoned by you, and will ye not pity me?

CH. This youth is our vessel's commander; whatsoever he shall say to thee, that do we also speak to thee.

NE. I shall indeed hear myself reproached by this man with being by nature over-pitiful;[5] yet tarry, if he wish it, thus much time, until the mariners shall have got ready that which was brought ashore, and we shall have prayed to the gods.[6] And he meanwhile may haply adopt sentiments more

[1] Construendum potius, ἔφυν νικᾶν χρήζων, *soleo ego vincere, ubi volo.* —Herm.

[2] In the Odyssey, however, Ulysses confesses his inferiority, though he claims praise for this science:

> Alone superior in the field of Troy
> Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
>
> B. VIII. v. 251.

Hermann points out the modesty with which Ulysses here speaks of himself after Teucer. The change of the negative he considers to mark a doubt, and yet an affirmative: *neque hercle us collineaturus.*

[3] Or this may be rendered, "Stalk in Lemnos and welcome."

[4] Σοῦ φωνῆς here is governed by ἀπό understood.

[5] Πλέως πλέων, whence πλείων, Attic for πλέος πλείος: in the same dialect shortly after λώω for λώονα a λώϊων, and νώ for νῶι.

[6] Such was uniformly the Greek custom: Ἐπειδὴ δὲ αἱ νῆες πλήρεις ἦσαν, καὶ ἐσέκειτο ἤδη ὅσα ἔμελλον ἀνάξεσθαι, τῇ μὲν αὐλητρίδι σιωπῇ

to our advantage: let us two, however, hasten hence, and be ye quick in your departure, when we shall summon you.

PH. O cavity of the hollow rock, alike warm and icy-cold, how am I then, wretch that I am, doomed never hereafter to quit thee! no, e'en in death thou wilt be my shelter. O me, woe is me! O abode, wretched abode, most full of my sorrows, what again will ever be my daily sustenance? What hope administering to my hunger shall I hapless ever obtain? O that the fugitive birds[1] with shrill-toned whizzings of their wings would take me aloft in air! for I can endure no longer.

CH. Thou, even thou, mark me, hast decreed it to thyself, ill-fated man; from no other and higher quarter art thou visited with this misfortune;[2] when at least, being in thy power to be wise, thou hast chosen to adopt the worse fate for the better.

PH. Ah hapless, hapless I, then, and marred by trouble, who now henceforth, wretch that I am, dwelling in future with no human being, here shall perish, alas! alas! no longer bringing home food, nor possessing it by means of my winged arrows and with my powerful hands; no, the unsuspected and dissembled words of a crafty mind stole upon me guilefully: but O could I but see him, the wretch that has devised all this, for as long a time doomed to my afflictions!

CH. Destiny from heaven, and no treachery at my hands at least, possessed thee thus; keep back then thy curse, thine ab-

ὑπεσημάνθη, εὐχὰς δὲ τὰς νομιζομένας πρὸ τῆς ἀναγωγῆς, οὐ κατὰ ναῦν ἑκάστην, ξύμπαντες δέ ὑπὸ κήρυκος, ἐποιοῦντο, κρατῆράς τε κεράσαντες παρ' ἅπαν τὸ στράτευμα, καὶ ἐκπώμασι χρυσοῖς τε καὶ ἀργυροῖς οἵ τέ ἐπιβάται καὶ οἱ ἄρχοντες σπένδοντες. Thuc. VI. 32.

[1] Of this passage there are many various readings. Aldus has it *πτωκάδες*, Gedike *πλωτάδες*. Brunck gives the other conjectures of the scholia. But Barby has adopted Vossius' correction, Myth. Buckfi. v. i. p. 211, who alters it to *πτωάδες* from the old word *πτώειν, πίπτειν*. Vossius, however, understands it to allude to the Harpies, and their pouncing stoop. Hermann reads *ἴθι* for *εἶθε*, which mends both the metre and the sense. With justice he remarks that the verb *πτώσσω* could not be applied to ravenous birds of prey, but rather to cowering, timorous animals of every description.—TR. There seems no hope of this passage.—B.

[2] Hermann reads,

κούκ ἄλλοθεν,
ἀλλ' ἐνέχει τύχα ὧδ' ἀπὸ μείζονος. sc. *θεοῦ.*

horred, ill-omened curse, for others. For I too am caring for this, that thou spurn not my kindness.

PH. Ah me! me! And somewhere, seated on the shore of the hoary main, he laughs at me, wielding in his hand the support of me unhappy, which none ever carried besides. O my loved bow, O thou from friendly hands wrested by violence, full surely, if thou hast any feelings, thou lookest with pity on me thus wretched, never again hereafter to use thee, as the prize-gift from Hercules.[1] No, by change of masters art thou handled by an artful man, witnessing his base deceits, and the detestable and loathed villain causing to dawn crimes on crimes innumerable, all of evil that Ulysses hath plotted against me.

CH. Surely it is a man's part to call that which is useful, just; and not to vent out the envious displeasure of his tongue at one who has so called it.[2] He, having been appointed one out of many, by the instructions of this Ulysses, accomplished for his friends a public service.

PH. O winged prey, and tribes of fierce wild beasts,[3]

[1] Quæcunque vox hunc locum obtinuerit, designatur haud dubie Philoctetes. Ἄεθλον retinendum esse non dixerim, licet colorem ei conciliet Horatianum illud, *accedes opera agro nona Sabino* . . . . . fuit quidem cum legendum putarem *τὸν Ἡρακλεῖ συνάεθλον* vel *ὁμάεθλον*. Priorem vocem habet Oppianus, Cyneg. I. 195. Sed ea lectio hoc habet incommodi, quod Philoctetem Herculis comitem et in laboribus adjutorem faciat, quod nescio an Veterum quisquam tradiderit. Nihil enim aliud memorant Mythologi, nisi Herculis rogum funebrem, reliquis detrectantibus, ab ipso accensum fuisse. Hyginus, fab. 36. Appollodorus, Lib. II. 7. Diod. Sic. IV. 38.—Musgrave. He says *ὧδε οὐκ ἔτι χρησόμενον*, because he has by so great treachery been deprived of its use. To which words he subjoins the accusative Ἡράκλειον ἄθλον by a usage very common to the Greeks, meaning that the use of the bow had been given to him by Hercules as a reward, which may be briefly expressed: *ita me non amplius te pro præmio ab Hercule accepto usurum.* Matthiæ has given examples of this construction in his Gr. Gr. § 432–3.—Herm.

[2] The translator had in the former edition adopted H. Stephens' opinion; but the sense which Hermann has given makes the passage so much more applicable to the wrath of Philoctetes, and the general tone of Greek morality, that he could not hesitate to adopt it. *Δίκαια μὲν ἀπὸ τῆς ἴσης ἀνάγκης κοίνεται, δυνατὰ δὲ οἱ προὔχοντες πράσσουσι, καὶ οἱ ἀσθενεῖς συγχωροῦσιν.*—Thuc. 5, 89. See the whole conference.

[3] So the Lexica gave it, taking the idea from the exultation expressed in the eyes of wild beasts when about to seize on their prey. Vid. Hom. *Od. II.* 610.—TR. Cf. Liddell, s. v. *χαροπός*.—B.

which prowling o'er the hills this place nourishes; no longer do ye by your flight draw me toward you from my abode, for I have not in my hands the former defense of my arrows any longer, wretched that I am! no, this spot freely tenanted by you, no longer a source of fear. Approach, now is it fitting that ye glut your mouths in mutual slaughter, with my livid flesh to your pleasure, for life I instantly shall quit: since from what source will come my livelihood? who is there thus fed on air, no longer, no longer master of aught that the life-bestowing[1] earth supplies.

Ch. In the gods' name, if aught thou respect a guest that is come to thee in all good will, come thou to him. But be sure, most sure that it is for thine own sake,[2] to evade this evil fate; for lamentable is it to support, and unschooled to bear the countless pain wherewith it consorts.

Ph. Again, again hast thou hinted[3] at my old affliction, the best of all that have hitherto set foot on this spot, why hast thou destroyed me? What hast thou done to me?

Ch. Why sayest thou this?

Ph. In case thou expectest to carry me to the land of Troy I detest.

Ch. I do, for this I conceive the best.

Ph. Now this moment quit me.

Ch. Friendly, ay friendly in this thy bidding to me, and I am well inclined to perform it. Let us go, let us go to our ship whereunto we have been bidden.

Ph. Go not, by Jove of curses, I implore.

Ch. Be moderate.

Ph. Strangers, tarry, in the gods' name.

Ch. What clamorest thou?

Ph. Alas! alas! fate, fate! I miserable am undone. O foot, foot, what shall I do with thee any longer in life henceforth, wretched that I am? Strangers, come ye back my visitors again.

[1] Æschyl. apud Schol. Aristoph. Ran. 1357, as restored by critics, Ἰνάχου Ἀργείου ποταμοῦ παισὶν βιοδώροις. See Dindorf, fragm. Æsch. 159. ζείδωρος is a more common word, especially in Hesiod, but Liddell is against a cognate etymology from ζῆν.—B.

[2] This is more than σοὶ implies. An adjective or finite verb is wanting.—B.

[3] *Cf. Antig. 857.—B.*

Ch. To do what with purpose differing from those before, of which thou didst before show thyself.

Ph. It is not, look you, fair cause for indignation that a man languishing under tempestuous pain should prate even of his mind.

Ch. Go now, wretched man, as we desire thee.

Ph. Never, never, know this for certain; not even if the fiery lord of lightning come to blast me with the flashes of his thunderbolts.[1] Perish Troy, and all they beneath it, as many as had the heart to spurn this my foot's limb. But, strangers, one prayer, at least one, accord me.

Ch. What is this thou wilt utter?

Ph. Convey to me a sword, if from any place ye can, or an axe, or some one weapon.

Ch. To do what possible work?

Ph. To lop off with my hand mine whole head and my limbs.[2] On slaughter,[3] slaughter, is now my mind.

Ch. Why should it be?

Ph. To go search for my father.

Ch. Whither on earth?

Ph. Into Hades, for in the light at least he is no longer.[4] O city, native city, how might I look on thee, wretched man as I am, I, that having quitted thy sacred waters,[5] went to assist the hated Greeks, and now am nought!

Ch. I indeed even now long since had been walking near

[1] Musgrave admits into his text the old reading, *βρονταῖς αὐταῖς*, and in his note rejects the emendation of Valckenaër (which Brunck has followed), *βροντᾶς αὔραις*, which he defends on the authority of Euripides, as quoted by Plutarch: *Βροντῆς πνεύμ' ἀναιμον ὤλεσε*, of Virgil. Æn. II. 649: *Fulminis afflavit ventis*, and Statius Theb. V. 586: *Moti tamen aura cucurrit Fulminis*. But he adds, "Sed videndum ne *aura fulminis* sit innoxium fulminis genus, minimeque adeo huic loco conveniens; deinde ne *βρονταῖς αὐταῖς* sit *vero fulmine*, i. e. *ipso* fulmine."—Vol. ii. p. 179.

[2] This reminds us of Virgil's Moriamur, et in media arma ruamus: it is a figure well suited to express the eagerness of desperation. The fate designed for himself by Philoctetes was actually that of Cleomenes, to whom, as in his latter days a bitter enemy to Athens and her liberties, the poet might possibly allude.

[3] *Φονᾷ*, Schol. *θανατῷ, θανάτου ἐπιθυμεῖ.*

[4] For the reasons of this opinion, see v. 493.

[5] Spercheius.

my vessel, for thee, had we not perceived Ulysses walking close by, and the son of Achilles coming toward us.

Ul. Wilt thou not say [*to Neoptolemus*] wherefore again thou stealest on this way, turning backward thus quickly and with earnestness?

Ne. To atone[1] for all the errors I have heretofore committed.

Ul. Thou speakest wonders at least. But what was the error?

Ne. That wherein having been persuaded by thee and the whole united host—

Ul. What manner of deed hast thou done, of those that became thee not?

Ne. Having by base deceits and treachery entrapped a man.

Ul. What man? Ah me! thou surely dost not purpose aught anew?

Ne. Nothing new; but to the son of Poias—

Ul. What wilt thou do? How does a fear creep upon me!

Ne. From whom in fact I took these weapons, back again—

Ul. O Jove! what wilt thou say? Thou surely hast no thought to give them him?

Ne. Yes, for I got and have them basely and not with justice.

Ul. By the gods, whether now sayest thou all this in mockery?

Ne. If it be mockery to speak the truth.

Ul. What sayest thou, son of Achilles?[2] What word hast thou uttered?

Ne. Wouldst thou that twice and thrice I reiterate the same words?

Ul. Nay, not once even could I have wished to hear them.

Ne. Be now well assured of it: thou hast heard all I have to say.

Ul. There is one, there is, that shall prevent thy executing it.

[1] Cf. Antig. 1112.—B.

[2] This naturally expresses the unwillingness of Ulysses to believe what would so completely frustrate his plans. A similar scene occurs in Othello, where Æmilia receives the first account of her husband's villainy.

Ne. What sayest thou? Who is there shall hinder me in this?

Ul. The combined people of the Greeks, and among them I.

Ne. A wise man born, thou utterest no wisdom.

Ul. And thou neither now speakest nor are about to act wisely.

Ne. Nay, but if this be just, 'tis better than wisdom.

Ul. And how just, to restore again these arms which by my counsels thou gottest?

Ne. Having failed with a disgraceful fault, I will endeavor to retrieve it.

Ul. And acting thus, fearest thou not the Greek army?

Ne. With justice on my side I fear not thy terrors.

Ul. Nor am I persuaded by thine hand to act, mark me.[1]

Ne. Then not with the Trojans, but with thee will we battle.

Ul. Be what must be.

Ne. Seest thou my right hand grasping my sword's hilt?

Ul. Nay, thou shalt see me too doing the same, and no longer about to do it,[2] however, I will leave thee alone, but will go and tell this to the assembled host, which will chastise thee.

Ne. Thou hast acted temperately,[3] and if thus thou thinkest on all the rest, haply thou mayest keep thy foot out of

[1] Hermann gives the latter of these lines to Ulysses, and thenceforward makes an exchange of persons to the passage, "Nay, thou shalt," etc., which he joins with that beginning "However," etc. The line *ἀλλ' οὐδέ, κ. τ. λ.*, he translates *quod ad affectionem attinet, tuæ manui non cedam;* and observes that *οὐ μείθομαι* for *οὐκ ἐῶ* admits an infinitive after it to express the action not of the person forbidding, but of the person forbidden.—Tr. I have followed Hermann, with Dindorf.—B.

[2] Hermann, giving the preceding line and half also to Ulysses, says "Quod recte factum esse vel particula *καίτοι*, quæ est sese a consilio capto revocantis, ostendere poterat." He adds that the propriety of the two characters favors this arrangement.

[3] Something similar is the reproach of Brutus to Antony in Julius Cæsar:

> For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
> And very wisely threat before you sting.

And the observation of Antony just preceding it will bear comparison with v. 1264:

> In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
> Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
> Crying, Long live! Hail, Cæsar!

troubles. But do thou, son of Poias, I mean Philoctetes, come forth, having quitted this thy rocky dwelling.

PH. What clamorous disturbance is again raised by my cavern? Why call ye me forth? desirous of what matter, strangers? Ah me,[1] the matter ye desire is evil. Ye surely are here to heap a heavier woe upon my woes?

NE. Courage. But hear the words I come bringing with me.

PH. I am alarmed; for before also I fared but badly from fair words, persuaded by thy advice.

NE. Is there then no place left for repentance?

PH. Such wert thou in words, even when thou didst steal mine arrows, trusty, yet in private baneful.

NE. But fear not that I am at all such now: I would, however, hear from thee whether thy purpose be to persist in tarrying here, or to sail with us.

PH. Have done, speak no farther, for in vain will all that thou shalt say be uttered.

NE. Art thou thus resolved?

PH. Ay, and be sure yet more so than I express.

NE. Nay, I indeed could have wished thou hadst been induced by my words; but if I chance to say nought to purpose, I have done.

PH. Good, for thou wilt say all in vain, since never wilt thou gain my friendly thought;[2] thou at least that hast taken by craft and reft me of my support, and then comest and exhortest me, thou most infamous son of a father most famous. Destruction be upon ye; the Atridæ especially, then Laertes' son and thee.

NE. Curse no farther, but accept from my hand these missiles.

The whole scene is well accordant with Ulysses' spirit, and his guardian's sentiments; for Minerva appears to have allowed the utmost license of tongue, but to have been very adverse to bloody consequences. Vid. Il. I.

[1] This is said by Philoctetes on first seeing Neoptolemus; the preceding words are spoken within his cave.

[2]
> Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
> Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
> And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
> By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
> Can chase away the first conceived sound?
> Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
>
> Second Part of Henry VI., Act 3, sc. 2.

PH. How sayest thou? And am I not a second time deceived?

NE. No. I swear by the highest reverence of holy Jupiter.

PH. O thou that hast spoken words most dear, if with truth thou speakest!

NE. The fact shall be here manifest. But put forth thy right hand, and possess thee of thine arms.

UL. But I for my part protest against this, as[1] the gods witness for me, in behalf of both the Atridæ and the army in common.

PH. My son, whose voice? I surely heard not Ulysses?

UL. Be sure thou didst; and at all events thou seest him at hand, who will convey thee hence by force to the Trojan plains, whether the son of Achilles will it, or will it not.

PH. But by no means with impunity, if this arrow be sent straight.[2]

NE. Ah! ah! by no means. Do not, by the gods, let go thy dart.

PH. Let go, by the gods, my hand, my dearest son.

NE. I can not let it go.

PH. Alas, why hast thou debarred me from slaying with mine arrows a foeman and detested wretch?

NE. This were honorable neither for me nor thee.

PH. Well, but be assured of this much at least, that those chieftains of the host, those mouth-pieces of lying to the Argive army, are very cowards for the battle, but bold enough in words.

NE. Be it so. Thou art master of thy weapons, and thou hast no cause for resentment or complaint against me.

PH. I allow it; thou hast, my son, displayed the nature

[1] The ὡς could not here have been omitted, since then the appeal would have respected the mere prohibition; now it has respect to that prohibition's being in behalf of the common cause.—Herm.

[2] Fenelon, in his Telemachus (as Franklin remarks), has made a variation from this account, for an obvious reason, and indeed the same which has made him elsewhere suppress some particulars of Ulysses' conduct, and give a new coloring to others; the wish to make that chief worthy of Minerva's protection. He supposes that Ulysses made signs to Pyrrhus to restore the weapons, and that Philoctetes, in his first impulse of *revenge* and unwillingness to owe any thing to so detested an enemy, *ungratefully* prepared to turn his gift to his destruction. This however *is, from* the character of the parties, most unnatural.

whence thou didst spring; not from Sisyphus[1] as father, but from Achilles, who both among the living had the noblest character, and now of the dead.[2]

Ne. I was gratified to hear thee lauding both my father and myself; but what I wish to obtain from thee listen. The misfortunes that are sent by the gods it is necessary for men to endure; but as many as are involved in voluntary evils,[3] as thou in fact art, on these it is not just for any one to bestow either pardon or pity. But thou art become savage, and both refusest to take a partner in thy councils, and if any one speaking out of good will advise thee, thou detestest him, accounting him an enemy, and that a bitter one. Yet still will I speak, and I invoke Jove the lord of oaths; know thou this also, and grave it on thy mind within. For thou art distempered with this pain by divine ordinance, having drawn near unto the guardian of Chryse, that hidden serpent, that there protecting watches o'er the uncovered fane;[4] and know that a release from this thy grievous malady may never come about while yonder sun shall in this quarter rise, and in that in turn set again, until thou thyself come willingly to the Trojan plains, and happening on thy cure from the sons of Æsculapius that are with us,[5] mayest be alleviated in this thy disease; and show thyself the destroyer of Pergamus with these weapons, and in union with me. But how I know that

[1] A sneer at Ulysses.—B.

[2] Ulysses himself salutes Achilles as such in his interview with him in Hades.—Od. II. 484. It is curious to observe, however, how different an effect these two compliments have on the young heir and his deceased father, which latter, in his answer, perfectly agrees with the old proverb, "A living dog is better than a dead lion."

[3] See Diodotus' oration in the third book of Thucydides; and Aristotle on voluntary and involuntary actions.

[4] From the mildness of the climate in Greece, many of the public buildings were left uncovered; and it is not yet fully agreed among the learned that the Parthenon was not hypæthral. Serpents were placed constantly by the ancients to guard treasures, as was most probably that which had a public maintenance in the building behind the Parthenon, which was the public treasury. Hence perhaps Aristophanes' idea of the aiding Plutus by Æsculapius.

[5] Toup proposes to read Ἀσκληπιῶν, *medicorum*, which Brunck rejects, without sufficient regard to what is afterward said by Hercules, v. 1432. Quintus Calabar states that Philoctetes was healed by Podalirius, Machaon having fallen; which Propertius contradicts, L. II. E. i. v. 59:

Tarda Philoctetæ sanavit crura Machaon.

this must be so, I will tell thee. For we have a man a prisoner from Troy, Helenus, the first of seers, who says plainly that all this is doomed to take place; and yet more in addition to this, that Troy must of necessity be utterly taken in the present summer; or he voluntarily surrenders himself to us to slay, if in saying this he shall have falsified. Since then thou knowest this, yield to us willingly. For noble is the acquisition, that alone having been judged the bravest of Greeks, thou in the first place fall under healing hands; and then having taken Troy, fertile in groans, thou gain the most transcendent renown.

PH. O hateful existence, why then detainest thou me any longer possessed of sight above, and hast not suffered me to descend to Pluto's home? Ah me! what shall I do? How shall I disobey the advice of this man, who being my well-wisher has admonished me! But must I then yield? Then how shall I come forth into light, wretched I, having so acted? By whom accosted? How, O ye orbs[1] that witness all these injuries befalling me, how will ye endure through this, that I join the sons of Atreus, who have destroyed me? How, with the all-accursed son of Laertes? For it is not the sorrow of things past that gnaws me, but I fancy I foresee what I am doomed yet to suffer from them. For to whomsoever the judgment shall have become mother of evil, it trains up every thing else to become evil. And I for my part am astonished at thee in this! for thou oughtest neither thyself ever again to return to Troy, and to keep me too from it; men at least that have insulted thee, spoiling thee of thy father's prize.[2] And[3] then thou must go

[1] Here again, as at v. 815, Brunck differs from several of the commentators. Gedike and Camerarius understand it of his eyes, as at v. 1270, of Œdipus Tyrannus:

ἔπαισεν ἄρθρα τῶν αὐτῶν κύκλων.

Hermann removes the comma and places it after *ταῦτα*, understanding the word *κύκλος* as Camerarius does.—TR. So Dindorf and Wunder.—B.

[2] The passion of Philoctetes authorizes this abrupt anticipation of what he meant to have said last.

[3] Musgrave, who admits two lines here which Brunck (see his note) rejects as spurious, is obliged to attribute them to an oversight of Sophocles, a thoughtlessness with which, as Brunck observes, it is unreasonable to charge the most perfect of the ancient tragedians in this his most finished play. As Hermann inserts them, excusing rather than defending Sophocles, it may be proper to give them.

to join them in battle, and forcest me to this? Nay, now, my son; but, as thou hast sworn to me, convey me home, and do thou thyself tarrying in Scyros leave them, villains as they are, to perish by a death as vile. And thus wilt thou reap double gratitude from me, and from thy father double; nor by abetting the wicked, wilt thou appear by nature to resemble the wicked.

Ne. Thou speakest reasonable indeed: yet still I would have thee, putting faith in the gods and my words, to sail from this land with me thy friend.

Ph. What, to the Trojan plains, and Atreus' most hated son, with this wretched foot?

Ne. To those, however, that will cure thee and thy corrupted foot of its pain, and deliver thee from thy malady.

Ph. O thou that urgest fearful advice,[1] what canst thou mean?

Ne. Things[2] which I see accomplishing best for me and thee.

οἱ τὸν ἄθλιον
Αἴανθ' ὅπλων σοῦ πατρὸς ὕστερον δίκῃ
Ἔκριναν.

Philoctetes had heard of the death of Ajax, and knowing that the arms were given to Ulysses, might be indignant that they were not bestowed on Ajax.—Tr. Wunder, who has in this instance changed his mind for the better, has rightly followed Brunck, and gives ample reasons for doing so. As to Hermann's defense, we say, with Burges, "Habeat secum, servetque sepulcro."—B.

[1] Δεινὸν αἶνον αἰνέσας, *dirum consilium dans; aiveîv* utique nonnunquam valet *suadere, hortari.* Æschyl. Choeph. v. 533, αἰνῶ δὲ κρύπτειν τάσδε συνθήκας. Idem, Supp. 187, νῦν προμηθείαν λαβεῖν Αἰνῶ, et in eadem fabula, v. 1003, ὑμᾶς δ' ἐπαινῶ μὴ καταισχύνειν ἐμέ. Adde Hesiod. Op. et Di. v. 202.—Musgrave.

[2] Brunck's assertion on this passage respecting the quantity of the penultima in καλός, as used by the Attic writers, is ably supported in his note on the Ecclesiazusæ of Aristophanes, v. 70, to which he refers: the following passages are there enumerated. Iph. Aul. 21 (anapæsti):

τοῦτο δέ γ' ἐστιν τὸ καλὸν σφαλερόν.

Eurip. Archelaus. v. incert.:

σὺν μυρίοισι τὰ καλὰ γίγνεται πόνοις.

Philoc. v. 1304:

ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἐμοὶ καλὸν τόδ' ἐστιν, οὔτε σοί.

See also his remarks on the constant omission of prepositions by the transcribers, Not. ad Lysistrat. v. 408.—Tr. I have translated according to Dindorf's emendation, λῷσθ' ὁρῶ τελούμενα, which, from Burges' note, I find is partly confirmed by two MSS. reading καλῶς. This appears

PH. And at saying this, hast thou no shame before the gods?

NE. No, for how should one feel shame at doing service?

PH. Meanest thou this as to the Atridæ service, or to me?

NE. To thee surely as thy friend at least, and such my language proves me.

PH. How so, who at least art desirous of giving me up to mine enemies?

NE. My friend, learn not to be fierce in misfortune.

PH. Thou wilt destroy me; I know thee, by these words.

NE. Nay, not I indeed; but I say thou understandest not.

PH. I for my part know that the Atridæ have expelled me.

NE. But look, whether they will not, having cast thee out, again rescue thee.

PH. Never, with my will at least, to look on Troy.

NE. What then am I to do, if I shall be able to persuade thee on thy part by my words to do nothing that I say? For most easy were it for me to desist from my advice, and thee to live, as now thou art living, without health.

PH. Leave me to suffer all this which I needs must suffer; but what thou hast accorded me holding my right hand, to convey me homeward, this do for me, my son, and delay not, nor think any more of Troy; for enough with loud outcries hath she been wailed by me.[1]

NE. If thou think proper, let us be gone.

PH. O thou that hast uttered a generous speech!

NE. Set firmly now thy step.

PH. Yes, at least as far as I have strength.

NE. But how shall I escape blame from the Greeks?

PH. Give it not a thought.

NE. And what if they should desolate my country?

PH. I being by—

NE. Wilt do what to aid me?

PH. With the arrows of Hercules—

NE. How sayest thou?

both ingenious and probable. Cf. Æsch. Prom. 204, ἐνταῦθ' ἐγὼ τὰ λῷστα βουλεύων πιθεῖν. The defense of κᾱλὰ will not hold good.—B.

[1] Hermann reads λόγοις for γόοις, which he refers to Philoctetes' impatience of any farther talk on so odious a subject as Troy, and thinks it better suited to the present indignation of that warrior.

PH. Will prevent them from approaching thy country.[1]

NE. Having bidden this land farewell, proceed.

HERCULES. Not yet at least,[2] ere, son of Poias, thou shalt hear our words, and say that with thy hearing thou hearest the voice of Hercules, and beholdest his aspect. But for thy sake I come, having quitted my throne in heaven, both to announce to thee the will of Jove, and to forbid thee the way whereon thou art setting out. But listen thou to my words. And first will I speak to thee of my fortunes,[3] how many toils having labored and gone through with I gained undying honor, as is before thee to see. To thee, too, be well assured, is owing to suffer this, and from troubles like these to render thy life glorious. But having come with this warrior to the town of Troy, thou first shalt be cured of thy painful disease; and having been chosen out of the army as the first in valor, thou shalt with my arrows bereave of life Paris,[4] the guilty cause of all these evils from his birth; and shalt sack Troy, and send its spoils to thy halls, having taken out the noblest prize of merit from the host for thy father Poias by the vales of thy country Œta. But whatever spoils thou shalt have gotten

[1] Between *πελάζειν* and *στεῖχε* the following words are inserted: *σῆς πάτρας*. NE. *ἀλλ' εἰ ὁρᾷς ταῦθ', ὥσπερ αὐδᾷς*, which Dindorf and Wunder omit. I can not see the point of omitting whatever we can not understand, and refer the reader to a very learned, and somewhat satisfactory note of Burges, which will clearly show that these verses are corrupt, but not spurious. Meanwhile, the following was the translator's version: "Nay, my friend, if thou doest this at least as thou sayest it, come away, having bidden," etc.—B.

[2] Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus—
Incideret. Hor. de Art. Po. v. 191.—TR.

"The student should here remember that the person who performs the part of Hercules is the same *Τριταγωνίστης* who acts the part of Ulysses and the *ξυνέμπορος*."—Burges.—B.

[3] Such is the address of Hercules to Ulysses in Hades: Od. II. 617.

[4] Hermann has a learned note here to show why *μέν* disjunctive is twice answered by *τε* conjunctive. The two chief points of the prediction are, he says, the cure of Philoctetes and the sack of Troy; these should have been divided by *μέν* and *δέ*. Thus the words connected with the first *τε* would be only interposed before the true apodosis. But because aftert he participle there follows something in which Paris and Troy agree, the original apodosis must be changed for one between Paris and Troy; and hence a second *μέν* after Paris would require a *δέ* after Troy. This *δέ* is changed to *τε*, because one and the same instrument, the bow of Hercules, performs, and thus conjoins, the two actions.

from this present armament, memorials of my bow and arrows, convey to my funeral pyre. And this is what I advise thee, son of Achilles; for neither without him art thou strong enough to take the plain of Troy, nor he without thee. But like two lions, co-mates,[1] guard ye, he thee, thou him; and I will send Æsculapius[2] to Troy, to cure thee of thy disease. For the second time must it be captured by my arrows.[3] But be ye aware of this, when ye shall desolate the land, to be pious in your conduct toward the gods,[4] since Jove our sire accounts every thing second to that, for piety never dies with man;[5] live they, or die they, it perishes not.

PH. O thou that hast wafted to me thy long-desired accents, and at length hast appeared, I will not disobey thine orders.

NE. I too side with this resolve.[6]

HER. Now delay not a long time to act, for opportunity and this sailing breeze astern impel you.

PH. Come now, as I proceed will I call upon this land. Farewell, O thou abode that didst help to shelter me, and ye watery nymphs of the meadows, and thou manly roar of Ocean dashing onward, where often within my cavern have I been wetted on my head in the stroke of the south wind, while many a groan in echo to my voice hath the Hermæan hill[7]

[1] This is also from Homer, Il. V.

[2] This does not make Helenus a false prophet, because Neoptolemus had not named the future healers of Philoctetes on Helenus' authority, but when Helenus had predicted the cure, had of himself ascribed it to the most famous physicians in the army. Buttmann, however, does not answer Jacob rightly in every particular; for the aid of Æsculapius could not be required to expel the poison of the Lernæan hydra from a foot which Sophocles gives us no reason to suppose the hydra had ever touched, and which certainly the arrows so poisoned had not.

[3] Alluding to the overthrow of Laomedon.

[4] The scholiast says that this has reference to the conduct of Neoptolemus, who slew Priam at the foot of the altar. In confirmation of Hercules' assertion that the gods respect piety toward them, see the debate of Jupiter with the other deities as to whether he should control the destinies and rescue Hector.—Il. XXII. The retributive vengeance which, according to Pindar, slew Neoptolemus at the altar, is worthy of remark.

[5] Wunder casts out this line as spurious, *pro more*. Hermann has *more* judiciously supposed that there is a lacuna.—B.

[6] *τίφεμαι*, int. *ψῆφον*, by a common anachronism.

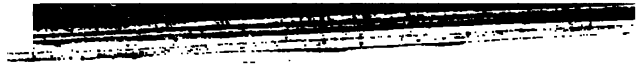
[7] The Hermæan hill is mentioned by Æschylus, Agam. 291.

sent onward to me tempest-tost. But now, ye fountains, and thou, pure Lycian[1] stream, I quit you, even now I quit you, having never before reached this hope. Farewell, thou sea-girt plain of Lemnos, and waft me safely with fair voyage thither, whither mighty Fate conveys me, and the advice of friends, and the all-subduing deity,[2] that hath brought this to pass.

CH. Go we now all in a body, having offered our vows to the ocean nymphs, that they come the protectors of our return.[3]

[1] Brunck, in his supplementary notes, reads, on the authority of the scholiast, Λυκίον. Ἔστι δὲ ἡ οὕτω καλουμένη κρήνη ἐν Δήμνῳ, Λύκιον Ἀπόλλωνος, ἤ, οἷον ἐν ἐρημίᾳ, ὑπὸ λύκων πινόμενον. Musgrave prefers γλύκιμον.

[2] Δαίμων hic dictum, ut sæpissime, de necessitate fati, quæ dei cujuspiam voluntate constituta est, eaque re differt a cæca necessitate fatorum, cujus præses est Μοῖρα.—Herm.

[3] Brunck's note on the use of σωτῆρας with Νύμφαις is worthy of remark.—TR. For some entertaining matter referring to the fable of Philoctetes, as handled by Grecian dramatists, see Burges' Preface, p. xii.–xv. ed. Valpy.—B.

THE END.